





Letter written by Mrs Jane Flann to Edward Mussler May 2<sup>d</sup> 1856

Mr William Flann.

Care Mr John Taylor.

West Water St.

Chicago.

Ill.

William Flann

Care Mr Henry Phillips.

Chicago.

Ill.

Box 1158. 1158

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E. H. Smith.

Journal of a voyage.  
in the Indian Ocean.





On Board Ship *Minerva* Anyter. Dec<sup>r</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 1858.

Almost two weeks a sailor and went on deck today for the first-time since I came on board. for Quently two weeks I have been obliged to keep my bed, as we have had very rough weather. today it is tolerably walkable about the cabin and even on deck. I sometimes feel as though I was walking on feathers, so light - and airy I will trip off. When perhaps the next advance will be against some fortified place not easily to be moved. I went up on the hurricane house (masts) above, where I had a much better view of things than I had on deck. It seemed strange to look around me at such a distance and see no land, nothing but a blue mass of clouds. I visited the cook's department, - that is looked in at the door, for I do not think I could have crowded myself in much farther. The cook a short and rather clumsy looking colored gentleman made many apologies about his store, as he had not got things cleared up yet - he said. Nothing of consequence happened during my stay on deck, except <sup>that</sup> a chicken flew overboard but a boat was lowered for her, and she soon made her appearance <sup>on deck</sup> quite satisfied with her ducking if her looks did not belie her.

Monday Dec<sup>r</sup> 6<sup>th</sup>

It has been very pleasant today. I went on deck this morning, again. the sea was much calmer than it was yesterday, and the air seemed warmer and pleasanter. I have not yet settled yet, and my cabin is not as pleasant as it might be, but I hope to get it fitted to my mind soon. then I shall feel more at home. I have nearly finished the "Pirate". The baby occupies the greater part of my time, yet I need a great deal besides, therefore, the time passed very pleasantly. His name is "Little Pink" still and I see no prospect of its being changed for the present.

Tuesday Dec<sup>r</sup> 7<sup>th</sup>

While "Little Pink" is engaged in looking at his hands, which he seems to observe very



Closely for the last few days. I will add a few  
lines to my journal. The same things occur every  
day. The same duties are to be performed and  
every one seems to have something to busy him. I  
finished the "Pirate" today. I like it very well, and  
hope to read all the "Pirates" ere long. I like  
them very much, although not true. They are very in-  
teresting for, through them we can form some idea  
of the manners and customs of the countries they  
describe. How much better one can read at sea than  
at home, here nothing interrupts one & here my thoughts  
to myself, and can better digest what I read. I only  
complain that I have so little time for my journal. I  
hurry through mine it so fast, for fear of interruption  
from "Little Pink" who when he lets out shows very  
plainly that his lungs are in excellent order.

Wednesday Dec<sup>r</sup> 8<sup>th</sup>

The ship rolls so badly that I  
can scarcely write. I went on deck this afternoon and  
thought the prospect rather rough, but I enjoyed  
it very much however. I never saw the ocean so tur-  
bulent before. Truly, great and glorious are the works of God.

Thursday Dec<sup>r</sup> 9<sup>th</sup>

"Little Pink" seems determined  
to keep me busy. He does not feel very bright today. He  
is my constant care, but I console myself by thinking  
that he is growing older every day. I am not desirous  
that Time should hasten his steps through eternity yet  
I cannot avoid longing to see this little bud blooming  
into boyhood. These little ones are certainly comfortable  
travellers.

Friday Dec<sup>r</sup> 10<sup>th</sup>

How swiftly time flies. the days  
seem very short. We are now bound for the Cape de  
Verde islands. I long to see land once more. Land as  
yet unexplored by me. I long to visit new scenes and



people. I doubt whether I shall find any thing particularly interesting in these islands, yet it will be different from anything I have ever met with before. Much the good people at home are now enjoying their cold winter while we in a more southern latitude feel very comfortable without a fire, and clad in summer attire. We have a dog and cat together with pigeons and hens on board. They all seem to feel very much at home. I think I shall ~~sketch~~<sup>take</sup> the old corker's profile some day. He is well fitted for his station, and whenever I look into his galley, he commenced to wipe away the dust from the bottles and stoves with an apology concerning their disfigurement.

Saturday Dec<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup>

We have had a storm today. While I was glad to see as it passed my cabin window nicely my little boy makes such a noise, talking in his own peculiar manner that I can scarcely write. He feels very happy this evening after tea he went to sleep. I laid him on the sofa and went on deck to enjoy the moonlight evening. presently I heard him crying, and going into the cabin found David holding him up to the light and trying hard to keep him quiet. We have beautiful evenings now, and I intend to avail myself of some of them at least.

Sunday Dec<sup>r</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup>

It is rather rough today this afternoon in particular, and almost impossible for me to write. I think I have taken some cold, as I do not feel very well today, and now my boy is squalling at the top of his voice what a comfort to write in such a noise!

Tuesday Dec<sup>r</sup> 4<sup>th</sup>

We begin to make some progress in the way of mending appearances in the cabin and also took "Little Pink" on deck today. I am now reading the "Life of Franklin" written by himself it is very humorous as well as interesting.

Wednesday Dec<sup>r</sup> 5<sup>th</sup>

One month today since we came on board time glides away very rapidly. I love to go on deck



every morning, yet I have never seen the sun rise  
nor sit on the water. I hope to enjoy those scenes many  
times before I return to my native shore.

Friday Dec<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> / 18<sup>th</sup>

When shall we get through with  
this rough weather. I can neither sit nor stand  
with any comfort. If I place anything in a situation  
convenient to myself without securing it to the next roll  
of the ship will be sure to knock it over. The moon  
is now riding full and clear in the heavens and  
casting a guardian glory over our lonely vessel, for lonely  
we indeed are, and at the mercy of this turbulent  
ocean, but Jehovah reigneth he holds the reins in the  
hollow of his hand and guides our vessel safely on  
her lonely pathway. Shelley in his poem often mentions  
the "silver sea". I reverently realized before that  
the sun ever transmitted such a silvery beauty to the  
ocean as I have today. the illumination was glorious  
how I wish there could have been with me dear  
Sara to part in its brightness. for then wouldst have  
appreciated its beauty in a manner which would  
appear strangely to the "mordant few" who know so  
much of fashion and adornment, but let nature  
rest quietly in the shade, as something too deep and  
requiring too much thought for their simple minds.  
(But don't forget) there are those who know how  
to value thy beauties and who will always sing  
thy praises.

Saturday Dec<sup>r</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> / 18<sup>th</sup>

We are now off Cape de Verde islands, tomorrow  
perhaps we shall see San Antonio. how beautiful the  
green earth will look once more to our famished  
eyes. hardly there is a doubt in desiring new lands but  
we shall not go on shore. I do not think as we have  
no business there at present. I have not been on deck  
today. it is very rough. I had my dinner in my  
cabin today and conceived my pleasure when a sudden roll  
of the ship put nearly every thing on the floor.



I presume that I shall not mind these things so much by and by. practice makes perfect. but it will be very long before I shall be perfect in the art of walking upright. These rough days, even Abner has had several close humbles today. I should like to look in on the "dear ones at home" tonight. The weather is very comfortably warm. I presume we shall find it much warmer after passing the Equator. While ruddy cheeks and red noses are braving "old Bonas" snowy breath in our more northern home.

Sunday Dec<sup>r</sup> 19<sup>th</sup>

This morning we passed San

Antonio. I expected to see it much nearer to us, but it was about twenty five miles distant. It looked like a dark cloud rising into the heavens in the shape of a mountain, and then sloping down to the water's edge. but uninstructed, I never should have thought that dark cloudy <sup>line</sup> to be inhabited by human beings. It still continued rough and the heat is becoming somewhat oppressive. The days are somewhat lengthened, and very soon the days and nights will be of equal length. Abner is taking a walk through the cabins with "Little Pink" in his arms, which the baby enjoys very much.

Tuesday Dec<sup>r</sup> 21<sup>st</sup>

It is oppressively warm in my cabin, and pleasantly cool on deck. the baby fussed so badly that I could not enjoy being there but a few minutes. We have passed Brava, and yesterday we espied a ship ahead of us, but who she may be we cannot tell. We do not approach her very closely. I think very likely that she sails as fast as our "Bage Minima". We are nearing the Equator very fast and shall pass it in a few days, and tomorrow I think it will be calmer.

Wednesday Dec<sup>r</sup> 22<sup>d</sup>

This afternoon saw a school of black fish. I went on deck to see the boats lowered but they were already rowing off in all their glory. The scene was quite exciting but it was rather rough and the black fish are



my cunning about being caught. I had before seen pictures of whale fishing but never saw this reality as I did today. they looked very picturesque, the red shirts rowing with all their strength, the boatmen with his iron in hand standing upright at the head of the boat, waiting the first opportunity for the appearance of the fish to pierce him, the boat now riding triumphantly on a mighty wave then plunging into the valley below, the white sail fluttering in the gay sunlight, and now and anon the black string joining into a circle leaping from the hiding place under the billows, the men with his iron is already to dart but they plunge again into their native element and play wild games around the boats, always careful to avoid the lance of the lancer. we now lie on the watch for sperm whales.

Thursday Dec<sup>r</sup> 23<sup>d</sup>

This forenoon I was prevented from going on deck by the rain, which pounded down in torrents for a while as it did also in the night. This afternoon a steamship passed us. I saw one of our men in a fit - after tea, he has had several before, I pity the poor fellow, he seemed to be in such agony.

Friday Dec<sup>r</sup> 24<sup>th</sup>

This morning a school of black fish passed us again, two boats were lowered but were unsuccessful. we saw several ships at a distance before dinner. After dinner the Captain came down for me to go on deck to see a Merchant vessel that was passing very near us. the national colors were set on both sides and they passed on their journey, but this afternoon I was summoned on deck a second time to see another merchantman approaching very near us, and as she drew near spoke to us, but we could not understand the foreign dialect, so they lowered a boat and came on board. they proved to be Dutch merchant men from Batavia in the Island of Java and bound for Rotterdam. They were in such



of time, and sailed as accordingly. The Mate or indeed the  
officiating person might have been very easy and  
polite in his manner, and spoke English very well  
but the sailors were rough looking men, one of them was  
cannal shot. <sup>They</sup> had a cask of coffee on board and  
their stay with us was very brief, as he said his com-  
mander wished him to despatch the business as  
early as possible, probably he was desirous of making  
a Vespere passage for Rotterdam and did not wish  
to be delayed. We gave them what they wished and  
they left us. I should have liked for them to  
have staid longer. I liked the brave and easy  
manner of the young man whom they appointed  
to conduct the business, his air was cheerful, and  
always respectful. I was sorry that I had no letters  
written for home, as it would have been an excellent  
opportunity, probably, the Captain said they would  
be as likely to reach home en route for Rotterdam  
as any other way. Tomorrow will be Christmas  
Eve, glorious anniversary of the birth of our Saviour.

Rotterdam Dec<sup>r</sup> 25<sup>th</sup>

A bright beginning for Christmas but rather stormy  
ending. The day commenced fair and pleasant, and  
shortly after breakfast, three ships were heard distinctly  
from the mast head, three boats were soon launched  
and sent after them, they were off immediately all the  
forenoon but did not succeed in capturing the boats, and  
we could not see them from the deck, but the second  
mate's boat advanced near enough to strike one, she  
went down, and the chase was given up, no  
vessels were in sight. This afternoon but a squall  
of rain was now let in together with some shades  
of night, and bidding them from our view.

Monday Dec<sup>r</sup> 26<sup>th</sup>

This calm which now spreads the ocean is  
rather dull, the weather being very warm makes  
it very uncomfortable and oppressive. If I could be  
on deck all the day I should not mind the heat



so much, but having the care of an infant in my small cabin is very burdensome at times. but probably we shall get the South-east trade wind in a few days, which will seem very refreshing. This latitude is always subject to calm weather and squalls of wind & rain. Oh for a breeze to sweep us out of this sickly heated atmosphere into clean skies, pure air. A little before tea, the men at the mast-head espied black fish a mile off, but as nothing was seen of them after tea, they were given up. I was on deck at the time. I could not avoid drawing comparisons between this and the first time that black fish were seen, then it was something new, a change from the old routine of our sea life, and all was life and animation at the welcome sound, but unsuccessful the first and second times and the same birds recurred to sperm whales. On this fourth time I was as though its success might be the same.

Thursday, Dec<sup>r</sup> 30<sup>th</sup>

It still continues very calm the ship hardly seems to move. The boats have been off for black fish this afternoon and did not return until dark then did not get any, however. We think of calling "Little Pink" back to him in four months <sup>old</sup> tomorrow. New Year is soon to dawn upon us. I should like to take a nap at home tonight. I imagine them coily seated around the bright fire.

Friday, Dec<sup>r</sup> 31<sup>st</sup>

Who will watch the departure of the old and coming in of the New Year? I feel sad at the thought of parting with the dear old Year, joys that were tested and all passed and gone, good memories linger around the old year, and say "We go with thee" hopes and dreams of the future follow the new.



Sunday Jan<sup>y</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> 1859.

- Air breezes are again drifting us slowly on the sea, and their cooling influence soothes in a measure the raging heat that accompanied the previous calm. We are now only thirty three miles from the Equator. Little Joseph although his father still persists in "Little Pink" has been very good yesterday and today. I made him a little cap of blue for 20 <sup>cents</sup> and he was proud, and the little fellow looked so cunning in it that I could not restrain my admiration of my own skill, but fitted on his little head some few minutes to see how he looked. Yesterday he weighed fourteen pounds. I think he may feel quite encouraged as far as weight is concerned, for he has gained four pounds since leaving home. Nothing of course is a very quick reminder of the past and of that glorious country where "Sweet Home" is. This afternoon the wind blowing on deck reminded me so strongly of that "Dear Old place", that it led me far back into the retreating footsteps of the "Shadowy Past". Childhood came back to me from its laughing retreats. - The madonnas & orchard where I have so many times lingered to satiate my craving for its tempting fruits, the garden with its venerable rock (now entirely demolished) where I so often sat to learn the lesson for the next day and to keep the hand from scratching up the earth seed there were my two beds of flowers. Near by the old rock which I always watched very carefully at first and kept them nicely covered until the flowers began to ~~show~~ <sup>show</sup> and look as though they might take care of themselves, then the weeds seemed to take their time for matting, and come up so fast, until their stalks would be so stiff and their tops so closely allied to the ground that then defied all my attempts to remove them. I was so inclined. Then I always had General Ross & Pop come in company with brother Ned, and one morning feeling uncommonly like work I went about having my corn; having accomplished it to my satisfaction, I thought it would please brother Ned



to find his finished too, so in a short time his  
sailing was performed, and as this was my first  
rejoinder in writing, I looked upon my Morning's  
work with much satisfaction, but alas! I was doomed  
to disappointment, for before he came along, utterly  
opposed against my proceedings as I had dug the  
dirt away from the roots and heaped it on the  
corn so high that it looked considerably shorter  
than before, he gave me a very decided lecture upon  
writing, and I left him to hoe it all over, and  
have never ventured to do such a thing since. From  
my pleasant walks on the "Hill", on the "Plain", and  
through "Larchwood" to the "Little River". I see  
them all, those lovely spots, and the pleasant memories  
associated with them came floating back on the  
breeze of the past. home memories of my early days.

Sunday Jan<sup>4</sup> 18<sup>50</sup>

What a busy week I have had. Which makes today  
seem very quiet. Ah! the scent of my Mother's nice  
biscuits just now being baked for tea is wafted  
over the Atlantic. I could do full justice to them  
as I always did, for they always seemed nice to me  
but I must not complain for we have every thing  
on board ship that is required, but the home-made  
bread will always taste sweetest to the appetite  
of the wandering one. We are enjoying my dear  
Mother, the air is soft and pleasant, on deck but  
rather warm in the cabin. I have spent much time  
on deck today. I was very quietly reading my Bible  
then this morning when the shining face and  
large lustrous eyes of the old cook with his mouth  
spread open as though about to ask some unheard  
of thing, which resulted in the end to the  
question whether I had got a recipe for making  
soap. I was rather silent for some minutes before  
I could answer him, having been reading from  
Ezekiel of the prophecy against Israel, and my  
thoughts naturally inclined to that subject, I could











*[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]*

*[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]*



*(Handwritten signature)*

not immediately come to the art of making soap, and if I ever had known anything about it - would not have told him then I commenced to tell him about - as he felt was cut short in my explanation, as memory would aid me no farther in the soap making business - saying he did not profit immensely by my explanation. The Cooper (who seemed to be my friend of little Joseph's father) arrived today, where the crew had a good time with him. The baby caught Brown by the whiskers and would not give them up until they had received a hearty pull. His father thinks that there is a "Honesuck" and now he is coming with him for one to attend immediately.

Tuesday Jan<sup>ry</sup> 11<sup>th</sup>

The sky today has reminded me of our summer sky at home. Soft blue clouds resting lightly in the <sup>mid</sup>light, blue tropical waters, hardly stirred by the gentle breeze. A vessel passed us this afternoon. I hoped that it might prove to be a whaler bound home, and that our bright and little Thetis should be one. But she was not, and glided passed so stately and noble as a swan, her white sails looking so brilliant in the sun. This afternoon I practiced on my sewing machine again. I was so delighted with my first trial that I caught up the piece of cloth that I had been stitching, and ran on deck to show it to Abner, but he was busy, and I could not see him. I came back again, and my good luck changed for I did not succeed so well. Probably if I had possessed more patience I might have done better. I think it will be a nice way to busy off my sewing (which I dislike so much). Now I must go on deck before the sun sets. Abner is there already with little Joseph. The little fellow is delighted with the idea of having his father take him about up there. Ah! if some of my friends at home knew how much pleasure I take on deck they would not call me foolish as they did for crossing the wide ocean for a true grass home. I love to feel the soft breeze on my



Chuck, jarring life into me once more. for I feel  
as though the time had been long since I enjoyed  
the winter displays of bearn to give me freshness  
and health.

Wednesday Jan<sup>th</sup> 12<sup>th</sup>

It has been very squally and  
unpleasant today and little graph had been set cross  
that I could do nothing but quit him which was  
very difficult, as a child so young as he is cannot  
repress their feelings and wishes in words. therefore  
we must aim as nearly to the desired thing  
as possible.

Friday Jan<sup>th</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>

Cloudy still, a sail in sight. I long to hear  
the cry of "Sail ho" but we are not often comforted  
by them. We often hear them behind or follow after  
them on their special errand on the same. I long for  
the welcome sight of some beautiful palm girl-ies. I long  
to hear the billows beating against the ship and then  
die away as we hear them behind standing themselves  
in their snow white foam to be tread about now on  
mountain (now in valley of the great deep) get the sight  
of these lonely islands in the bosom of the ocean (would  
it be refreshing indeed I'd send the "Sage Minerva" to  
these "Islands of the Blessed" to these happy shores.

Sunday Jan<sup>th</sup> 16<sup>th</sup>

Last night we had quite a gale, in that deluged  
our dining cabin and came (pushing themselves into  
mine. I found the cabin looking rather (not and  
uncomfortable this morning a part of my dress happened  
to slide off the <sup>chair</sup> on which it was hanging, was completely  
drenched, and everything just where I did not put it  
before going to bed. The ship rolls considerably now, and  
takes quite a leap sometimes over the waves. It was quite  
out of sorts this morning. My dress was too wet to put  
on my shoes or on of them under the bed which I  
knatched out at the risk of having my head pained.  
My state room and cabin floor (with ship) looking

ladder is that I could scarcely breathe, and, at last, the  
heat my oppression, we continued to suffer my temper  
until I got it up and went to bed about dinner  
time. Amidst all my discouragements however the  
morning passed away very swiftly, and I found the  
Steward better the latter for dinner just as I had  
concluded to lie down until dinner time, then I  
concluded to go without my dinner, and take some  
rest. As usual I dined very much mentally as well  
as physically, and at last concluded, wrote some nice  
good and went on deck.

Monday Jan 27<sup>th</sup>

I have spent the greater part of my time on  
deck today, for it has been very pleasant, and I can  
perceive a great difference in the atmosphere since  
the gale. It is much cooler and pleasanter. I do not  
seem to gain strength very fast, for today I am weaker  
than ever. I suppose it is owing to my cough which  
continued to be very sore at times. But it is pleasant to  
sit down when the day has passed away and write in  
quiet what has transpired, and what our kind  
thoughts and feelings may have been. Today I finished a  
sketch on the life of Dr. Johnson. I was surprised that  
that eminent man was so reduced to poverty the greater  
part of his life, or a considerable portion of it. For now  
live in the mansions of many brilliant doctors  
and eminent men, who struggled hard to earn their  
daily bread and whose only reliance was their pen.  
But they passed from earth long ago. Now they had  
become aware of the never ending game, which now  
surrounds through poverty. Comparatively dead men in  
flesh and living men in death. "The Transit of a  
World." p. 15

Tuesday Jan 28<sup>th</sup>

We have read a book of which I consider myself  
creator. As much as I could breathe sit me down  
without sleeping, something or support. The present aspect  
of things is somewhat changed for I can now do both with  
it.



Some comfort. Today had sun beautiful on the great  
Coast. Calm, and Sunlight - had hung in the sea  
a charm which I had gain to look in, as I  
went over - the ship's side to watch its rise and  
fall, and to see the stormy port - hovering about  
the ship so long and beautiful as though claiming our  
protection from the more violent flights of the huge  
Mineral Albatross. Who looked as though he would  
willingly grasp the little things in his talons more  
than a sufficient - monstrous for his capacity. How beau-  
tiful and sublime is this infinitude of ocean in all  
its changes.

Saturday Jan<sup>y</sup> 29<sup>th</sup>

We have been having very rough weather  
and continue to roll backwards and forwards our old  
ocean's waters, as a kind of the fault is dragged to and  
fro by the land breeze. We are now round for the  
Cape of Good Hope. I have not been able to go on  
deck much for several days.

Sunday Feb 3<sup>d</sup>

It had been raining all day  
and the Captain thought in night possibly has  
a gale but it is now very calm. Last Sunday we  
spoke a small ship from Valparaiso bound to  
Horn and loaded with Saltpetre. Mr Mores first officer  
of the Minerva brought out on board of her with him  
and from Captain Smith to ascertain the longitude and  
to purchase a Barometer if they had one to sell us, but  
as only one of their foremost men spoke English and he  
only understanding it very imperfectly, and Mr Mores not  
understanding it at all, they did not succeed very well.

Friday Feb 4<sup>th</sup>

This is indeed a lean and  
old and shaggy but we have no more but have in  
sufficient quantities to supply all deficiencies. I have just  
seen on deck and my fingers are so numbed that I can scarce-  
ly write. Besides it is very rough. The vet is very troublesome  
he is cutting his teeth and consequently has good cause to

complain in little tooth has made to appearance already  
I think it is doing nicely. only five months old into our  
tooth. in delight in being on deck. Mr. Fred (died officer)  
carried him in his arms mostly. there was a row day ago  
the little fellow looks all around and asks, <sup>or</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>is</sup> any-  
thing little transparent, and sometimes limps unwilling to sleep.

Sunday Feb 8<sup>th</sup>

Abner has taken Joseph on deck and <sup>consequently</sup> ~~con-~~  
I am at liberty to visit Somers-hat on the scuta that transparent  
But we see only see a few birds, watch the turbulent waves  
as they dash over the bow of the ship, or ~~dash~~ <sup>beat</sup> against her  
sides, precipitating her on one side, as readily as though she  
were a cork. Lightly I darting with the waves and passing  
to their origin (mill) have passed rapidly away, for we are  
aware that the day is passing. Night comes and draws  
the curtain over the unrained scene of ocean, yet varied at-  
times from the quiet-plate, to the thundering roar, as  
I lie on my bed at night-rocked to and fro I listen to the  
suction. Drives as they beat against the side of the mine  
and then ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> recede reminding me of sounds long ago  
retained to on the sea-yet-chorus of some. One does descrip-  
tion say, "they that go down to the sea in ships, that do  
business in great vessels, these are the workers of the deep  
and his wonders in the deep." Hear the sounds that greet  
our ears are the flapping of the sails the creaking masts  
the roar of ocean the creaking of the Captain or his of-  
ficers. Sometimes a shout of "hail is" greets the ear, or "there  
she blows" but they are not frequent here. As we near these  
high latitudes. For made more beneath of the chilly winds  
that fan them for brilliant and ~~detention~~ <sup>detention</sup> here reigns  
melancholy green.

Tuesday Feb 9<sup>th</sup>

At the wind fields fair we  
shall soon reach the Lintian d'Achuna Islands, the air is  
becoming much milder, and it is much calmer this morn-  
ing. I have been on deck since tea when the sailors  
have been amusing themselves with the dog and  
cat. Sometimes the dog, conquer and ~~conquer~~ <sup>conquer</sup> frequently the better



For the Rev. Mr. Ganevino her Shes's dear generosity talked  
his pleasure when the staff aged most gracious thought!

The air is  
full of thoughts and subjects for thoughts! Complain of Ennui!  
it is God! tells that so many persons who consider themselves  
wise should Complain that time hangs heavily on their  
hands. Write books of the great Authors of Pers and other  
lands before you; the heavens and its infinitude of won-  
derous thoughts. Eternity enough, they are infinite. Ennui  
Saturday Feb 2<sup>nd</sup> 18<sup>th</sup>

This week seems likely to  
end in gloomy quiet. (rather the past few days. than remem-  
bered my Ennui our Spring at home, cool and comfortable.  
Like April I am thinking how comfortable and pleasant  
it may now be on deck and although I have not written  
for several days, but must play truant and flee to the sight  
and sound of old ocean's blue waters.

Sunday Feb 3<sup>rd</sup> 18<sup>th</sup>  
Four degrees farther to the south  
(makes a difference in the atmosphere that is rather  
chilling. I have not enjoyed this Sabbath very much not  
feeling well today, a feeling of lassitude which I have  
found it vain to throw off. I imagine that I am  
sight to be sometimes, my head gets slightly congested at  
times when the heat gets so ~~that~~ becomes strong enough  
to look out for himself in a measure I think that  
I may overcome this feeling. Yesterday the Cooper showed me  
a likeness of his deceased wife. I had not thought of  
seeing married before, he looked so young, and I still think  
that he must be quite young. His wife died only six months  
before he left home which about so sad and lonely it left  
him determined ~~him~~ to leave all that was once so dear  
behind and embark on the high sea, there to drown  
his grief amidst the grim and swollen carcasses of the  
sea. Thundering deep as Mrs Hemans writes, the world round me

Leaves her time to fall,  
And glories to perish at the north wind's breath  
And stars to set, but all,  
Have had all reasons for their own death.

Monday Feb 24<sup>th</sup>

in the morning 29 degrees - 4° below

South of the Equator. The thermometer is down to 54° fahrenheit and the prospect on deck is far from comfortable. The atmosphere is a variety of frosts with no frost in the air, - I will say that the clear calm, bright of day, and as in the present case, the clear light of winter, the birds that are now captured are from the ice region far South. The Captain just informed me that he might see plenty of ice before long! I have commenced "North Carolina Illustrated" by Peter Grayson in Harper's Magazine, it is very humorous and witty, and Mr Grayson sometimes brings a little sentimentalism of his own variety. I shall ~~not~~ I shall not attempt to read such work that requires much study and attention as yet, for to understand and make interesting a work wherein the author has spent years of thought, one must have time to digest the matter read, or it is wasted. - thrown away. Little Joseph must still claim his much time for me to read more than novels and such entertaining and instructive readings as can be found in similar productions. I have not seen any birds out the afternoons today yesterday numerous "Stormy petrels" or "Foster-Coy's Chickens" as the sailors call them, were supposed about the ship. They appeared sometimes as though they were actually walking on the water, then they would fly away to the mast of the ship, and back again. Sometimes entering the water with their wings, and almost rising to "Kick back" with the click.

Thursday Feb 24<sup>th</sup>

very fine  
Since the fourteenth of Feb we have had the good fortune to catch a Back fish which made more than two barrels of oil. the intervening time has been very cold and rough, with much rain and one strong gale of wind. It seemed to me that we are not having but gales lately. Mr. Rowland (2<sup>d</sup> officer) just came down and told me that he had just made fast to a porpoise, at the fish went under the ship's bow & swift that the iron came out. Poor little fish, his agonies will be great until death relieved him. Mr. Rowland said that the iron went through his body, the iron went



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sick as sleep and back, and always asleep as birds in the water. We have seen Whales several times, and this morning four or five more seen but they were all gone, and the sailors say that is impossible to catch them. So they run down the boats for them.

Tuesday March 1<sup>st</sup>

All hail! for to the first day of Spring. at once, but Autumn that saddest season reigns here. We are 42 deg. 55 m. South of the Equator, and 28 deg. 24 m. East Longitude. The weather still continued cool, and the ocean still sustains her turbulent state. day after day we have been rocked as in a cradle which wriggled busily upon its sides at times as if threatening to roll us into the angry sea at the next rocking. But Abner has fastened my chair to the Cabin floor with two staples, and the tent is tied to my chair so I am now perfectly safe and easy, and need never fear though the tempest be ever so high. My easy chair still sustains its centre of gravity. By the way, I have been reading from the Editor's easy chair of Keegan's a short eulogium on Biranzer which does much credit to his memory. makes him an ardent lover of Liberty, a despiser of priests, and one who loved to worship. "Le Dieu des hommes grand" and close with the words "Honor to Biranzer". Honor indeed to the Song-Singer, poetic Biranzer, thy Spring hath birthed flower, mid Summer reared, Autumn day's reared and winter finds thee rearing in the tomb.

Wednesday March 2<sup>d</sup>

The air today has been very soft and pleasant, and it is not so rough as it was yesterday. I spent some time on deck this afternoon. Abner first sitting little Jack up there, and after talking with him a short time the little fellow fell asleep. then I went up and stayed until he awoke. Watching the crystal foam as it rolled along the side and the little stormy petrel with their sleek backs gleaming in the sunlight. then a kind or species of sea gull is seen hovering over the coasted waters, and the allatras bird's defiance to all flags and men in search of some fish's body on which to satiate

their repairs. I always find money to run the rig on deck  
and if the ship does not sail so early I make for exercise.  
Since the event of hoisting the black flag on deck, two porpoises  
near ahead the same gate.

Friday March 4<sup>th</sup>

Cool winds which make one  
feel electric and healthy are wafted over these Indian waters.  
For on an even breeze spreading through the Indian Ocean all the while  
searching for the fragments Verastan's which is in May when all  
accounts have run down in its waters although they do not  
come to hand every day. We have had squalls of rain today, but  
the sky is clear now and the sun smiles very kindly through  
our Cabin windows where it has uninterrupted passage, as we  
are steering East and the Cabin windows front West. It being  
nearly sunset, I have commended the "Virginians" to "Hastings"  
which is, as far as I know, very interesting. Little Joseph is coming  
and talking to himself on the sofa, the Captain is writing  
his journal, what a cozy family we are! David has become quite  
a navigator as far as figures are concerned in working Lat-  
itude and Longitude. He has improved in size very much since  
we sailed and has not lost his appetite for "Gaff" which  
I believe is the delight of my sailors.

Saturday March 5<sup>th</sup>

Cloudy <sup>skies</sup> and cold <sup>winds</sup> with wind this day, but not with  
the day's breeze. I have felt stupid enough today. Which I  
think must be owing to the weather. For cold winds do not feel  
somewhat dull on a cloudy, rainy day, but sometimes we are  
dull on ~~the~~ pleasant days, therefore it cannot always be the  
weather, perhaps ourselves are more in fault, but my headache  
has somewhat subsided, therefore I am free to go on deck and  
take a little exercise, as the Captain and Little Joseph have  
gone before me, the little fellow who signed to be quite an adept  
in grasping everything within his reach but no fingers into one  
it is tonight and the one failed so much after it that  
— cannot think then escaped from it. (without a xerocane)  
There is not wind enough to make the ship steady, there being  
a considerable swell. We believe it to starboard yet we  
will not be discouraged yet.



Sunday March 6<sup>th</sup>

I am content to keep my fortitude clear, and cannot sit entirely still even there. I am in Latitude 42 deg. 30 min. ~~Lat~~ ~~Lat~~ About 15 miles with the baby who is quite content to sit in his father's arms and watch me while I write. About looks over my shoulder while I write criticizing every scratch that I make, and threatening to pinch me if I do not cease making such long scratches at the ends of each word. But habit is habit - Voluntary good or bad, for better or for worse, and one cannot command in an instant.

Monday March 7<sup>th</sup>

A sail ahead, but we cannot see her from the deck. I wonder what good people are pacing its decks. I could like much to see some friend from home. but it is not probable that this vessel can have any later tidings than ourselves. They saw whales from the Mast-head this morning but they found it to be false tracks. and I shall begin to think that false track whales are more numerous than any other kind, and why should they not be, for scarce any one ever disturbs them, they are so swift of flight. that it is almost impossible to catch them. It is much pleasanter today than it was yesterday. So that I can enjoy a little of the fresh air on deck, and David has come for the ink to write in his Journal.

Tuesday March 8<sup>th</sup>

What are young boys coming to. here I found David hiding a cigar in his hat tonight - which nearly convinced me that it might not have been the first one he had handled by way of smoking. I was sorry to see it. very. His father gave him some very good advice about the use of tobacco, which I was delighted to hear. he spoke to him very sincerely, and if he would only practice what he preaches I should be very thankful. We are in the Region of Perils & Crozels - Sounds, our Chronometer is not correct - I fear, and I should feel safer if we could meet with some ship and rectify it - if possible, the French ship that on

Spoke some time ago with Mr. Anderson our representative as to one that went on board to her understand the French language, and isn't exactly that, but what am I smiling. I am thinking of David and his cigar and writing about something else, but Mr. Brooks, did make the French Captain understand that he wished to ascertain his longitude, but it was reckoned from Paris of course, whereas one reckoning from London, might therein disagree. The French Captain said that his "Chronometre" was "very good." It being my day and being on deck today I have not thought fit to write ~~any~~ <sup>much</sup> with the little Joseph, but his father has gone up with him now, and the sun had just been shining brightly through my state room window I must hasten on deck to see if I cannot spy a few brown glands before it sets.

Wednesday March 9<sup>th</sup>

45 deg. 16 m. South latitude, and cold,

damp, and uncomfortable. It has been quite rough since yesterday. The ship rolls now but not so heavily as she did this morning. The sunset last night was glorious. Such an one as would have enraptured Titania. The sun was much longer setting after its edge had touched the horizon, that it is at home, and the after glow was splendid, the richest coloring overspread the heavens lighting the clouds with the golden hues which the day-god had left behind him, blending with the softest shades that linger in the <sup>steps</sup> footstep of Nature. About sunset I noticed kelp floating over the waters, arising from the direction in which we were going which made me suspect that we might not be far from land, and the bright illumination of the heavens seemed to me as though they were meant to lighten up the mass of waters that we might see the welcome lines of land, but no land has yet greeted our eyes.

Sunday March 13<sup>th</sup>

The last few days have passed much the same, dividing the time between wind, snow and hail and very rough seas. I have passed the time very quietly and pleasantly reading and sewing, and attending to little Joseph's numerous wants. He finds this old master-remarkably well I think, and is getting quite accustomed to it. I have not been on deck for several days on account of the severity of the weather. The Captain sits in the cabin and reads with his crocheting glove on, thick coat and



cap. etc. Friday Morning at 1 (was sitting myself to the breakfast-table "asia" came over the - most high shouldered  
my thing; the water came pouring into the cabin, drenching  
my thing, in its march across the decks. one of my shoes  
happening to stray to the farthest - cabin door, was caught  
up in the advancing tide, and rudely dashed one side, as  
though the waters would say, "My way is over even you if  
ye come within my territories, or tread any where within my  
precincts ye must be subject to my whims." How strange when  
I am far away from home I am always thinking of home and  
what I shall do when I get there, when I am at home, I am  
devising some scheme, to be completed while I am away. I said  
always, but no, not always. at times.

Wednesday March 16<sup>th</sup>

Since Sunday the weather has  
been very rough. and the Minerva Smyth has rolled very badly.  
Last night in particular she seemed to be very much troubled.  
I awake in the mornings, after such rough nights, and wonder  
where my things may have rolled, during the storm. Sometimes  
I find them occupying strange places; no matter how closely you  
preserve any particular article, if it is not very securely fastened,  
you are sure to have it broken, or discoloured in some way. Report  
are much improved since this morning, and I must go on deck  
now, for I am pining for the want of exercise. During one  
of the rough days that have passed, I sat little Joseph on one  
end of the sofa, and was just reaching for something on the  
table, when the ship performed one of her sudden evolutions, which  
sent him head over heels, to the foot of the sofa, in such rapid  
time, that I could not catch him until he stopped; he utter-  
ed a piercing screech, which frightened me very much. I caught  
him up but he seemed to be more terrified than injured. Today  
he came near falling under the table at dinner, but he scarcely im-  
agined if we try to fix his attention in another direction immediately.  
They are pumping ships I must away. bright-skies gleam through  
my skylight - and invite me to enjoy their soft sunset gleams.  
"Will-they come they say" My heart answers "I come." Thus  
ends this day.

Saturday March 19<sup>th</sup>

This day has been truly beautiful <sup>and</sup> calm and pleasant breezes from the north. We are now in lat. 43° 18', a high latitude to the north, which makes quite a change in the atmosphere. Occasional showers of rain, which patters gently down, on the sky, light, and then they vanish into air, and Sunshine's rays take their place. Quite a breeze is blowing the water this evening, and I hear the Captain's orders to the helmsman from the deck, where he has taken little Joseph, who is rather troublesome today. I suppose he must be testing for his mouth brand to trouble him very much. This afternoon has been delightful. The softest, "glacier" clouds, giving occasional glimpses of the beautiful blue of the heavens, darkening as they closed around the horizon, and the silvery brightness of the brass work, made me almost think their realm some "fairy land". The sun is now about to set. I cannot love all these beautiful charms of nature, but must away to the deck to witness the glorious descent of the King of day.

Sunday March 21<sup>st</sup>

If our chronometer be correct, we are but a short distance from St. Paul's, where I hope we shall soon be, but I almost fear that something will betide, to prevent our landing there. Perhaps the wind will be adverse, and our longitude being uncertain, it may be impossible for us to steer in a direct course for these islands. We are now in 38.50 North Latitude, 75.55 East Longitude. The weather, pleasant, strong winds.

Saturday, Sunday, March 26<sup>th</sup>

Fast Tuesday Morning St. Paul's

Island approached to view. the day was very calm so that we did not get near enough to the island to go ashore that day but the next morning three of the officers with their boats crew went out to catch fish. They did not go on shore but caught their fish very near it. The Captain did not go as it was rough and unpleasant. David did not go into the water either. I was sorry that they did not make arrangements for him, but he does not belong to the three officers' crew and as his father did not go in his boat there was no chance for him, he was very much disappointed. They caught several barrels of fish, and several barrels of crevice fish which are very nice as they taste very much like lobsters I cannot



perceive any difference. We esteem them a great delicacy. They  
are very palatable indeed. It is however very rough since we  
left St. Paul's and still continues to be

Tuesday March 29<sup>th</sup>

How sweetly, a calm pleasant day  
revives our spirits, for when nearly all have been so rough, we is  
a soothing day to calm the troubled soul. We are meaning tomorrow let-  
tured. today we are in 36.5 South Latitude and the air is very  
soft and pleasant.

Friday April 1<sup>st</sup>

Very pleasant and calm. These  
pleasant days are like oases in the thundering desert of the seas.

Sunday April 3<sup>rd</sup>

Today has seemed very quiet, as a  
Sabbath should, and one of the hen kingdom as if to crown  
the day (with some glory to itself) laid an egg. It was quite an  
era in my sea-life to hear the old hen cackling so lustily as  
she did, and then David's black eyes (winking mischievously through  
my cabin doorway as he brought down the newly-laid egg.  
Reminding me of home scenes when I used to climb the hay  
moss in the old barn. (a delightful task,) Shall I ever climb  
them again? I fear perhaps will roll over the solitude of ocean  
we. I shall again visit that beloved home.

Tuesday April 5<sup>th</sup>

Since Sunday (namely yesterday,  
(Monday) I have enjoyed the secret surprise of meeting with  
a lady from Edgartown. Yesterday morning, we came down  
upon the ship Splendid. Capt. Norton from the last named  
port. Capt. Smith went on board of the Splendid in the morning  
and came back after dinner. Capt. Norton and his wife  
attending him. It was such a treat to see one of my own sex  
once more, that I almost forgot that we were entire strangers.  
They spent the afternoon with us, returning on board the Splendid  
after tea. I shed tears at parting with the gentle Mrs.  
Norton, and a sense of something partly akin to Grief  
came over me as I watched them bear her away  
to her own ship. The ship has been in sight all day  
and tonight is steering in our direction. I saw

March 31<sup>st</sup> -  
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the setting sun shining on her white sails in strong contrast.  
3/4 for - I came below and hope I shall soon have a better view.

Wednesday April 6<sup>th</sup>

We have seen nothing of the splendid  
The is casting her fate (write us upon this ocean of winds.  
Pleasant weather and calm, to us the place of the cold rough  
days, which that have passed. Little Joseph grows stronger  
every day, but he is tussling and somewhat fretful.

Friday April 8<sup>th</sup>

Lost Wednesday after tea

(I had finished writing my journal) and went on deck to attend to  
some trifling matters. When looking beyond the ship's bow, I saw the  
Splendid coming down upon us so suddenly, that I hardly had  
time to get over my surprise before the Captain ordered the Harbord  
boat to be lowered and little Joseph and myself were soon sitting  
cozily in it, being rowed in quick time to the Splendid. We spent a  
few hours on board of her. They seemed very short, but it was quite  
dark before we came away, and the new moon just setting <sup>behind</sup> the  
dark masses of ocean, made our row back to the Minerva almost  
far from unpleasant. There was a wildness in the appearance  
of every thing about me that filled me with the intensest feelings.  
When we lowered down from the Splendid little Joseph felt rather  
frightened I think for it was very dark about him at first, but  
when I sang a short time to him he was very quiet, until  
we got back, nestled his head up to me, looked up in my face  
occasionally - his black eyes glistening in the fading gleams of the  
moon. he was very good through the whole, and seemed to enjoy  
himself very much. There are four or five ships in sight today  
Lat. 27. Long. 107. 30.

Saturday April 9<sup>th</sup>

A fresh gale of winds and several  
ships in sight - seem to be the principal features of today.

Wednesday April 13<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday Captain Smith

sailed the Stephenia, Captain Fisher of New Bedford, and was  
on board of her and took tea, Captain Marble and Lady  
from the bark <sup>of</sup> Eastern of New Bedford (were there also  
they had but Lady left Swan River and had on board a nice



Close (Watermelon, grapes and Squashed. The evening was very fine. Moonlight, and calm, and altogether we had a very pleasant time. Captain Fisher seemed very lively and pleasant, and his wife also, yet she was not of my kind. I did not enjoy her society as much as I should have liked. This day has been perfectly calm, so smooth, that the ship seemed scarcely to move. For 24 hours, these beautiful days. Much after having had such rough weather. Latitude of today 27° 9'.

Thursday April 14<sup>th</sup>  
This morning I went on deck to see the sun rise. It was very calm, but clouds hid the sun from view until his golden fire was seen blazing some distance from the horizon. The early morning shown gloriously. Scarcely a breath of wind ruffled the water. I might say that it was not even ruffled for it was perfectly smooth. The ship seemed to rest gently and quietly upon the surface. I remained a long time upon the hurricane deck, watching the beautiful scene. No artist's pencil could trace such sublime tranquility as brooded over the ocean. In the dark background two ships seemed to kiss the horizon, and high over all the sky from which shadows were fast hastening and giving place to the golden hues of bright morning. At day the waters slept.

Friday April 15<sup>th</sup>  
A driving wind wafts the Minerva Amyth along quite rapidly to day, and to night it is quite rough. Little Dory occupied so much of my time that I can scarcely do any thing but attend to him. I read extracts from Webster's, and last night finished a short sketch of the "Life of Israel Putnam". I have not a moment to waste. Every one is pained for I wish to accomplish so much this voyage.

Saturday April 16<sup>th</sup>  
The *Stropharia* came down for us before tea, and Captain Fisher came on board, took tea, and spent a long evening.

Sunday April 17<sup>th</sup>  
Soft winds have favored us today, and bore down to our good ship the splendid

once more. but a man of the handkerchief and a shadowy vision of a  
face almost hidden by a bonnet was all that I saw of Mrs. Wor-  
ton. for Captain Borton did not think it proper for her to come  
with him. It is very pleasant and home like to have these  
Captains spend the evening with us they are always lively and  
pleasant. Some pretending Aristocrats at home have a particular horror  
in regard to sailors "O they are so awkward and uncouth." but let  
them visit a Captain on board his ship. They will not fail to  
note the air of easy politeness with which hat-in hand he enters  
the cabin pays his respects to the ladies conducts them to their  
boats issued his orders, and himself that <sup>they are</sup> safely landed  
from the ship. which with the thumping of the boat, and splashing  
of water in rough weather would frighten the cowardly lady  
at home. A surprising fold of beam of the sailor, in his ship.  
there is his element. ye tame woman who haunts three shores ye  
learn true politeness from the "ploughers of the sea".

Friday April 22<sup>d</sup>.

It is very sultry, the air  
is laden with this oppressive heat. Captain Finney of the Europa  
has been with us all day. he expects to be home in a year from  
this time. He is a well looking man, a true sailor in every respect  
as well with regard to retentive and physical qualities, as to manners  
and general bearing. all seaworthy as he was. It could not hide  
the sweet pleasant repulsion of his countenance, which would  
sometimes change suddenly to sadness. He has just left us. Little  
Joseph has been very troublesome today so much so that I am quite  
exhausted ~~to~~ <sup>night</sup>. Captain and Mrs Fisher were on board last  
evening. The Captain is just now speaking some ships. I handed  
him his trumpet a short time since.

I have just come from  
the deck. It proved to be the Stephania, but they could not un-  
derstand much that he said. I was fearful lest they should  
come too near, for the distance seemed very short between the ships  
— it is rather dark, and she looked like an immense black cloud  
coming nearer and nearer. As a note to tow the ship

Saturday April 23<sup>d</sup>

At 10 o'clock from land  
are turning us today. Little Joseph continued troublesome. I think



that he must be tething, he has had four teeth some time,  
and it is about time I should think for him to show  
themselves. Captain Smith of the *Amira* is on board (Mr. Smith  
to be my much favored little visitors, they have all passed by  
strangers yet I always feel acquainted with them, for they  
assume no false airs, all is cheerful and hearty welcome.

Thursday April 28<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday it was very warm and  
rained nearly all day, today it is very clear and cool. No whels  
yet. Nothing gladdens the eye on this coast (- New Holland) not  
even a bird or fish is seen, no Chronometer has refused to do  
duty, no thanks to Mr. Crundall as I suppose he attended to these  
things. No barometer, no Chronometer. This is our condition I  
cannot repress the contempt I have for that man. I never  
spoke one word to him, yet I have seen him, that is enough  
I wish to have no further acquaintance with his sordidness.

Friday April 29<sup>th</sup>

Very pleasant. A Merchant-  
man in sight from Mast-head. I feel very dull and listless  
which is probably owing to my sore mouth. It seems as though  
the cancer would consume it. today I was thinking how  
pleasant it would be to hear the frogs croaking in the ponds  
and marshes in distant America, and to wander after  
tea in the woods and over the old hill at home.

Saturday April 30<sup>th</sup>

For spoke this John A. Robt.  
tonight. Captain Baker and Roland Thomas were on board  
to tea, and spent most of the evening. Roland was much  
surprised to see me, he said that he did not expect to  
see any one that he was acquainted with on board of the  
*Minerva* tonight. I gave Captain Baker, Simal Harpers  
Magazines, and gave Roland Simal books, Traraly's &c.  
He was much delighted to hear from home.

Saturday April 30<sup>th</sup>

The wind has played  
its ~~to~~ <sup>its</sup> Eolian requiem to the departing hours of April, and is  
still chanting its sad tone, on the evening air. tomorrow it  
will whistle a welcome, to welcome May, with its return.

friends and (I repeat), at home. The ocean's roar is loud tonight. It is swimming its own life stream, to the departing shades of April. Sing on ye elements. ye songs will sweeten the silent March of Time, and make us nobler beings, by the inspiration of your sublime strains. Sing on, though till eternity. A Hymn Harmonist notes the strings, and guides the band by the hand of Nature.

Sunday, May 1<sup>st</sup>

All age creeps on the hours seem to shorten their March through Eternity. And as I command a new month in my journal. I look back to see where have gone the fast-flitting days of the past one. Every month seems shorter as I count a new one on my life's pages. I have watched the angry surges today, and listened to the voice of the wind. I have seen the sun set beneath a cloud of Miller's gold, tinged the far-off again clouds with deepest crimson. Huddling softly around their edges into the deep again. in all these changing scenes still points into unerring aim the finger of the Most High, our tempest-tossed mariner! We guided by that finger and then will need no other compass to steer thy warring course on the voyage of life.

Monday, May 2<sup>nd</sup>

The angry waves roared in the act of consigning to their silent care, today Charles, one of our Portuguese Seamen, a sudden lurch of the ship threw him overboard but being a good swimmer, he escaped drowning and was picked up by Mr Marks and his boat crew, who are always ready in any emergency. It still continues very rough, the thunder of the wind and waves is the music of my silent hours.

Tuesday, May 4<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday Arthur Brown on board of the John A. R.R. but did not remain long as it was very rough. This afternoon Captain Baker came on board of our ship, and has just left. It is still very rough.

Saturday, May 7<sup>th</sup>

The weather since Wednesday has changed very much it is very calm at present. The sun set all bright and clear



tonight, it seemed as though the vision &c. was charming them  
he seemed so lost to hear it, but he went to gain light - to another  
country beyond these Indian waters, and like a mighty king  
was conducted to the very portals of that land in all the  
majesty of his golden robes.

Sunday May 8<sup>th</sup>

These calm and beautiful  
Sabbath days, when every thing is quiet on deck and shore,  
how naturally do our thoughts turn to home, and the loved  
ones there I would not shrink one jot or tittle from the voyage  
on which I have embarked, yet one must be indeed cold  
and indifferent, if one dream of fond meetings near one's  
loved ones. In my quiet moments, I am sometimes taking a  
walk over the hill and acreage, through Trackwood to the  
Little River, sometimes I am listening to the harmony of frogs from  
the ponds in the swamp. Then I am sitting on the front steps  
after tea, where I used to sit so much, and listening to the  
distant notes of the whiffers from the wood, as the shadows  
of night deepen and twilight fades, I hear the rustling leaves  
of the cherry trees, the song of insects. Ah, those old home mem-  
ories! how the air was filled with music around that home!

Tuesday May 10<sup>th</sup>

Adel is resting his at-  
tempts to under the night-melodious. His strains are coming  
to the ear for a full hour tonight. My little physical  
exhaustion exhausts me yet 'tis pleasant to listen to the song  
of the Wind-god. His strains fall on listening ears they  
penetrate the hidden springs of human feeling. They enable  
the aching nature of man. They purify the heart.

Last evening Capt Fisher and Lady were on board  
we passed a pleasant evening in our own fashion. Little  
Joseph was bright and happy. They think him a remark-  
ably good child, and wish they might for he scarcely  
ever cries when they are on board. He seemed much pleased  
with Mrs Fisher, and tried very much to express  
his feelings towards her in his baby way.

Sunday May 15<sup>th</sup>

It has been very rough and unpleasant for several days, <sup>the</sup> evenings are cold and moonlight. I went on deck several evenings ago, but was obliged to come below before I had half enjoyed the scene, as the air was chilly, the wind was piercing cold. it seemed to penetrate every fibre of my dress. I walked fore and aft several times. Fatigued, my spiritfulness to stand up besides keeping warm. Several ships have been in sight today. Whales are still invisible, and now I hear the rain pattering on the skylight. Reminding me of the musical droppings at home, which always made me feel so happy and retired, for then my hours were my own, or so they seemed. So free from intrusion, when I could think, read, and act alone.

Tuesday May 16<sup>th</sup>

The old Captains of this coast, say that we are having very rugged weather. Whereas, it is generally smooth and pleasant. today it has been very rough. We spoke the *Plan*. Capt Perkins, last night. he came on board although it was very rough, and remained until after 10 o'clock. his boatman Statton contributed not a little to our evening's entertainment - by his grand display of musical talents. and "The Rovers of the Sea". The Maid of Montezuma (with other pieces some sad and sweet, some lively, and not the waters of the Indian Sea, in long melodious cadences. The evening was clear and moonlight, and the rich voice of Nature mingling with the voice of the waves might have charmed the mermaids and sea nymphs from their ocean retreats. Who can tell that they did not hear their abodes from the depths of waters, and rise to the surface to listen.

Friday May 20<sup>th</sup>

It still continues very rough and I think it very probable that we shall witness nothing but rain & weather all this morn. Capt. Marble of the *Patience* came down and spoke us this afternoon. I saw Mrs Marble as the ship crossed our stern. a bow of recognition on one side and a wave of a handkerchief on the other. ~~was~~ all the more all the tokens of respect that we could return upon each other. Her letter by George, politely left



his hat to me. It was so rough, that Capt. Mastle said  
he could not lower a boat from his ship in such a sea.  
Immediately afterwards they sang out "there she breeds" from the  
mast-head, something <sup>made</sup> a visible movement in the water  
I suppose, but we <sup>water</sup> saw nor heard aught else of the  
animated creature. Our "Dove ship" in order to follow in the  
track of the "mermaids" but all to no purpose, the Larksteen  
went on her own course again, and we took out another  
ship came in sight. The wind blew on, the ocean swelled  
the sun went down, the curtains of night dropped fold  
after fold upon the ocean until it fell entire, and the day  
was shut out forever.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

The lowing herds, winds only o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that, from yonder ivory-towered tower,

The moaning owl, dusk to the morn, complains  
Of such as, wandering near her secret tower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reigns.

The ship's bell tolls the knell (with us) and  
instead of lowing herds (minding o'er the lea) we here see nothing  
but the pigs squealing about the deck to seek shelter for the  
night. The night-winds whistle through the rigging, yet we  
have no substitute for the owl. Even the beautiful stormy petrel  
seem desert us, a bird is rarely seen. The ferment of  
war and its turbulent minor, remain unchanged for  
the study of the manner.

Sunday May 22<sup>d</sup>

Saturday Morning Commenced

a lovely day, the <sup>air</sup> is so pure and healthy here. I feel so strong and wish when we have such pleasant days as yesterday and today we had the pleasure of Capt Perkins of the Elm and Capt Cony of the Mechanic. New York Company yesterday afternoon and even until 1 o'clock, Sunday Morning. Capt Perkins tuned Abner's fiddle and is an excellent player and sings besides. I like him very much. he conversed well upon a variety of subjects. expressed his candid opinion about things in general and is a perfect gentleman. very entertaining and makes his conversation pleasant and interesting to every one. Capt Cony is forty one months from home and only seven hundred dollars of it all told. he is very thin and lame. I should judge that he has begun to despair of getting home more before leaving for home. Abner went on board of the Mechanic this afternoon but did not remain but a short time.

Sunday May 23<sup>d</sup>

Most beautiful of days has been

today. with pleasant company for Capt Marble & Lady have spent the day with us. their son Fergie accompanying them he is nine years old yet very small. Mr Reed took care of Joseph all day, until evening when he brought him down below after he had fallen asleep. the little fellow seemed very happy with him. he will laugh and cry when he takes him in his arms and never seems to be weary of him. Mr Reed on the other hand is unceasing and devoted in his attentions to the little fellow and Joseph seems to comprehend that he takes a great interest in him. Capt Marble & family staid until past 9 P.M. little Fergie tried hard to keep awake and wanted to stay all night. he spent most of the evening in drinking lemonade to assist in keeping his eyes open. Several of the Captain's crew serenaded us very prettily. I played and sang "My Willie's on the dark blue sea" for them, it seemed to me that I never played so miserably before. yet they cheered me at the close. I needed cheering certainly for I felt very foolish and should not have accepted through the earnest entreaties of our crew, and I would not



appear to Squamish, as I was hoped, and had my  
past to play.

Tuesday May 24<sup>th</sup>

The morning commenced calm  
and pleasant, but a brisk wind had been springing up all day  
until the ship rolls and plunges like a mad creature.

Wednesday May 25<sup>th</sup>

I am sick. I have not felt  
so badly one whole day since I came on board. I think that  
I must have taken cold the evening that Mr. Mack  
was on board for I was on deck, and the wind was  
chilly. I am feverish. My head aches badly, and I am  
very weak besides.

Thursday May 26<sup>th</sup>

I feel somewhat improved today,  
yet my headache still continues. I am weak and fever-  
ish, I hope that I shall be better by tomorrow. I do  
not understand how to phre when I am sick. It is so  
disagreeable to sit quietly with folded hands, and yet I  
do not feel inclined to do anything. My head is so troublesome  
No ships in sight today. I did see one bird flying over the  
boat, which is quite an occurrence in this desolate  
coast.

Friday May 27<sup>th</sup>

The wind was on, and the ob-  
jects daily sought for do not appear. Some time there will be an  
end of waiting, perhaps, and the long desired whales will be  
found. patience, patience! O man. how futile are all thy feelings  
if fortune favors thee not instantly. a divine hand is over all  
Grant him our good time! The storm king has been laying  
among the clouds today. the winds and waters have been shaken  
by this voice, and have entered into a deafening melody  
that strikes awe into the hearts of its listeners.

Sunday May 29<sup>th</sup>

We are alone on the sea now  
no sails in sight today, neither have we seen any for sev-  
eral days. About 8 a.m., three - they are Eastward from us. Laining  
one of our foremast hands, has got the Henry, but if  
there is any virtue in raw potatoes. I presume he will

During it. We shall go to Baly in a few miles for water, and  
whalers (masses), we may find there. From thence to the Rae  
may Islands, for humpbacks, there we shall lie at anchor most  
of the time, and have pleasant weather. I am growing weary  
of sailing, sailing, and seeing nothing, except (now and then,  
a bird. We have fresh winds nearly all the time, and sham-  
ingly healthy atmosphere. I saw a fin-back whale, spout, a few days  
ago. Mr. Cook took the whaling gun and went after him  
but could not get near enough to fire. Little Joseph is slightly  
hoarse. Mr. Reed has had him the greater part of today, the  
little fellow loved him dearly and showed his affection by putting  
his face and laying his little head upon his shoulder, making  
his baby noise of contentment.

Tuesday May 31<sup>st</sup>

Yesterday Captain Smith spoke  
the Barque Aida, of Fairham, Capt. Michel. Came on board  
and made a long visit, and gave me an interesting account of  
the people, in Foulke Bay, of whom I had heard some-  
what, before, from Capt. Perkins, and Mrs. Mott. Today has  
been clear, calm and beautiful, I finished a cap for Denis, today  
and then went up, and sat on the hurricane deck, until tea-  
time, the picture then before me was beautiful, I cannot  
describe it, but if anyone loved to hear the gentle plashing of  
waters, and an infinitude of charms. Besides they may well  
suppose that I could enjoy such a scene. I sat and  
thought, sang Annie Lavin, Grand of a Household, by Mrs. W. M. May,  
sketched a large piece of squid, upon which sperm whales  
feed, saw the tapering lines of two vessels, touching the horizon  
edge, and still nothing did I see so beautiful as the  
Divine hand, stirring (new beauties every day) <sup>others</sup> and making the  
ocean beautiful, for the storm-tossed (mammals).

Wednesday June 1<sup>st</sup>

This morning three went on board  
of the Eagle of Mr. Bedford, Capt. McMilly. And Capt. McMilly,  
Capt. Michel, and Capt. Mott of the Barque Draco came on  
board to tea. Capt. McMilly is certainly the ablest man as regards  
his commercial powers, that I ever met with. Always summoned  
nifty and interesting. He is a man that looks far into a person's



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character, and understands perfectly the affairs of the nation.

Thursday June 2<sup>d</sup>

Keeping late hours last

Night has caused me to feel drowsy and stupid all day. This afternoon they called loudly from East beach for sperm whales, but it proved to be a whale's carcass caught by the Siphonia.

Friday June 3<sup>d</sup>

The principal feature of today has consisted in making a wagon for the cannon. About made all of the iron work. And has proved to be quite a blacksmith.

Saturday June 4<sup>th</sup>

Beautiful days are ours. We could wish for no better, and yet the leniencies come not to the longing eyes of the sailor. This morning Abner went on board of the Abigail, Capt. Smith, who was cutting in a sperm whale, and I could watch them at their work very distinctly from our ship, so the men were hearing at the windlass they sang very melodiously something that sounded like "rolling rivers." We passed them but at a short distance from the stern of their vessel and consequently had a fair view of the proceedings. This afternoon myriads of fish played in the water, jumping quite a distance out of water, one after the other as far as the eye could see. Several of our crew have tried their reputations in catching some of them, but very few have been obtained. I am not particularly fond of fish, and had much rather see them pursuing their merry gambols than to have their virgin smoothness mangled into the hock. The birds are our companions now, although they keep at respectable distances, as though suspicious of our motives. Capt. Smith sent me a nice watermelon, that he had been saving for some time hoping he might be able to present it to some lady on the coasting ground. Fortunately I was the first to claim it, how kind every one seemed to be. Ladies are treated with such deferential respect on the Seal.

Sunday June 5<sup>th</sup>

A dead calm <sup>has</sup> settled on the ocean today. This afternoon we

had a spell of rain, which really seemed refreshing. The buckets were immediately fastened to the spars, and the rain came in such torrents, for the time, that the water found a continued stream, from the boats, into the buckets. After the shower, which did not last long, the pigs, (might have been seen) sucking up the water, as it rolled from one side of the ship, to the other. Then it brightened up once more, the sun shone forth, the sailors wiped dry the decks, masts & masts, but the ship rolled very badly, at times, the wind was so light. The Abigail backed her main yard (which I have at last found out is to prevent the ship from going ahead, but we could not reach her. So no "gunning" could be done tonight. I went on the hurricane deck, after tea, there to witness one of the most gorgeous after glows of sunset. Into a dark, lowering background, not unlike the rising of a tempest, in America, which contracted strongly, into the splendid coloring of the western sky. I have to trading Laer's Scenes in the Pacific, it is very interesting. Such a voyage as I would like to make, among the islands of tropical Australasia. I have not yet finished the book, yet it is very life-like, and full of interest, so much of Papua or New Guinea and the surrounding islands that remains to be explored.

Monday June 6<sup>th</sup>

Lat.  $23^{\circ} 31'$  Lon.  $107^{\circ} 40'$

and blowing a gale, we passed the Abigail tonight - but it was so rough, that she did not back her main yard. The wind is thundering through the rigging, and the angry surges beat against the ship with great fury. The crew caught a haul of skip-jacks today, and salted them nicely in a barrel. I do not relish them, yet the natives on the coast often salted fish, as great luxuries, they may serve us in the way of trading (into them, should we have opportunities to do so).

Thursday June 7<sup>th</sup>

I found the Leeward boat for black-gills today, but did not get any - innumerable porpoises played around the ship this afternoon, and skip-jacks had an eye on the fish, which they seemed to enjoy by skipping out of the water. Now and then a speckled



heglett would alight upon the masts, the spray dashing against  
his snow white breast. farther off in the background gambled  
the black-fish, and the boat in full chase. once I saw a  
fin back sport my rear - the ship. the deep seemed to call  
forth its live stock to make merry with the passing bands.

Friday June 16<sup>th</sup>

Little Joseph stuck his finger  
in my eye this afternoon, and hurt it so badly, that I  
can scarcely see through it. We have had a fresh wind all  
day, and the water had dashed over the rail plentifully.  
Others say that the ship threw water instead as  
badly as a Rehorn. I hardly feel safe, when sitting  
on the weather side of the ship for fear of being so  
heavily sprinkled with brine from the Red Salt-Sea.

Saturday June 17<sup>th</sup>

We are becalmed, for nearly  
a week we have been anxiously expecting to see land and  
the past three days have been so calm that we have not  
made much progress. We have had quite a little degree  
of excitement today. Mr. Weeks boat caught a black fish  
and fish may know <sup>that</sup> their lives are in jeopardy, when  
our invincible Spencer (Mr. Weeks boatman a young Lay Head  
Indian) darts into their midst. Mr. Howland's boat has not  
yet returned. The sun set gloriously, below a gorgeous  
diadem of crimson, not gold but crimson. It painted the  
ocean far and near (into its deep vermilion, nor were con-  
tent but rainbow hues were heft, and <sup>the</sup> smooth ocean looked  
not unlike a vast mirror, checked with the richly tinted  
colors by the Great Artist's hand. This afternoon I watched  
the sharks from the stern come up for pieces of the  
black fish that were thrown overboard. We caught one  
with a large hook, but it straightened out and the  
shark scampered away. he was too strong for his injury  
but they are very bold, for they were hovering around  
the ship until dark, and may be soon for caught, that  
I know. It was estimated that the fat that eat of  
the dead black fish while they were lying him to the  
ship would make two or three gallons of oil, for

they were careful to select the fattest part. their color underneath was of a greenish brown. the air is laden with receding heat but a glimpse of land with a prospect of fruit in vegetation. there will revive our drooping spirits. as did Caneen to many desert wanderers of forty years. but whatever our perished land will flow with milk and honey still remains a query.

Sunday June 19<sup>th</sup>

The dark lines of land forty five miles distant fills me with delight. A light-breeze has just sprung up. whereas it has been very calm the preceding part of the day and just before dark I could plainly see that we had made a slight progress to <sup>the</sup> long desired harbor. Little Joseph stays on deck all day, and boards but very little sailing. He begins to be very "knowing," as all little fellows at his age presume to be but this volume that is strifling my back emerges, far different from the spirit-shining air of Australia. Lat 9° 30'.

Monday June 20<sup>th</sup>

Shunkawa is quite an island with a "wind surface of hill and dale" tonight - Mr. Cordland showed me a "four cloud" hanging over a valley. This forenoon we coasted to within eight miles of the shore, so plainly I could see the trees on the hillides looking as though a continual mist enshrouded them. We have had a light-breeze today, and it still continues with us. if God wills. May it still waft us to Lombok. Those dim shadows, can be faintly seen in the distance. I long to touch the grass once more, and satiate my eyes with scenes new, and strange.

Tuesday June 23<sup>rd</sup>

Yesterday we entered Allas Strait with Shunkawa on our right and the pretty island of Lombok on our left. Trees of cocanut trees lined the shores, and the smoke curled up to the mountain. Mists from many a habitation among the cocanut ~~and~~ palm trees. The sight was singularly smiting to ones who had never yet seen a tropical island, and I watched the changing scenes as we sailed rapidly ~~passed~~ by them. Now a canoe with a bamboo sail would shoot out from some palm grove, and in the distance towards the Baly shore, a cannon thunders.



dread long and loud Soud Hact after Hact over the  
waters, as if Overcoming our detest into their midst.  
Two (muchantun) were passing through the Straits having  
entered them in company with us. About 10 P.M.  
One anchored off Bally with Lombok peak bearing  
V. N. W. This morning several Malays came off in  
their canoes. One in particular named Elijah came on  
board with some fruit which he wished to present  
to the "Capten's wife" and wished to have the Comission  
of the present entrusted to no one but himself. Mr  
Miles aided him down to the cabin (with his brother  
Turner. Elijah inquiring for the "Capten's wife" all the  
way down stairs. I went into the forward cabin to  
rejoin them, and Mr Miles says "this is the Captains  
wife". Whereupon Elijah steps up with a bow and presents  
me with a fine bunch of bananas, a pineapple <sup>and</sup> some  
rice rolled up in palm leaves, and says: "Capten's wife  
I make you a present of these" Whereupon he wished to  
address me during his stay - he would say "Capten's wife"  
as though it were my name. His brother Turner is a  
fine looking Malay. He invited us to dine (with him on  
the morrow, and seemed to Superintend the business here.  
He brought off chickens, eggs, bananas, oranges, pomegranates,  
coconuts, gamb. baskets, &c. They bear my little clothing, and  
were very lovely, and happy.

Friday June 24<sup>th</sup>

Arose early, and after breakfast-  
ing, went on shore. Elijah was waiting for us at the beach  
with about twenty natives and children at his heels. They  
ran after us as we walked up to the village, shouting, and  
laughing, evidently considering my self and baby wonderful  
curiosities. We went into Keshiro's house which is made  
of bamboo as are all the rest of the Malay houses.  
Turner was sitting on the floor or matting, and this "Good  
Morning Capten" was a pleasant welcome. Their houses are  
built up some distance from the ground leaving an open  
space underneath to prevent wild animals from getting into  
them. They all chew the betel nut <sup>while</sup> and kiss their

or at least their looks and faces look disgusting. The natives  
with their naked children came in groups, to look at us  
some with swords, which made me feel uneasy sometimes. ~~Many~~  
Many of them entered the hut at one time with their hands  
from their scars, which they wear around their waists. The  
children once fly off us for some time, finally I sat down  
on the floor, and then they began to approach him  
they would touch his hands and feet, which actions and the  
like would annoy him very much, until they became very soci-  
ble, and friendly. Whenever we walked among the groves, about  
twenty children followed us clapping their hands and shouting  
to the baby, and he resting his utmost to entertain them  
for their manners delighted him. During our wanderings we  
came to a delightful stream of fresh water partly shaded  
by a luxuriant growth of tropical foliage, and rushing over  
stones and pebbles making it cool and pleasant for bathing.  
Abram put Dory in all over, he liked it very much with  
the exception of having his head put under water which  
made him "silly little". After the bath we went back to  
Sum's house where table was spread for us, and we partook  
liberally of curried chicken and fish, meat fried in cocon-  
nut oil, fried rice, sweet potatoes, yams, eggs, and bananas  
with rich coconut milk for drink. We did not stay long  
after dinner. I must not fail to mention however that  
Abram and myself ate alone, Sum saying that he did  
not like his wife. A fine breeze took us back to the ship  
where I arrived completely tired with my wanderings  
on land for it was exceedingly hot.

Saturday June 25<sup>th</sup>

This morning the Governor and Suite  
came off, accompanied by Sum. The Harvard watch  
went on shore on liberty. I have had a dreary day  
for I was very much fatigued with yesterday's adventure,  
and the baby being troublesome, together with the excessive  
heat, made me feel very uncomfortable, and unpleasant  
the greater portion of the day. My mouth is very sore, &  
my tongue is so stiff with canker, that it agonizes me to  
eat or swallow. attribute the cause, to eating bananas



they ring, very sweet, as any thing that I eat of sweet will spread the canker. The men came off safely tonight, and in very good spirits, in spite of the fatigues they endured, for walking is very tedious on shore. It being muddy, in most of the parts, and sometimes quite deep streams have to be forded. The Corfey shot three pigeons. We have plenty of Chickens, ducks and eggs, &c. to feast the body and for our eyes the beautiful Cocanut grove, on the shore. While thought wanders to the origin of the natives, who live an idle life, surrounded by every beauty that heart could wish. Thus it is, the most beautiful islands of the ocean are inhabited by people who know no want. Another soon to come prebend that their beautiful islands is aught more enchanting than the rest of the world.

Monday - June 27<sup>th</sup>

But on this this morning and turned until nearly night. Mr Reed took charge of Dorsey, for (me) I found quite a collection of shells on the beach some - them were rather pretty. We went to the market & called, it being a large grove where the natives congregate with fruit, vegetables, &c. to sell. the Malays surrounded around me so closely that I was obliged to force a retreat. There are many beautiful spots probably on the island that it was beyond my power to see, yet in spite of the dirt and filth that seems to surround you, you can turn aside to the beautiful Cocanut grove and imagine, laughing streams shaded by Cocanuts and banana trees, and warm ad infinitum among their shades. But a short distance from Sumir's house is a beautiful grove, entirely shaded by the overhanging branches. Beautiful trees they are so high, and majestic with deep green leaves. I asked Sumir the name of them but I could not understand his Malay name. My (well, "one tree" seemed to sound the most proper name. To look at it from a distance and watch the great groups of the natives passing, to and fro, amidst its shadows with the red turbans, and picturesque costumes, seemed more like romance than reality. Wish I am away tonight and fair would suck my creek

Thursday, June 30<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday we made adieu to Baly and its inhabitants. Hoisted anchor and before night had left Baly twenty miles behind. But we secured a nice store of sweet potatoes, yams, duck & chickens, eggs, pumpkins, bananas, &c. a few oranges, lemons, limes, pomegranates, tamarinds, coconuts, pomelos, and I have one pine apple still hanging in my cabin. About found it very difficult to settle with the Malays, their manner of doing business being very <sup>slow</sup> and unlike ours. It was very rough yesterday afternoon, and my head felt very disagreeably, the ship was so quiet while we laid in wait that the change to the old regime could not be overcome lightly. Today it has been very rough seas and several of the crew have been quite sea sick.

Sunday, July 3<sup>d</sup>

It has become pleasant and calm once more, the wind is very light, and the air in the cabin is cool and pleasant. The bracing, life-inspiring air of the Australian coast begins to kiss our broad once more, and it is ever welcome, for never in all my life did I ever witness such sumptuous life as along its shores. We are now steering for the Rosemary Islands, to look for humpback whales. But the anniversary of our glorious Independence Day will roll by with its thousand memories, before we shall reach them, for the day we are nigh at hand.

Monday, July 4<sup>th</sup>

Beautiful and quiet the "Day" has passed. I wished much to have the cannon "fired off" tonight, but was so long time finishing tea, that I did not get on deck in time to ask Mr. Weeks to load it for me. Before the sun set, for of course we could not allow our "big gun" to send its thunder over the waters after that great luminary had departed for another sphere. But how will they spend this day at home? Is home nigh? is it well to ask these questions? In yonder time with the dear ones there? Yet thoughts like these will arise, for when memory brings back the faded phantoms of the years gone by, with solemn we have gaily bade the course of time, it is my



It is natural for us to inquire how well they pass today? for we are not there

Wednesday July 6<sup>th</sup>

According to Chronometer reckoning we are thirty miles from the Northern Coast of Australia. Mr. Mink sounded into the deep sea lead tonight and found twenty eight fathoms water. The water is very quiet, and the air cool and delightful. I feel so buoyant and cheerful, when enjoying this clear and delightful atmosphere. Lat. 19° 27' Long 118° 6'

Thursday July 7<sup>th</sup>

We sighted one of the Torres Islands this morning, on the North Eastern Coast of Australia and sailed within in a mile of Telegraph Shoals. About noon we saw several hump-backs. They were going very directly to the Eastward, in consequence of which our boats could not reach them. Beautiful Autumnal days. Rich golden sands, and splendid moonlight evenings. The gift of Heaven, right we must be thankful. With health, hope and happiness, friends, kind and pleasant, in a land of plenty. We take our chances with the world in general. Several sharks, were hovering about the ship at sunset, appearing by their motions as if they were starving.

Friday July 8<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday we arrived at the northernmost Romanis, and found a ship lying at anchor near one of them. The Captain came on board in the forenoon. It was the Martha, Capt. Spaulding. He remained on board all night, and this afternoon Arthur went on board of his ship. With him, he sent me a very nice Manila hat for Dory, and a large supply of books, among the best Home Scenes by Grace Aguilar. Captain Spaulding had a son born after he left home, and he has since heard a rumor of the little fellow's death, and I think that he is fearful of the truth. He brought this hat for his little son, and his sending it to Dory seemed to imply that his own little boy would have no use for it. He is now waiting for Capt. Stewart of the ~~Shallop~~, who intends joining him during the hump-

back season. I feel very proud of the books that he sent me and  
am too eager to commence reading to think of any thing else at present.  
It has been quite rough today, and I hope that we shall be  
at anchor in smoother waters than these.

Friday, Thursday, July 12<sup>th</sup>  
~~Friday~~ Mr anchored off Endeavour

Island, and this afternoon two natives came on board, their  
boat, and it was not a boat but simply a log, the natives  
look very wild and uncouth, and wear no clothing, they are  
not in the civilized, they live in the open air, and know  
nothing about houses or huts, the islands about here look  
very dreary and barren and the earth seem to be red,  
very little vegetation grows on them, the natives subsisting  
principally on every kind of gramin, they cultivate nothing  
and ate voraciously of potatoes (was given them on board  
ship). I was glad when they left as one of them had a  
fine game given him, which he put in his net, which he  
carried on his head, and placing them on his head paddled  
away to his island with his hands for paddles as unknown  
to them.

Saturday, July 13<sup>th</sup>

Hope did not ask us to smile

in vain, for now is the fulfilment of the reality. A whale  
from a humpback is now today or tonight as the merrymen  
sailing came alongside about 9 P.M. being within the whale  
nearly two miles. Capt. Smith of the Abigail, and Capt.  
Fisher and wife came on board to tea. Their ships lie at  
anchor but a short distance from us. The whale is not very  
large, notwithstanding it presents quite a formidable appearance  
to me, to whom such fish are novelties. The evening is delightful  
a clear silvery moon, sails through the heavens, and brilliant stars  
stud them, as into precious stones. I smiled Mrs Fisher her  
nice row to her ship, for the water is placid and resplendent  
beneath the bright moon's beams. Abner is going to take care  
of the ship tonight, the officers and crew being very well  
from their restlessness.

Sunday, July 14<sup>th</sup>

I rose early this morning and



Went on deck to see the mutilation of the Sea-Centurian.  
Whereas I planted myself and ~~bat~~ in the Starboard boat  
where I could look upon the scene undisturbed. Numerous  
sharks of enormous size, collected voraciously for the prey, threat-  
ening to consume a good portion of it before the men could  
~~it~~ ~~the~~ ~~bat~~ on deck. but the breakfast that feat was accom-  
plished, and the three boats, ready after that meal, to try  
the field again, but success has not been with us today,  
and the boats returned to the ship tonight. Mr. Knapp  
saw a green turtle, a few gull's eggs, and shells, innumerable  
gulls, have been crying about the ship today, and picking  
up the stray pieces of the whale. Another beautiful night!  
It is surpassingly lovely! I feel when on deck as though  
I could not sufficiently drink in the rich sublimity of the  
scenery, - I want to know the veins of Beauty, I want my  
fingers, my eyes are insufficient - they do not satisfy only  
themselves, and what wonder that I am selfish? I see  
that the feelings keenly alive to the rich brightness of a warm  
lit sea, can ridicule my sense of the sublime, and I bring  
sea, glistering with the silver beams of the Queen  
of Night. (After went on board of the Stephania and Abi-  
gail this forenoon, and Capt. Smith came on board of us  
this evening.)

Friday July 13<sup>th</sup>

St. King rough this morning the  
boats did not go off until 12 A. M. Mr. Drake has been con-  
fined to his room nearly all day, he has taken a bad cold, is  
very hoarse and lame. Mr. Holland's boat's crew caught  
two turtles tonight, and Mr. Holland brought on a large col-  
lection of shells, very fine, and saw some of them over.

Saturday July 14<sup>th</sup>

Capt. Fisher & wife, with

Capt. Smith took tea with us this evening. Dr. J. has taken a  
slight cold which makes him somewhat peevish, but he is  
bright and happy generally. Sitting on deck most of the time  
with his shells and other playthings about him, and watching  
the game of the birds. The water flies trouble him occasi-  
onally, crawling into his eyes and nostrils. And are a source of

continue hostile to the crew in general. The natives are tolerably  
convinced into this, and they manage to leave a sufficient supply  
on board ship to last until they bring a fresh supply. <sup>They</sup>  
Come off for the whale's scraps. Now, and eat their ~~last~~ <sup>last</sup> ~~supplies~~  
into that relic. I think myself that I should much prefer  
them to hunt grasshoppers.

Sunday July 17<sup>th</sup>  
In the morning the Pullman Express

This morning the Fairwind Breeze  
anchored a short distance from the Mission Point, and Capt.  
Mayfield coming on board shortly afterwards, spent the remainder  
of the day with us. Capt. Smith of the Vigilant, caught a whale  
today, for which I was very glad. Two bale-hornets came in tonight  
without raising even one of the monsters during the day. The night  
view in beauty with Autumn Scenes at home. The moon hiding  
in twilight, and clear through her silver clouds, illuminating the sea  
in one long silver chain, enchanting the gaze, and increasing  
his love for the beautiful Night, as he feels the influence of her  
night-Spirits hovering about on wings of glory, although removed  
from the Spirit of Day. The Night is the time for deep thought  
and gentle musing, Night for tears and tender feelings. Night  
on the fire of genius to burn still brighter unseen by the sleeping  
thousands, undisturbed, Beautiful Night! Sometime Queen! soon I'll have  
I appeared to thee!

Monday, July, 18<sup>th</sup>

This afternoon I went on board of the *Strophania*, and passed the time very pleasantly until quite late this evening. I very insisted upon sitting on the deck by my side, and leaning over the side to look into the water. Thus (natives) with their heads high on their heads full of Estates (we passed on our way to the *Strophania*). One of her rats caught a turtle, and Capt. Faler presented me with a (nice piece which was very acceptable) (notwithstanding we catch them nearly every day) as Abner and Self consider them quite a delicacy, the green turtle is very nice. We have had a few oysters, but these stained were very small indeed. I think they said that the William Badger had secured a whale today. I hope it may be so, for I delight in the good success of my fellow voyagers. I have met with these



Who now or an (now satisfied) write their fortunes tomorrow  
good then may it be - in always. murmuring because they are  
no better. Such, I consider, as ungrateful kings, (but when  
the Alliance Law, has turned them into success. Still look  
for them without considering it (useful to be thankful  
for the favor received. Let him know we are to be faithful  
in others, here we none ourselves? (We only and how numerous  
yet we cannot see our own defects as plainly.

Thursday July 21<sup>st</sup>

It has been very rough today.  
but the water calmed somewhat before sunset. We are  
lying near Green Island, and probably shall anchor there  
tomorrow. I saw several whales yesterday. one tracked out  
of water scarcely more than a boat length from the ship.  
I think that he must have been considerably frightened  
for we saw nothing more of him for some time, probably he  
did not see the ship, until he made his exit. Dory  
men were reacting in his want of attention bestowed upon  
him. His fastest is amusing him while I write. He is a  
high-flyer, we think, as all parents think the same of  
their children probably.

Friday July 22<sup>nd</sup>

We are about to anchor near Green  
Island. Then goes the anchor! it went down with a mighty roar  
and plunge, and shook the ship like an earthquake. I did  
not expect it - so soon although it was quite time, as it is  
getting quite dark to be visiting my near land (note which  
we are unacquainted. The boats have just - now returned from  
the chase. They have been chasing a whale very closely for  
some time, but they are very cautious, and do not intend  
to be harpooned without putting forth all their speed for  
safety. Now the sails will have to be secured, and the ship  
put in order, rigging or ropes neatly coiled upon the play-  
ing wind. &c. &c. before tea. The wild surging of the ocean has  
ceased, and in the place of ocean's thunder now reigns  
silence, and solitude. Thus follows the continual changes of  
even, today beautiful and placid as the mountain lake  
tomorrow the throne of the storm king and his mighty foam.

Sunday, July 21<sup>st</sup>

The winds are high today, this afternoon, About Mr. Holland and Mr. Reid and Mr. Watson went on shore at one of the small islands, there were no inhabitants on it, and the soil was reported to be sandy and rocky, they brought me a few flowers, which have a delicious perfume. About said he smelt something very fragrant on landing and asked Mr. Reid what it was. Mr. Reid said that he could not conceive of anything unless it was the rice which are exceedingly numerous and numerous on these islands, but they found little to interest them save these few shrubs, and flowers.

Tuesday, July 22<sup>nd</sup>

Yesterday afternoon the Barque Mars, Capt. Heavison anchored near us, and about went on board to tea. On the evening, he returned with Capt. Heavison family, consisting of wife, two children, and servant girl. Leann, a bright little fellow aged two and a half years. Rept. to the mother and girl they visit his regency, the youngest child is a boy also, but five months old. Dory was quite delighted with Leann, being very little larger than himself. This morning, we left our last anchorage ground and the breeze from behind, has passed the Isle of Rock, and Easter's Island, the William Badger our former freighter, the Stephania, which about visited a few moments and found that since we left her, a whale had choked one of her boats very badly, and took the time with three men, accidentally cannot be avoided sometimes, by the most experienced. I cannot tell where we will anchor again, the boat went out in search of turtles this afternoon, but was not successful enough to take any. The islands that we have passed, are barren and many, no sign of vegetation can be seen on them, and the natives are obliged to subsist upon whatever they can find such as insects, and oysters which are scarce, writes H. when ever they can catch them but they do not seem to have anything with which to kill them. — I have finished Leon Leann and Heart Studies by Grace Aguilar, and if I had not known the author at the time of reading it, I think I must have recognized her sweet pathetic style and grace one must be immensely dull not to love and admire the merits.



of so much recollection. I am now reading the Voyage of the  
Frigate Columbia and her escort, the Schooner, of the U. S. N.,  
in 1838 by <sup>John</sup> W. Day, or Blaisdell to the Squadron.  
Some parts of it I think are interesting and instructive  
yet it seems the author to be a man of much good feeling  
and taste, notwithstanding its faults and follies.

Saturday July 3<sup>rd</sup>

Ompus fugit! say the Poets  
That - (I believe through the rigging) in dulcet edison strains  
Ompus fugit! says the Poet, in his diurnal recitations!  
Ompus fugit! says the Poet, as with declining light she  
ceases to illuminate the regions of Night, and all  
Nature's harmonists sing Ompus fugit!

We are moving land  
once more. The dim lines of land are visible, and the  
Grand some distance off is in company. Dory, will be blown  
months old tomorrow, for the hours are passing away. ~~He~~  
We came very near running onto a ledge of rocks this  
morn. The lookout at Mast-head did not see them  
until we tacked ship, as Abner coming on deck just at  
the instant and seeing shoal water, he sounded, and found  
that there could not be more than three feet of water  
beneath the ship's keel. We just cleared danger by tacking  
ship, or perhaps we should have been obliged to have taken  
to the boats. It has been very rough today, and yesterday  
the wind almost amounted to a gale. We are steering  
for <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ Island, and may success attend us, which  
seems to have nearly deserted us, now.

Thursday Aug<sup>t</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>

After the storm follows the calm  
and beautiful days in these Indian waters, which is appreciated  
and enjoyed much more than if it were always so. Some ships  
are in sight today. Capt. Price of the Eureka has been on  
board, and left us this afternoon to make a call on board  
the Splendid, on returning to his own ship, <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ Mars  
and Mechanic are close by. Our Steward lost his patience  
today because so many dinner in the cabin making him  
a little more trouble, so that he had been quite out of

Sold, and said things or in other words used language such as I will  
not hear (many times, for he is most always cross when any  
one or many persons come on board to eat. The boat has been chasing  
a whale today. Mr Crooks came very near getting him. I saw Spencer  
dash his iron, but the whale went down. They did not get  
near enough for the iron to hit him. It was very exciting to  
me to see the ponderous animal rising out of water, with four  
boats in full chase. Mr Crooks being nearest to him at the time  
of his resurfacing, to see the boat swimming towards the whale  
from the ship, and Spencer's dart, which would doubtless have pro-  
ved fatal, had they been near to him, the sudden splashing in  
the water, the boats rushing as to a common center, the ex-  
posure of a moment, not knowing whether the iron had done  
its work. I think that the sailors must enter into the spirit  
of the sport, and like it as something wild and exciting. Mr  
Peace wished Mr Crooks to come on board and cheer up his  
First-Officer, for he was getting very spirited. It is a great  
and trying care to be Master of a ship's company when whales  
are scarce, and nothing forthcoming, they expected to do their duty  
the same all the voyage. Muzzling voices will be heard occasionally,  
and sometimes utter disregard of the officer's commands, which of  
course reaches the Captain's ears if not duly reported to him. Strug-  
gles and full of difficulties, are the intricate and many winding  
courses in the labyrinth of human life.

Thursday, Aug <sup>24</sup>/<sub>25</sub>

Last night I left Mr  
on board ship in care of Mr Crooks, and went on board the <sup>other</sup> ship.  
They took a large whale yesterday, and we waited until they  
had secured him alongside the ship. The evening was very pleasant  
lighted by the New Moon's transient gleams. Mr Crooks  
and Mr Howland stuck a whale but after Mr Howland  
failed to secure him, he came in the wake of Mr Crooks who  
was lying in wait nearby, who fastened to him with and over-  
laid him, and on putting his lance into him he cut the line  
that was fastened to the iron which the boatsteerer dashed  
previously. And the whale shot away very quickly. They  
chased him until near sundown, when they returned to  
the ship. having had no dinner, and rowing in the morning



sunshine all day. I was considerably elated when they told me  
the fact, but I had best to learn that a whale is  
only in our power when safely alongside, and even then accidents  
may occur to dampen our ardor in regard to him. Dory has  
been very profitable today and I have just put him to sleep. The  
little fellow grows brighter every day. I'm stuck, and it is a  
natural consequence that he should for I do not think that  
he will be a job by any means. I have finished the voyage  
of the Columbia and John Adams around the world and as  
a whole I consider it very interesting. The author describes  
scenes very artistically and understandingly, and had excellent  
opportunities for gaining his information, and besides there  
is much feeling exhibited in his writings which made me  
think at the place that I had judged too soon of the me-  
rito of his work, and was willing to proclaim my entire  
pleasure and approbation. The Rangers or The Son's Daughter  
by the author of The Green Mountain Boys I am now reading.  
Haste by Andrew A. Story has been read and is certainly  
affectionately interesting, and gives much credit to the author  
O. Henry! Henry! (when will my country be rid of the  
accused claim?)

Saturday Aug<sup>st</sup> 6<sup>th</sup>

A large cow whale was  
towed alongside last evening, and it took them six  
hours to cut him in this forenoon. While they were only two  
and a half hours occupied with the other. Innumerable sharks  
and of enormous size contended for their share of the spoil,  
but I am annoyed them considerably in the way of spearing  
them when they were within arms length of their prey, they  
were guided about by their pilot-fish. Very small they are  
and two or three generally attached to one shark, forming his  
usual suite. The crew seem to be quite encouraged by this ad-  
dition to our stock of oil, and may fortune once more favor  
her devoted children, and show white star bounties to re-  
vive the mariner's sinking spirits. Quinn has been sick some  
time, and I think our ill success weighed heavily upon his mind  
also for he told me that he was gone three years last voyage and  
made nothing, and if he went this voyage without having

any thing due him at the end, he would be gray headed before he had  
any thing, but I hear Mrs Norton's voice on deck. I think, can it  
be possible?— Capt Norton & Gladys spent the evening with us. I  
was delighted to see Mrs Norton for she is a perfect lady, well edu-  
cated, and well bred, very amiable and agreeable. I love her very much for  
her admirable good qualities and enjoy her society very much. Her hus-  
band may well be proud of his lovely wife.

Sunday Aug 31<sup>st</sup> 1846

We are biding, and every thing smells  
illy and smoky. Little Tony has fretted very much, because he could  
not be allowed to creep on deck, on account of its filthiness. The  
Herald is off the lee beam tonight, I had hoped to go on board of her  
today, but—(we cannot tell in this quarter of the world when we shall be  
on the following day, but—always remain strictly ignorant of the morrow.

Tuesday Aug 31<sup>st</sup> 1846

(We have just secured another  
whale alongside. The three boats have not yet returned to the  
ship. They have been away all day, and towards sunset the  
Coopers, sang out "there she blows" from mast head, and said that  
a whale was in sight on the starboard bow. Arthur leaped  
down and struck him, and killed him so quickly after Mr  
Flynn started his iron, that he died before he <sup>could</sup> spend word.  
In an hour from the time the boat was lowered they  
had the whale fast alongside the ship. How jolly the men  
are! Such shouts (as went up from the old ship  
then! it did my heart good to listen and behold. The weather  
is very fine for whaling. How thankful ought we to be to the  
Giver of these gifts for "he doeth all things well".

Friday Aug 31<sup>st</sup> 1846

Yesterday and today we have had  
quite a breeze. This morning spoke the Cherokee, Captain Smith  
he will return home after this season, and will probably  
take home what oil we may have on board at the time. We  
have nearly 100 Hls. at present and I hope we shall be for-  
tunate enough to get more before we leave, which will  
be the first of September. O Autumn! how soon thou  
wilt sigh in my home! Partakes even now I hear thy  
drailings, O Summer days, O stay your steps! I said not



As Swiftly by: On sunny days, the birds and flowers will renew  
your loss. When ye have flown, and every thing will be murmuring  
the requiem of the departing great <sup>ful</sup> One, unfeeling Ruler of  
Eternity, who board'd up the pained hands, and shining  
days of life, and Creation met, nor will be satisfied till  
his shall have and end, and mortals be gathered to  
their last long home.

Sunday Aug 11/83

This forenoon Mr Red fastened to a whale, and was going up to put his lance into him when the whale turned about, struck the boat with his tail knocking one man out, instantly with it, capsize the boat, took the line and fled. After thinking the boat was fast, went to assist them, and met them coming to the ship. He exchanged boats with Mr Red, gave him his line, took the disabled seaman into his boat and brought him on board. While Mr Red went back to recover his whale and line, but the wary fellow was careful how he returned near the boat again. He did not recapture him. This afternoon, after sallied out in search of prey, and after waiting patiently for some time. Finally succeeded in getting a whale, but on putting his lance into him he cut the line, and the whale was lost, but Mr. Brooks, being near at hand Spencer put another iron into him, and this time they had him fast, there were several whales around him, at the time which made him act much wiser than he probably would have done, had he been alone. But the whale is safely alongside, and they are cutting him in as fast as possible. I have been exercising about as much with the boys, to see the whale, that I am quite exhausted, but the little fellows is snugly in bed now - bright angels, are guarding his pillow. About midnight we witnessed a total eclipse of the moon.

Monday Aug 8<sup>th</sup> to 10<sup>th</sup>

This afternoon the Captain struck another whale, and thought all were alongside at 9 P. M. We were sitting comfortably at the table when a quick rattling sound told us too plainly that all was not

16  
45  
43  
right-on deck. The Captain and Officers rushed up to ascertain the cause which they too well knew, as the Corporal said that "the plank chain had parted." But they saw a stout-hammer on board, which is more than all Spaniards ever Abner thought. But "sic transit gloria mundi".

Wednesday, Aug 17<sup>th</sup>

The sea is very rough, or had been, but the wind has died away somewhat since sunset. Mr Wicks struck a whale this afternoon, and has not been seen for some time for the whale ran so fast into him that they were soon out of sight. The last whale that Mr Wicks caught struck so badly that the sharks eat the greater part of him before morning. The second and third officers boats are alongside, but no likelihood of Mr Wicks, he may possibly cut from the whale if he finds that he is running too far away from him, for he was going so fast to windward that it was impossible for the other boats to overtake him, as they were obliged to pull against wind and tide. I know that he will hold fast to his prey as long as possible for he is very jealous in the pursuit.

Thursday, Aug 18<sup>th</sup>

Mr Holland came on board at 3 1/2 A.M. and reported Mr Wicks fast to the whale which had sank. Mr Reid and his boat's crew was dispatched to watch beside him, and when Mr Wicks who afterwards came on board. The night was rough, and windy, and the poor fellows had a cold, wet and cheerless night. Sam fell overboard and came very near drowning, as he cannot swim. This morning, Mr Reid came back with Mr Sylvia who kept him company, and Mr Holland supplied their place, but he has left the whale tonight and returned to the ship. Our object in remaining by him so long was that after a certain time he would rise to the surface and then we should see him, but I suppose that the sharks have eaten him up. How much does the whaler suffer with care, anxiety and exposure. But there are many sunny spots in prospect, and he does not repine. Trust in the Great Power of the winds and waves to storm travel mainer, and it will be well with thee, for he will overtake even the Sparrow's fall. Will have an eye to thee, Heavens hosts will watch thy



rise and fall, and angels will tune their harps as sweet for  
thee, as for the greatest potentate of Earth. Look to it! thou art  
mortal! thou art human thyself, that when the tide of life  
hath ebb'd to thee, thou mayest put on immortality.

Saturday, 21<sup>st</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup>

Last evening we took another  
whale alongside, and cut him in today. It was very rough  
consequently they did not see as much as they would have done  
if it had been calmer. The air is delightful and pleasant.  
Therefore I am well and healthy, and Dory likewise. Who  
is now tething and will shortly have broken teeth, which  
I think is very soon, he not being a year old yet.

Sunday Aug 23<sup>rd</sup>

It is very calm and pleasant  
today, the boats have been off but without success. Edwards was  
hurt quite badly yesterday by the falling of the Scuttle hatch  
into the storage, and struck him on his head and  
breast, and Dory had his <sup>finger</sup> nail pounded nearly off  
by a hammer which split his finger partly from the nail.  
It was a day of disasters.

Thursday Aug 25<sup>th</sup>

Capt. Norton came on  
board to dinner yesterday, and in the afternoon I went  
on board the Splendid. And had a very pleasant time with  
Mrs Norton. I find some new trait, some new virtue to love  
in her, every time we meet. She is indeed a lovely woman.  
The baby was quite good (which is a great deal to be thought of  
in estimating my enjoyment of a visit to my friends). I  
feel very happy and calm today. What frail, weak beings we are!

Saturday Aug 27<sup>th</sup>

Ah! hear that jolly crew  
huzzing about the deck, trying, heaving, giving orders, &c. &c.  
for they have just towed astern of the black monster  
alongside, and every face is beaming with hope and happiness.  
Abner sallied out this afternoon in pursuit of a whale ~~that~~ who  
made his debut, but a short distance from the ship, and  
and after chasing him two or three hours, he put a broad lance  
into him before he fastened, the whale rose down immediately.

after the shot and came up spouting thick Hord, then they fastened to him, and took him alongside about sunset. It is sometimes since our eyes have fastened on a whale, and we were almost beginning to despair of getting another before we left this ground. But God has not forgotten us. He aids us still. All Honor and Glory to the name of the Most High. Yesterday afternoon, I saw two whales playing about a quarter of a mile from the ship. They would rise whole lengths out of the water, and fall back on their backs, and continue their performances, until they saw Mr. Howland's boat to chase for their safety, and they retreated to the deep.

Saturday Sept 3<sup>d</sup>

I have been very busy writing letters home. Mrs. Mackay an English lady and wife of the first officer of the Calmar spent the day on board last Wednesday. To day we have taken another whale. We should probably have left the ground much sooner, if we had not been so fortunate enough to get another whale. We generally have very much weather here in the morning, and towards evening the sea becomes much calmer, the wind changing to a soft gentle breeze, making the evenings very pleasant. The moon too, is lending her melancholy rays to garnish the brightness of these Indian nights. How beautiful are the Autumn evenings at home, so clear and cool, yet these somewhat resemble them.

Sunday Sept 4<sup>th</sup>

This morning the boats fastened to the stern of the boatman's and took him alongside about noon. After dinner Capt. Smith came on board being quite discouraged to think that he had no better success. Catching whales, and wished me to seal my letters and have them ready for him to take away, as he should leave the ground immediately. Some time ago he thought that he should stop at Fort St. John and get a supply of turtles before leaving, but now, he said that he could not stop for turtles, he must leave immediately, and look for young whales. Shortly after some one cried out, Capt. Smith's boat fast to a whale, which made him change his mind very suddenly, and he said that he should be up again, and hastened off to his boat, & went up to see the encounter. It makes most off with his boat as the one corner whales around them, but before he reached them, the whale had left and he accordingly advised them to kill their whale. Shooting a bomb lance into him. Oh poor fellow, valiant his strength was as weak as possible, but it gradually died away, and suddenly he



It is his role in life and death, but they very quickly pulled him up, and round a rope to his tail. Mr. Mills had some good advice to do, we had killed one whale for himself and brought him alongside and this afternoon visited the Cherokee's boat in killing their whale. After all was so perfectly on board the Minerva that the crew kept themselves, or rather the name of God in vain himself, no matter his crew to do it. And yesterday he punished Edwards, one of the boatmen, for disobeying him in that respect. But today I was sorry to hear Capt. Smith of the Barque, use such language to his boat crew, as had learned him very much indeed in my estimation. I was standing at the round head, watching them, as they were near enough for me to distinguish (dearly my word they uttered very distinctly).

Thursday Sep<sup>r</sup> 8<sup>th</sup>

Today several mutations have occurred to cross the monotony of our sea life. We have discharged our cork who will take passage home on board the Cherokee. He has been unable to perform his duty as cork for many months, having been badly affected with the rheumatism. And engaged one of our boatmen and a very nice boy, having found whaling much against his inclination, has resolved to go home in Cherokee also. A New Zealand native from the Cherokee supplying his place. I have sent an ambrotype of Atkin's to Master, by Cropper, who will be so pleased to receive it. I did not intend to take it away with me, but it had sailed into the net in the evening, and in spite of our departure from home. Mr Mackay was on board and spent the afternoon, and altogether I have had a very busy day.

Friday Sep<sup>r</sup> 9<sup>th</sup>

How I do admire such charming Master! so delightful, it makes me feel so invigorated and full of life and health, how much better a person enjoys life, when good health sheds her benignant smile on him. This afternoon the Starboard and Leeward boats were sent for whales, but with no success. And we have concluded to decide by ballot, whether to go or stay.

Sunday Sep<sup>r</sup> 11<sup>th</sup>

Samuel to the United States! we have then and they looking him packed, who can have passing other money

remains today in defiance of the wind, no boats, no wind in vain  
Cato's there, but September is passing away and we have a sailing else-  
where. A true is undecided whether it goes to Angier the latter part of  
the month or Rodriguez, London & Mauritius, I think we will decide  
upon the latter as the climate of Angier is so unhealthy, while that  
of the island of Rodriguez is favorable for all those who go there on  
duty. Mr. F. G. Smith can be consulted and will give you more  
particulars. (While I am writing this I look at the main sail of our ve-  
ssel, which is the ship's name, but the place, Capt. P. of the  
Bunker was on board the morning, therefore we only remain and we will  
soon leave - then, we might a degenerate of his wife, which many  
think resembles me very much. Good luck and better good today, I have  
been thinking of some cold day, of the summer days at home, of the early dawn  
of morning, sounds two short faint - attract the ear, the hum of early birds, the  
glittering of the dew, the distant melody, midway up the hill. "Then words  
I have repeated over to myself, and felt as though I were drawn towards  
that spot where I might listen to these very sounds, and feel the most  
influence of nature in feeling itself through my whole being, O Nature!  
how sublime! how infinitely beautiful! Words cannot speak thy glorious influence  
thy inimitable harmony, the poet-mus, and sing thy praises, the artist  
sings and thousands in their un-precious manner proclaim thee, yet  
how sweet for above all these, they do not reach thee. Then lookst re-  
miniscently on all, thy radiant influence the magic influence in the poet's heart,  
and kindles like the flame, the - humbird on <sup>the</sup> artist's ~~del~~ from the  
world reads the poet's inspirations, and gazes on the painted canvass, be-  
admirer

Monday, Sept 12<sup>th</sup>

Clearly a ripple had ruffled the surface  
of the sea today, the winds played lightly (note the sails, and I saw small  
sharks sailing merrily along through the water, for want of pasture. I have had  
a thorough cleaning on deck and below everything seems more scrubbed and sound  
which gives a more wholesome aspect to things. Jerry is cutting his mitts  
with sand is uncommonly troublesome, demanding some one's constant attention.  
To night all is beautiful and quiet the moonbeam plays with the waves  
and smiles over the desert of ocean, the sails of ships gently in the breeze, and  
call us to the realms of dream-land, Spirit of Night! thy throne is  
only, thy course rises in its silver gleaming. Night! O love thee!  
then Chorus! Master of inspiration! Friend of song! Night! O love thee!



Sunday Sept 16<sup>th</sup>

We have left Easter Island far behind and are now the clouds float in the heavens as if you, which give them a more home-like expression (for at Easter Island we saw no clouds the sky being perfectly clear). We cannot drop anchor now when on the beach, for we are now on the deep, deep sea, we are sailing along rather easily towards Rodriguez Island, and the atmosphere has been very oppressive (quite hot today). Capt<sup>t</sup> and Mrs Stoten were on board today, and I enjoyed a perfect feast with Mrs Stoten. I cannot praise her enough, she is so lovely, so charming. A Red Cross is so kind whenever the baby is troublesome. Took charge of the little fellow all the afternoon and I enjoyed the fleeting hours so much, how they fled! We talked in company with the Captain, Stoten & Smith, of the different authors of poetry and prose, and their works, and I found Capt<sup>t</sup> & Stoten's mind and taste much after my own stamp. How degenerate seems the present age in many instances, how very few are met at the present day, from the mass of people who look the noble and gifted writings of the poets or the equally talented writers of prose. How very few! Other names of such things, or knowing admirers sufficiently to read them. Salute for me (memorable day with thee!) darling boys of the infirm writers of the ages past! how few are like thee!

Sunday Sept 15<sup>th</sup>

Today had been rather warm but very pleasant notwithstanding, and little Sonny and myself have enjoyed most of the day on deck. The little fellow's impish tooth has made its appearance, he suffers very much with it - and looks pale, besides losing some flesh & strength. This afternoon I ascertained from Sam our New Zealander, somewhat concerning his childhood. He was born on the island of his nativity, his parents both dead, and I conclude by his story, that he was easily persuaded to go to sea by some Whaler coming on the coast - or by either English or American (American or English I should have written for I will not honor the English so much as to allow them the first place). He has been at sea ever since being now forty years old. And he told me that he had tried three times to return to his native land but, had failed, once he sailed from Aahai thinking as he was informed that he

was going to New Zealand, but soon found that he was decided and they took him to America. Such is the rashness and madness of many of the Captains of these vessels, I believe they think the poor sailors, have no feelings of the heart, which proves that they have none. I can truly say that - there are some noble exceptions.

Wednesday, Sept 21<sup>st</sup>

1. Here our ship has been frozen for a few days, and the Minerva has been very much sickening from one side to the other constantly. While I write the ship will roll on one side is that I can write quite comfortably for a few seconds then it will roll as much faster the other way, and I am very sick so far from me that I can scarcely reach it. But I have become accustomed to these "things and turnthings" they do not annoy so much as they did at first. The blowing of the sea has become very much in my ears today and tonight - the water is thundering past the ship's cockpit, most such noise as is nearly deafening sometimes. On an eye - ten thousand miles from P. de la Cruz. one of our men Quinn, has the scurvy very badly, and Brown is sick and one or two others off duty. I shall be glad when the distant note of the land breeze, once more tells their friend home. This morning we had a gentle shower of rain, which brightened my pleasure as it settled on the sky light, as it is several months since I can see in rain. It reminds me so much of home a gentle shower of rain, I took a ball of thread from my work bag, mother gave it to me and I knew that it was wound on to the ball with her own hands. It seemed so sacred to touch, I could not use it. Nor displace a single thread. I put it back into the bag, and there it will remain until necessity, which I hope will spare me the regret, compels me to violate its sacred deposit.

Thursday, Sept 22<sup>nd</sup>

On our still sailing, musically on with the song of the ever roaring sea, in our ears, as the rocks are somewhat widely, sometimes in our ocean cradle, we remind a Merchantman Weston this afternoon, but she drops in another direction. I have been obliged to sew a great deal lately, to make my presentable when we arrive in port. It is very tiring after having taken me time so long to be obliged to give so much of my attention to sewing. I cannot read so much as it would like to be in consequence, but I have my thoughts and while my hand



is employed with the needle, my thoughts, are flying from one end  
of this vast-universe to the other, from the Creation to the present-  
time. My retinal appearance would lead me to suppose that I was  
by no means a thinking person, and I have been much amused  
sometimes by seeing persons endeavor to enlighten <sup>me</sup> concerning some  
thing which I might say with much self-conceit - that I knew  
more about than themselves. I am like the Pharaoh who thanked  
his God that he was not like other men. I too am thankful  
that I am not like other people. I have been reading a sketch  
of the life of John Howard the Philanthropist, of his pious ~~studies~~  
through Europe, visiting prisons and hospitals, where raged the  
plague, the infectious fever, and of his untiring exertions in striving  
to remedy the numerous ills, that caused these dreadful diseases,  
and at last laid down his life beneath the skies of distant  
Sartory, by the shores of the Black Sea. England may well be proud  
to have given birth to such a noble son.

Sunday Oct. 2<sup>d</sup>

I have lived so much the  
past week, that my head is in a perfect chaos today, and the  
time that I thought so precious, and intended to have devoted to  
reading, has been mostly spent in lounging listlessly on the  
sofa, and yet I have certainly passed a most uncomfortable  
day. Last Wednesday we caught a small sperm whale, which  
made eighteen Hbls and eight - thankful men for even that  
small favor. The master begins to be more moderate, and  
the sea is assuming a more promising face. We are within a  
few days sail of Rodriguez. I anxiously watch to see how long  
that he gets the longitude, and traces our course on the charts  
to see how near we have approached to the much wished for  
port, and shall eagerly listen for the cry of "land ho." in three  
or four days. Every good day last, and begins to learn my ready  
every thing that is told him. I shall be much rejoiced when I  
have finished making his clothes, it is such a task.

The sunset tonight - was glorious,  
and like all other sunsets, I cannot describe its gloriousness.  
It was a brilliant-golden scene, a rapture.

Friday, Oct. 4<sup>th</sup> 17<sup>th</sup>

The barren hills of Potosi are full in view, their steep sides covered with the most beautiful evergreen foliage. We anchored within a half mile of the shore this afternoon, and about sunset we went to see the Harbor. The town which consists of small low buildings situated at the base of the palm trees, lies in a quiet valley, beneath the shadow of the mountains. which is the only level ground on the island large enough to form a settlement. The island seems to consist of mountains only, from the deck. I can see their summits towering one above another, until one peak rising high above his fellows attracts his supremacy, and this mountain is considered the center of the island. From this peak the height of the mountains gradually decreases, as they near the seaside. At night or about twilight, I watched the Commodore slowly along the beach to their right's shelter. they reminded me somewhat of some seals. But when we returned much pleased with the view, and a lady who had invited me to breakfast with them in the morning, and I must forgo my purpose myself.

Sunday, Oct. 6<sup>th</sup> 1834

Today, as we are here I spent my time in my happy. Mr and Mrs. Meister were very kind and agreeable people, and did all in their power to make our stay pleasant. In short I felt entirely at home with them. They have two children William and Maria, who can scarcely speak a word in their native tongue, but speak the English entirely. Their manner of living is very much from our own. About seven in the morning we have coffee, breakfast at ten, dinner at six. I shall soon and treat before going to bed. Last evening we generally spent in receiving company or visiting at the houses of the natives. I have visited a house in Potosi where Maria, Maria and Mrs. and you are expected to drink a glass of wine at each place, and sometimes more. We were given but large sized tumblers some of them holding nearly a pint. I do not doubt but that they considered me very polite at times, for to drink wine as was their custom was impossible for an American lady. I would merely drink my glass with the wine sometimes, at which they would greatly wonder. The women are certainly famed for their politeness and polite manners, for even the poorest peasant would not pass me without trusting his hat and saying "Bon jour". They are very fond of music and dancing, and live very easily, the male natives performing all the labor.



One afternoon I ascended a small mountain near Mr. Muesel's house, and with some difficulty, for being a novice in climbing mountains. I think I must have taken the steepest side, for when I was half way up the hill scarcely dared to look down. One the the steep was so giddy. but arriving at the summit I had a fine view of the harbor and town, meeting wild clusters of Liana trees, Cocconut, banana, Cinnamon & the wild almond. The ships appeared very insignificant from my seat on the mountain. Men appeared more like pygmies than anything else, and the houses. Men built. I had thought before mounting this hill to see more of the interior of the island, but I soon found to do that I must scale still higher summits, for as far as the eye could reach mountain topped upon mountain, while the valleys were resplendent with foliage of the richest green. Liana trees covered the mountain sides, and the distant roar of the surf on the coral reef mingled delightfully with the winds sighing through mountain trees. The most delightful spot I visited while here was Pierre Raffant's, on one side of his house and but a short distance from the sea side, he could enjoy a fine view of the harbor, while on the other side were steep mountains. and his whole domain beautifully shaded by the wild almond, Cinnamon and other trees in tropical luxuriance. Sit on this beautiful spot is the seat of sin, for here lived Elmina the daughter of respectable French parents, who had had their daughter well educated in a convent in Mauritius, and who loved Pierre Raffant long before his marriage. And his wife hearing him from some unknown cause, Elmina secretly left her father's house by night - bribed two servants to carry her effects over the mountains and went to live with Pierre Raffant. Alas for French morals! they will bear no comment. Little shipwrecks sometimes occur upon this coast, owing to heavy gales and the dangerous reefs. And even now the remains of a French ship "The Auguste" is lying decedate, in a state of annihilation not far from the beach. It was with feelings of deep regret not unmingled with many tears that I took my kind host and hostess adieu, for they had indeed by their kindness and hospitality made their home, a home for me. Centipedes are numerous at this season of the year but I only saw one while at the Pommers. Mosquitoes were a great pest and bit little Dory so badly as to disfigure his face very much and alarmed me not a little, for it assumed the appearance

of a spreading humor, but it finally proved to be only the bite of three small  
some insects. One of our men deserted, us, and we shall probably cruise  
about the island a week in order to give the people time to recover  
them for us. When we shall return for them. Since leaving Rodriguez  
I have been quite sick, having taken a severe cold which effectually prostrated  
me for two days. today I find myself much better although my neck,  
and wrist has pained.

Wednesday Oct. 26<sup>th</sup>

This afternoon I had been rough, cold  
rain and disagreeable. Rodriguez is near at hand, which reminds me.  
Tomorrow we shall probably go on shore.

Thursday Oct. 27<sup>th</sup>

This morning as I was my cap, I  
sprang my eyes to the light of day. Abner came down and informed  
me that I had better get up if I was going on shore. The  
thought of being at the Fortress so soon, hurried up my spirits which  
were sleepy, no longer but gazing into astonishment as I did not  
expect we would go on shore before P.M. certainly, Dorcy and  
self were soon ready, however, and in the boat on our way to the shore  
It was very rough, and as we neared the shore very squally, the tides  
which when low leave the sand dry for a long distance at sea re-  
vealing the reef of coral and rock, intuitively. The tide being so low the  
men were obliged to jump on board and pull the boat through the  
water for a long distance to the beach, arriving there, a heavy shower  
of rain obliged us to take shelter under a thatched shed or boat-  
house. Mr. Meliter met us at the landing and the sight of his  
cheerful countenance, raised my drooping spirits, they had become  
depressed by sickness, and the inclemency of the weather - at sea.  
I felt at home, for in his kind and pleasant home circle I felt  
that I should always be warmly welcomed. Mrs. Goullé came to meet  
us, and remained till breakfast, but he seemed much depressed in  
spirit: he whose spirits are always lively, he had been visiting to his  
daughter in Mauritius who is thus under medical treatment - being  
partially insane. After breakfast Mrs. Goullé made us a short call  
and towards evening we took a walk down to the sea-shore, where  
we found Abner and Mr. Meliter who had been superintending  
the embarkation of the Runaways (who have all been caught) in charge  
of the guard who have taken them on board ship with the



intention of remaining there until the morning, from the fact we  
went to Mr. G. Hall's making a short call, then home to dinner, and  
the evening has been spent very agreeably in reading, talking, singing  
&c. &c. On the morning early, Abner says we must be gone from  
Rodrigo once more, and thus is this life made up of meetings  
and partings, sighs and tears.

Friday Oct<sup>r</sup> 28<sup>th</sup>

Once more the Good Ship Minerva  
Amity is bearing us proudly on our way for the great ocean,  
once more I have bidden adieu to my kind friends at the  
island, and with many a heartfelt pang I leave them for  
perchance we may meet must again. Altogether I have passed  
a most happy day, we were obliged to sail a long distance at sea  
this afternoon before we were able to reach the ship. Arriving  
on board we found the Steward so drunk in every sense of the  
word that he did not know enough to prepare dinner - forks.  
Mr. Muller came off with us, and after parting with him  
which brought the tears to his eyes, as well as to our own, the  
six men with their wrists locked fast in irons were summoned  
on deck "to give them an airing," Abner said. The sight of these  
boys in that deplorable situation made me feel very uncomfortable,  
and the tears started to my eyes when Dory, looking I saw  
amongst them, put out his arms so eagerly, to go to him the  
poor little fellow seemed delighted to see him, but poor Sam  
could not take him, for he was in irons. I shed no more the  
bitter into the sweet, the unpleasant into the pleasant, but  
Fair Isle of Rodrigo adieu!

With many a pang I leave thee,  
And the fond ones left behind thy to care,  
Thou'rt dear will I forget ye.  
Oct<sup>r</sup> 29<sup>th</sup>

The day has ended much pleas-  
anter than it commenced, for the first sound I heard this morning  
was Abner's order, inquiring of the runaways, whether they were then  
willing to do duty. They still persisted in their resolve of the day before,  
and Abner accordingly had them tied to the rigging. I could  
hear the orders given, and obeyed, but was not yet dressed and  
saw that I could do nothing in my disservice to save them

from dreadful punishment. I heard one How struck, and an agonizing cry, then all was quiet - and I could hear no more until about eleven o'clock and told me that one How was sufficient for Edwards, for he had just promised to do his duty. Then we had breakfast - some and after eating a hurried meal I took my hat - and hastened on deck determining that no more How should be struck, I went to Brown and his room came next, and asked him if he would be a good boy and do his duty. The poor fellow cried, and said that he would. I then went to Thompson, and the Carpenter, with like success, lastly to Lane whom I had released immediately. These fellows an hour before had declared that they would do no more duty, probably the How Edwards received, made them tremble for their iron backs. Arthur was right glad to be released from such a disagreeable task. They have now gone to their respective duties. Edwards has been installed in the forecabin (one of the watchmen) and Brown has taken his place as Tom Reed's watchman. Aspects begin to look much more cheerful except the sickness of the steward, whose life is fast passing away I am afraid with consumption.

Sunday Oct 4 30<sup>th</sup>

We have had a delightful Saturday and my child boys are pressing us slowly to the Mexican coast, which is about ninety miles distant. We may reach it tomorrow. I long to see this beautiful island of which I have read so much. Probably we shall remain but a short time as we are anxious to leave this climate of hurricanes, for their season is just closing in, and we must be beyond the 30<sup>th</sup> degree of South Latitude to be entirely free from their visitations. Little Tony does not feel very well today, and the Steward felt very miserably this morning, he was under the impression that he was about to die, and wept like a child. I went into his room and talked with him, endeavoring to encourage and revive his spirits as much as possible, Arthur doing the same, telling him that he had had much more ease than himself, and they had lived a long time afterwards too. I made him some warm port. drink and this afternoon he felt a trifle improved, but poor boy, I fear that his days are numbered. However much I may encourage him, for when I look at his now emaciated features, and haggard eyes, I cannot hope for much.



(Mauritius or Isle of France Tuesday Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>)

This morning we anchored some distance beyond the Bell Bury of Mauritius. It was a beautiful sight, the island seemed to be entirely shaded by fruit and ornamented trees, and the harbor was crowded with shipping. I desired early permission to go on shore, but was obliged to wait until past 3 o'clock this afternoon before I could go on shore, for the English here are very particular to have the British Officer visit every ship that enters the port, before any one is allowed to depart from <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ After he left I went on shore, but it was so late that we had no time for any thing but business, therefore I saw but very little of the place, and but very few of the inhabitants. The sail back to the ship just before sunset was delightful, for a few moments the sun was hidden in a cloud of lampbrush blackness, while pear shaped golden clouds seemed to line the darker masses in the heavens and as I looked back over the island it seemed as though it would soon be destined to a terrible tempest - so black and lowering were the clouds that hung over the city. Every one has the dysentery badly, poor little fellow. We tried to be very cheerful through it.

Wednesday Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup>

This afternoon I went on shore again, and met Mrs. Norton, daughter of Mr. Rood, lately returned from Singapore, she had four children with her, and appeared to be a very pleasant woman. We went to the Consul's office where Abner Shippen and I did not see Mr. Fairfield the Consul, his good lady being dangerously ill. We was not in town today, from thence we took a drive through the Champ de Mars, and passed the cemetery but did not enter as we had no time, which disappointed me very much, the gates being open when we passed, the most delicious perfume of flowers was wafted to us as we rode by, and every thing looked bright and beautiful. Carriages, some very elegant ones were standing at the gates, and their passengers had gone to place fresh garlands on the graves of their friends, every one was in holiday costume, for it had been a Catholic holiday. We drove about the suburbs and delightful sometimes we were by the river side from thence we would be winding through an avenue of beautiful trees past the fine suburban dwellings of the rich, and the wretched cottages of the wretched classed then we would pass a Malabar's quiet dwelling surrounded by Statues

on introductions, the Escanab, and other boats in tropical produce, a Malayan-  
woman was attending to some cloths of spotless whiteness that once drying  
in a low green bush by her cottage door. Then we passed a bank adjoining  
the river where sat an English gentleman and lady, she was beautiful  
she might have been Crillon, but she was very beautiful. I saw many of the  
dark and tilled of Mauntins during our drive this afternoon as they glided  
past me in their labor (mounted) carriages, with gaily dressed drivers and  
gentlemen, now and then we would pass a fountain, then a monument  
to some illustrious Frenchman. The Governor is English but the other  
pieces of government seem to be held by the French, and the land are  
in great part French. But I have seen but a small portion of the  
role of France, and fickle Fortune should not then favor us with health  
and life, we will cast anchor yet again one year hence in this beautiful  
harbor of Port Louis! Tomorrow, if the wind is fair we shall again set  
sail, and round our course to Bourton.

Island of Bourton, Friday Oct. 4<sup>th</sup>

I was aroused nearly this morning  
by one of the officers informing Alvar that ~~they~~ <sup>the</sup> saw a light house but  
it was so very early, that I was to sleep, to take much notice of it,  
but rising earlier than is my wont, I went on deck, and was amazed  
to see the ship apparently sailing beneath the frowning cliffs of  
Bourton. The shore was not more than five or six miles distant, and  
a heavy shower of rain and mist coming on suddenly hid it almost  
from sight. Scarcely anything but the dark outlines could be recognized  
through the gloom. By and by the mist cleared away, and there lay  
beneath the dark shadows of the mountains the charming city of St.  
Denis. Beautiful trees surrounded the dwellings, and the grounds seemed to  
be laid out with much taste and neatness, as far as the eye could  
reach it was covered with the rich luxuriance of vegetation, far up  
the mountain sides, could be seen the many colored, cultivated fields  
and enclosures, with here and there a beautiful cottage surrounded  
with trees. Very far up the mountains (on Chammy) dwellings summed  
up delightful grounds, rich in tropical vegetation. I was much  
disappointed to find that I could not go on shore, for a boat came  
off to me on my anchorage ground, and the people find that we  
only sailed from Mauntins yesterday morning it would not allow us  
to land or even anchor, as the cholera was raging at Mauntins  
and they were fearful that we might have it on board, but



we could remain outside ten days, then we might come in and anchor  
provided we had not had diseases on board, and as we shipped  
a <sup>new</sup> Frenchman from Mauritius, he proved himself to be very useful in  
negotiating with the inhabitants in their native tongue. I was accom-  
panied by myself with a glass, to aid me in viewing  
the beauties of Statue, while the Creator of the Universe seemed to have  
bestowed his blessings on mine as beautifully, as in the Isle of Borton.  
After tea I went on deck, and took my station at the round-  
house, where I had a clear and distinct view of the well-wooded  
city and the surrounding country bathed in the glory of the setting  
sun, as when we gaze upon some beautiful object into a darker  
background, with bright rays streaming upon it, and lighting it up  
with a <sup>most</sup> heavenly radiance, as this quiet city of St. Denis with  
nothing nearer the black brow of the lofty hills, seemed ~~lighted~~  
with a more enchanting radiance by the beams of the departing  
god of day. Oh long to wish that I could myself and cast my  
eyes into this most delightful of Statue's works, but I cannot be  
born, the time may come however, when we shall be permitted to  
land without fear of spreading maledice, we are now lying off and  
on waiting for the people to bring us the promised supplies, which  
will be ~~harmless~~ I hope, for if I cannot land, I can see all  
that I can see, and too bright but an apparition to remain with  
right of Paradise, and be refused admittance.

Saturday Nov. 5<sup>th</sup>

Mistakes by morning's dawn but  
faint traces of Borton will be seen, for we are leaning behind  
as fast as possible the city of St. Denis, and its beautiful scenery.  
Tonight a boat brought off the potatoes that we had bargained  
for yesterday, and right glad are we to be sailing once more, for  
it seems to me that it must be a great deal of care and  
trouble to lay off and on in this manner. And now hurrah for  
Dredation! I dread no cold and drony weather. Yet if our lives  
are spared we shall only remain a few months. And quick fortune  
be constant for once and give us success, but all I will leave  
in the hands of an All-wise and Merciful God, he rules the  
the winds and the waves, and thunders man, all good  
comes from him, then to him be storm beaten Master Nov. 6<sup>th</sup>  
to him for the time, for he alone will aid thee! Perhaps

we shall not see land again before April, it seems a long time  
to count upon, yet I doubt not but that the time will fly,  
swiftly and pleasantly away, as it always has since I left home  
which will be a year the ending of this month, and let me  
look once more on "Home" in imagination of course must I picture  
the scenes so dear to my eye, and that land ones there. Ah! do  
I not hear the sad wailing of the Stormer West- against the  
windy-panes, does it not whistle around the corners of the old  
one, as it did of yore, and I see the family drawing closer to  
the cheerful fireside as the evenings lengthen, there they are father-  
(Mother, Edward and Betty, but list! a noise, a prancing of horses  
feet, it stops, some one opens the door, ah! I see them! "Ho! Kate &  
Mary, Betty come to spend the evening, I hear them talking for  
half an hour all seated by the fireside now, Is my name sounded? Mustn't  
be something like it, ah! they think of her who is thousands of  
miles away, and as they see waiting the approach of Drury  
Winter, yet she is waiting while her ship spreads her swiftly  
over the waters to a more dreary latitude and more dreaded  
climate than "Home". As they depart, slowly (muffled to keep  
out the biting <sup>North</sup> winds, the family draw nearer to the drawing fire,  
a few words are spoken, the lights are taken away the ashes heaped  
over the coals, and all is darkness within and without. The  
house is hushed in slumber. While I am tossing wildly on  
the pillow, thinking of these "dear ones" in their quiet homes.  
I cannot forget old France and Boston, and farmed to rain-  
drenched Hope looking me onward, but the goal is far-away, yet she  
whispers peace and encouragement, "Listen, she says, to me, I come not  
for the green valleys of New England, and sigh no more for  
the breezes that blow over her hills, but hope one day though  
distant will at last arrive, in its own good time when then  
shall we once more trace thy woodland hills, and back by those  
rushing streams, and bask thy eyes in the sunlight of those  
radiant skies. So, hope on, for my spirit shall hover around thee  
to bear thee away from the low groveling things of this vulgar  
world and show thee, a more ethereal and heavenly country  
which they call Paradise, there shall be thy final home, then  
I stand with thy thoughts and actions" for yore thou canst be ad-  
mitted to eternal bliss, the events and deeds of a single life will



is brought in the scales of Eternity.

Sunday Nov 6<sup>th</sup>

We were being very slowly  
over the sea's water, for the wind is light. The sails flap  
lazily in the breeze, no living thing is seen on the Grand Master  
Bird nor fish. And the only events that have disturbed the monoton-  
y of this Sabbath day, were the lossing of the boat for the baby &  
keeps which Chokta lost on board, and a <sup>small</sup> raft of timber floating  
by was taken on board ship in the same manner. The books and  
papers that we stampt from Mauritius and Rodriguez, are a  
source of pleasure and entertainment as books will always be to the  
lover of literature. I have been reading several works by J. P. A.  
James, and I have noticed in every one that I have read that  
they commence with <sup>new</sup> "the horseman riding". And his heroes are sure  
to get into some difficulty at the north. I do not say that these  
circumstances happen in all of them for I <sup>have</sup> only read two or  
three.

Thursday Nov 10<sup>th</sup>

Fortune had smiled upon us  
once more, inasmuch as yesterday we took two sperm whales, and  
every one seems delighted with our good success. Mr Mokes and  
Mr Holland each killed a whale, and this morning they  
finished cutting in Mr Mokes, and this afternoon Mr Holland's  
was accomplished. They appear to be nearly the same size, and  
various are the conjectures and bits that are made, relative to  
the quantity of oil they will make. Mr Mokes killed his whale  
and had him alongside early in the afternoon, while Mr Holland  
and Mr Bird remained off until we commenced cutting in this  
whale. I was sitting on the rail, leaning against the crane of the  
starboard boat, watching the process, and occasionally glancing towards  
the horizon's edge to see how near the boats were approaching as I  
supposed them to be coming to the ship. I finally lost sight of them  
altogether and was beginning to feel anxious, as Mr. M. was looking  
out for them at mast-head, but shortly the Cooper-Cornet's report  
and soon called out that the boats were fast to a whale, which  
sighting was joyfully hailed. I may well say, by every one on board.  
The boats then commenced to tow their heavy burdens to the ship  
but they made slow progress, and at half past eleven in the evening

Mr Ford came on board having Mr Howland in charge of the whale  
 and as we did not finish cutting in the first one whilst that morning  
 we could give him no assistance. at the forefellows were obliged to  
 stay by their whale all night and early this morning they took him  
 along side and with two tremendous hauls, hauled up the starboard deck. While  
 takes of blubber, casks &c &c. occupy the starboard side. yet we are fond  
 of having things go on in this manner for the more oil we get the sooner  
 we shall reach home. The moon has reached her full today, and the  
 sun and air are still delightful

Monday Nov<sup>r</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>

They have finished trying out the  
 blubber, and are beginning to mend appearances somewhat on deck which  
 has been stowed so thickly with casks and oil that I could hardly  
 walk about, and my desire to do so was very slight, as the decks are very  
 slippery after tea I flew to the hurricane deck, where I either read or  
 wrote, and have a fine view of the sunsets, but now they have finished  
 and the decks will be clean once more, where I can sit on deck.  
 The two whales have made one hundred barrels.

Tuesday Nov<sup>r</sup> 15<sup>th</sup>

Leaving 30<sup>th</sup> Id. which brings us  
 and clouds  
 much nearer our destination. The atmosphere has respect a change  
 from a warm to a colder climate. Millions of albatrosses govern the  
 Orator, and now and then an albatross of his pack to welcome  
 us to the borders of his stormy domains. I am preparing myself for  
 the change as fast as possible. The little fellow is as firm and right-  
 hearted as I could wish him to be, and well and strong likewise, and  
 I am therefore blessed? a kind husband and a noble one, and  
 a night and darling boy. I need not murmur at a lot like  
 that, for I know our want, my wishes are gratified and I feel  
 at peace with every one I hope, yet there are those who opposed  
 my marriage with Abner, and whose ~~language~~ language and deeds at  
 the approaching of that event will ~~never~~ be forgotten, oh poor  
 bright minds, but shall we read the depths of his noble heart

Wednesday Nov<sup>r</sup> 16<sup>th</sup>

It has been cloudy all day  
 with now and then a gentle fall of rain. This afternoon  
 I took my work and sat down at the round table which  
 is a favorite retreat of mine for thus I am shut out from



my one, and can enjoy the comming into my thoughts  
silently and alone. With thought to vary the outward scenery  
but the sea, the ever-ruffled sea, and sky. The boats moved  
quietly along, while innumerable fish swam just below  
the surface, and an Albatross, came very near me and finally  
lift upon the main mast, and I could see the gleaming  
of his white crest on the water. When he seemed to sit so  
graciously, for a long distance. I was finally roused from  
my reveries by the heavy mist that came creeping on sea  
and sky, and warning me to go below for safety from its effects.  
After tea I went up there again where I found Mr. Reid  
trying to catch Albatross, wherein he was unsuccessful, and he  
finally left off baiting fish, and had a nice long conversation.  
Mr. Reid is so frank and honest in his accounts of statements  
and facts, that it is a pleasure to converse with him. There  
is much that is noble and good <sup>there</sup> in him, and I take a great  
interest in him.

Sunday Nov 4<sup>th</sup> 18<sup>th</sup>

Today we have witnessed the  
most beautiful of autumn days. It was very smooth and  
the sun shone out bright and clear, while the air was  
cool and bracing. Making one's spirits so lively and animated.  
Birds of different kinds, the Blue Jay, Spotted Chaglett, Albatross,  
and stormy petrel, have kept us company, and many finches  
hordes, coming very close to us, so near at one time that we might  
have hit them with a trout lance but Alvar was in the cabin  
at the time, or probably he would have done it; as soon as he  
heard them speaking about the whale's being so near, he rushed  
on deck and, drew again instantly, to load his gun, but before  
he could accomplish this and regain the deck, the whale was  
too far away, although still very near the ship, they finally lowered  
one of the boats, and Alvar went out, and struck me with  
a trout lance, the whale made several sudden evolutions and  
went down, they could not tell whether he was killed or not,  
for they saw several more at a distance, after a short time  
and he might have been of the company but Mr. Reid's  
the lance of powder might make him feel somewhat uncomfortable.  
We have long twilight now, and the sun is up late in the

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Morning, the days lengthen as we proceed South, but we may enjoy these delightful ones while we can, for in long they will be succeeded by high winds and roaring seas. Nature in her most awful state.

Thursday, Nov<sup>r</sup> 23<sup>rd</sup>

For several days we have seen much of the mighty ravings of old ocean, for the storm king has been raging herculean (orak) into the elements. The wind begins to abate a little to night although it still continues to be very rough, yet we hear all in the hands of him who holds the reins in the hollow of his hand.

Saturday Nov<sup>r</sup> 26<sup>th</sup>

A late succeeds gale, and rain and hail, cold and sleet, with very rough rough weather make it almost impossible for me to write. This afternoon Abner put up a storm in the forward cabin, and we are beginning to look quite cozy notwithstanding the ship's rolling and tumbling about. Poor Cherkie received a sudden shock tonight which sent him rolling head over heels into Mr. Cook's room. But we have not yet arrived to the declaration if this is a forerunning of the reality. I do not know what the reality can be. I think much of the sailors who have no fire to dry their clothes, which must be very wet sometimes in consequence of being exposed to so much rain. I have not been on deck for several days. Dory and self have taken down colds, and nearly every one is afflicted with the like complaint. Poor Dory has a hard time, by way of amusing himself, it being so rough as to prevent him from creeping about the cabin as he did before, and it suits not his disposition to sit with folded arms, but it will not do long to be thus, and if God grant us life and health, pleasant days and brighter skies will shine in our ocean home again.

Monday Nov<sup>r</sup> 28<sup>th</sup>

After the storm succeeds the calm and clouds are followed by sunshine. Truly today has been a beautiful sample, and right truly have Dory and myself enjoyed this temporary holiday of old ocean, only we may well make the most of these intervals for we are aware that they are but transitory. Dory's cold is no better, but he suffers very much in consequence of it. I hope these pleasant breezes will revive him, as he can be on deck much more now. I think he would swim about very soon. Could we have a little weather, he begins to try to stand alone already, it long to see



him running about, for I think the little fellow would enjoy himself  
much more, than he does now.

Thursday Dec. 1<sup>st</sup>.

O Winter comes to rule the brand year,  
Gallen and sad (note all his rising train).

The season bears the name of Summer in this climate.  
Yet (mark the role of Winter, then what must be the Winter when  
we are much struck from the piercing blasts of Summer. The alluvions  
and speckled height. Note the beautiful stormy port are constantly  
homing about the ship. Tuesday we had a gale of wind, but yester-  
day (was quite pleasant (note the reception of a shower of rain at  
intervals, and today has been uncommonly fine. I admire this pure  
bracing air, and feel very much exhilarated after taking exercise  
on deck, which I would like to do every day, and should if  
the roughness sometimes did not prevent me. We are two hundred  
fifty miles from Angulus Island, that long dreaded coast, which  
Captain Cook long ago termed Desolation on account of its peculiar  
adaptation to the name, yet if we have no more disaster than  
we have already seen I trust through the goodness of God we shall  
pass through the fiery ordeal unscathed.

Saturday Dec. 3<sup>rd</sup>.

We now in latitude 47° 30'.  
which is the same for Whales, although we have yet to run some  
distance to the east before the exact spot will be gained. It has  
rained nearly all day, and still continues to patter patter - on  
the sky light, which sounds rather musical, as we are very comfortable  
and cozy in the cabin. Our little store is a great improvement - red  
parch corn, and bake peanuts on it - my nicely, dried toasting  
bread, &c. &c. I am finished reading Cooper's Poems, which are  
an excellent source of pleasure and instruction, for Cooper is a Nature's  
man poet, as his "Lark" and other poems so plainly show. I am  
now reading "The Beauties of History" by Dodd, which is truly deligh-  
tful and when I have finished it, I intend to give it to David  
and advise him to read it - until he is entirely familiar (note every  
true and noble sentiment it contained. I have contracted a habit  
of knitting which I once so much detested. But now I make  
it a source of amusement by making it the same time it  
was a long time before it could knit and read at the

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Some hunting <sup>and</sup> exercise I finally succeeded. And now I find that my hands are much better employed than they were before. For I almost had a habit of nervously writhing them in some agitating manner while reading. Now that my problems are ended, and as often as I attempted to correct the habit, so often it failed. Until I adopted my present plan which strikes admirably. I love to be always employed in some useful or instructive manner, for it elevates the mind, and preserves a healthy atmosphere around me. I consider my time too short and too precious to be misapplied. Yet I fear too many precious moments of my life are unconsciously lost. I mean in all good that will ever be derived from the fruits of thought.

Monday, Dec<sup>r</sup> 4<sup>th</sup>.

The wind has almost amounted to a gale today, and the air on deck is piercing cold. This morning I read the Bible, and afterwards finished "The Marauders of History," and commenced "The History of Modern Europe" by Albert F. Stevens. It is a small volume giving a brief history of the transactions in Europe including the "Fall of the Roman Empire," from A.D. 476 to A.D. 1850. Three bright spots of this Southern climate are very long. It is scarcely dark at 8 P.M. and the sun is visible very early of course. The length of days increase as we sail near the South Pole. Time flies so rapidly away, that I can scarcely believe that I have been gone home a year. Yet, one year between me and home, and things seem strange. I anxiously expect every day to encounter some ship from home, as we are expecting to meet some direct from there.

Friday Dec<sup>r</sup> 9<sup>th</sup>.

Ever since Monday we have had very smooth weather, but today the sea rage into their wonted fury. For several days I have been anxious to see a ship, for I think that I may possibly hear from home by way of some ship from thence, but have been disappointed every day until tonight they raised a sail but it is very rough. I only hope they will be in sight tomorrow when perhaps we may ascertain who it is. Abner has just taken the colors up, and we shall speedily find out whether she belongs to Yankeeedom or not.

Monday Dec<sup>r</sup> 12<sup>th</sup>.

During the last two or three days it has blown a gale. The mercury still stands low in the barometer. The Eliza as we supposed was a short distance to the windward to-night. I went on deck to see her, and am very anxious indeed to see Cousin



Joseph I did not think that I should ever be as near him  
in the Indian Ocean. I have named Dory. I fancied that  
I should have much to talk with him, but he made very little  
ado about it - While I am ailing worse than ever, in addition  
to all my other complaints (for who ever knew a woman that had not  
some) I have a distressing sore throat, and hoarseness (I am as hoarse  
in vulgar language people term the crow, otherwise called a raven.  
I fancy that I look more like a raven than any thing else -  
I am now reading the Pipsy by J. P. R. James.

Wednesday Dec<sup>r</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>

Capt<sup>t</sup> Macgillivray backed his main yard  
this morning and came on board. He reported several ships from  
home, viz, the Congress and Roman, and I am very anxious to  
speak these ships, the Congress certainly for I think they must  
have letters for us. Capt<sup>t</sup> Macgillivray brought me some very nice pla-  
mates which he obtained at Whamoa. My lips are very badly off  
I never saw them in such a condition before. I presume that  
it is the cold weather. It is quite rough, the barometer is  
low, and no one as yet has heard of or seen any Orkneys, yet we  
are patient - and therefore must probably shall succeed.

Friday Dec<sup>r</sup> 23<sup>rd</sup>

A sad affair occurred this morning  
between Mr Brooks and Mr Holland in consequence of which Mr  
Brooks is confined to his stateroom, and Mr Holland is off duty,  
and banished from the cabin. How sad it is that men cannot  
restrain their evil passions. Such occurrences make every one sad  
and uncomfortable. It has been very rough and uncomfortable  
and for several days we have not seen the other ships,  
as we are too far to the eastward. I am very industrious, every  
moment is precious, and is employed either in reading or writing  
or both. I find that my health is much improved since I  
have pursued this habit. It affords much occupation for  
the mind. I have finished "One in a Thousand or days of  
Horn Luster" by Sir R. James, and am now reading England and  
the English by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

Saturday Dec<sup>r</sup> 27<sup>th</sup>

This forenoon was anything but agreeable  
for the storm smoked so badly that we were nearly suffocated.

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and the rain poured down in torrents besides being very rough. But after  
dinner two suns shone bright and pleasant, the sea abated somewhat in  
its fury, and our Sanakarepid less ships at a distance. Thus passed  
day after day, and we yet see no whales, but patience is a virtue, and cer-  
tainly we are and have been very patient. Christmas had once more visited  
us on the coast and debilitated our minds with sad memories of the  
of the Christmas days at home. I am very much interested in Balcan  
England and the English. I have desired much information from L.  
The time passed delightfully notwithstanding the disagreeableness of the  
master, for into reading, working, and painting the bidding is of  
my little is passing into beautiful recollections as in your spring time.  
I am contented and happy. Ah! most contentment! Would that  
the children of the earth trusted they would - all ailments, sorrow, diligence  
and trouble of the annals of life of which they too are a part  
would vanish like the mist before the bright golden beams of  
morning.

Thursday Dec<sup>r</sup> 29<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday Capt. W. Thayerfield, Cornell &  
Coring of the ship William Badger <sup>Boat</sup> Martha, & James Mawry. Today  
I have been reading papers that we received from the respective ships. Capt.  
Wing has his wife and child write him. Her last one little darling, a girl  
twenty months old since he sailed, which nearly broke his heart. He said  
that he had pictured to himself before leaving home the pleasure that he  
should take with his little girl on board ship, as a spike of her loss with  
the sick anguish and tenderness of a father who had made his child his  
idol. Today has been very fine and pleasant. I have been interested in the  
Italian war, and do heartily wish that Italy could be free, without fear of  
Austrian or French meddling. yet their case seems almost desperate. If  
they had a Washington and a few brave hearts like those who were fighting  
for America, then might <sup>Italy</sup> claim her place among nations. And defy  
all intruders for ambition or power. Garibaldi! I earnestly wish thee  
success in rescuing thy noble country from Austrian tyranny and  
French ambition. O Italy! darling clime of the poet the artist &  
sculptor, how art thou fallen! how can I long to visit thy ruined  
palace, and all that Rome's sculpted hand has touched, to wander  
through thy galleries and halls, and delight in the sweet gaze  
of thy Verona shins, but not for me was that joy meant. I can  
read of thee, and learn of thee and wonder, but my heart is drawn to thee. Ah, that



then (not-for)

Friday Dec<sup>r</sup> 30<sup>th</sup>

The morning was beautiful & pleasant, a dead calm rested on the water for awhile, then a gentle breeze sprang up, and swept us in sight of nine ships. This afternoon, Mr. Mead the Barque Eniga, and Captain Joseph came on board, & so agitated, we so much to see him that I could scarcely act myself while he stayed. He told me of several things that had happened at home since we sailed but I did not have an opportunity of having a good cry, that I wrote him as I wished, for about 5 o'clock the Cavalier Capt<sup>d</sup> Perry, who came on board and remained a short time, afterwards the wind began to blow furiously (which hastened him back to his ship).

Saturday Dec<sup>r</sup> 31<sup>st</sup>

'Tis the last day of the dying year. One year ago I was on the ocean, one year I have watched its changes, and travelled thousands of miles over its bosom. Since then I have visited the Malay in his palm grove, the French the English, of whom I have seen much, the natives of Mauritius and Rodriguez, and those beautiful islands. I have seen the ocean in the gale, the storm, and the calm, and watched the stars, the clouds, the sun and moon, the birds of the air, the fish, the penguin, and the mighty whale. To-day I have noted the changes as they passed and they are pencilled on the fly leaf of Memory. My little boy has changed much since this fast-fading year commenced, and in the deep heart-felt pleasure in watching that little child expand and grow in knowledge. Little children have they cheer the friends of home, and strengthen the bond of love that is cherished there. On the beautiful banks of Foster, the year is dying away like the sound of bells. A few more winters and we will have ceased to exist, he will have gone from us no more to return. Sad is his departure, but time hastens him on, for fear of cutting short the minutes that belong to the fleeting of the infant-year. (Hear! hear! on the wings of time, and speed this to join thy departed brethren long ago forgotten, except in the beautiful associations that memory loves to call from their shadowy graves. O! forgotten! who ever forgets the scenes of his childhood

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and grate, who is there that does not love to linger in the past and recall  
the images of departed days! Ah! how many that roamed those former parts,  
are now no more, those our dearest loved have gone, and those whom we much  
loved, and admired, on whose brow <sup>sat</sup> the happy smile of youth, and whose  
heart <sup>oh</sup> the deep, sad meanings of a broken heart. O bank Walton, for too soon  
I mean, get his spirit-haste gone home, and who will follow him of the  
lovely circle, I dread the tidings that may bring deep grief to this  
thinking heart, yet I don't utter a doubt - for George Henry may yet  
in spare be a noble boy, create a noble soul and heart offering  
unto goodness. O Father of Mercies spare him yet a little longer, let me  
look in him once more.

Sunday Jan<sup>y</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 1860.

It is still the same, gales, storm,  
but sometimes we have very pleasant days, one or two this week very beautiful &  
clear. I have finished "England and the English", also "Rosa or the Black Ship"  
by Alexander Dumas, "The Young Prince Donna" by Mrs. Fry, "My Brother's Wife"  
by Amelia B. Edwards, and am now reading "William" by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.  
Reading is a pleasure I often think of those who do not love it, and what  
a blank dreary existence they must lead. Reading is my life, and I hope that I  
never shall be deprived of such an identical pleasure. Most of the books that  
I have just mentioned are rather more than instruction, yet I do not doubt  
but that there may be much truth in them, for the world is a strange medley  
of the ~~tragic~~ <sup>tragic</sup> and romance. I know of facts, which if written for the public  
would be considered as most absurd and romantic as well as tragic, but  
still they are true alas! too true.

Wednesday Jan<sup>y</sup> 11<sup>th</sup>.

We have been consulting about leaving  
Isolation. I am sure visiting would please me more than to hear its  
distant Sings. There are no alliments held out to remain here, the objects  
for which we came seem to have vanished, and every one is heartily sick of  
Isolation, but where should we go now we to depart & no one can tell.  
Alas! thinks we will search the ground once more, and if nothing forays  
itself to our longing eyes, we shall probably move away to some other spot  
on the Earth's surface. From entering there we can follow King's Trail  
which is continually the music of Isolation, and yet we do not like  
to give up the pursuit like vanquished mortals, without striking a blow,  
yet if the "Union Bug" should fly over upon our lonely ship and forth  
the mandate is our better judgment, then we will "cast the die" and venture



or still on in the unlimited space of the watery globe. perhaps we  
may follow an "ignis fatuus", and yet the future may be bright with  
deception's gloomy light.

Saturday Jan<sup>y</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>.

Capt<sup>n</sup> Macfield was on board last  
Thursday, and since then we have not seen a single ship. I think  
that nearly all the ships have left the ground. I do not think  
that we shall remain more than a week longer. I have finished  
Pelham's, and find it quite interesting. It is very humorous, and  
worthy of our own reading. With Dicks of American Women. Which  
is certainly very interesting, and makes me much remorse and ad-  
mire my Spartan ancestors. What greater blessing can God give  
his children than good Christian Mothers? to protect, nourish and  
guide the slender tendrils of the youthful plant. This afternoon I felt  
sick and unhappy, but only for a short time. but about seven o'clock  
I was up, and felt bright and happy once more. I was just-fall-  
asleep, he is my truest friend, and his wisdom for he is cutting  
their teeth, and I think that he must suffer much in consequence.  
The wind has a hollow moaning sound tonight, and it is  
quite rough too, which is an uncommon circumstance. When shall  
we see brighter skies once more, and peaceful seas?

Sunday Jan<sup>y</sup> 15<sup>th</sup>.

The boats have been chasing whales  
all day, but without success. Seven or eight ships are in sight  
one is boring and another was cutting in a whale supposed to be  
Coring Joseph. There seem to be quite a number of whales here, but  
I think they are rather wild. At any rate they have already brought  
hope to the despairing voyagers whose hearts were almost ready  
to despair.

Thursday Jan<sup>y</sup> 17<sup>th</sup>.

After fruitless endeavors to  
catch a whale the past week we did not succeed in doing so  
until today. And we certainly have caught a monster. Probably if  
we continue to see whales and have opportunities for catching them  
that we shall remain much longer than we at one time intended.  
Hundreds of alligators are hovering around the whale picking up the  
pieces of fat as they escape from him and even attacking the body, one  
will get a large piece of fat in his mouth, and another will run up

to him, and attempt to claim the prize. at one time one of them obtained a large piece and was attempting to swallow it. When another one came up and attempted to choke him by biting him (with his huge tail on the back of his neck) until he compelled him to relinquish his piece, which the other claimed for himself, and triumphantly swam away (with his st. gutten belly). They utter a hoarse shrill cry, and always appear as though they were half-famished.

Monday Jan<sup>y</sup> 23<sup>rd</sup>

The gale still continues, although its fury is somewhat abated, yet the ship rolls badly ~~off~~, so much so that I can scarcely steady my hand to make my writing readable. I have been making and cutting out sails today, and by the time I get home shall have become very expert in making all kinds of clothing, from caps, hats, shoes and stockings. Notwithstanding the greater part of my time is spent in reading. I have finished "The Bonds of American Women," and immediately read, my blood would boil with indignation, and I would almost wish that I had lived during the Revolution, to taunt the British and aid in their struggle for Liberty. Blessed Liberty! (which our Nation on earth so much enjoys as the lucky Yankee). I am now reading "Reply by Sir Matthew Cottle. It runs along in his smooth easy and beautiful style, so peculiar to the old famed poet, romantic and libidinous it is a pleasure which never ends while reading his highly wrought verses, and while one is charmed with the sublime and beautiful in his writings & poetry, he is also instructed by the numerous notes and explanations (which his verses abound like a river running beautifully and quietly along, though a cypresswood, single hill and dale, with here and there some hidden turning, some deviation from the onward course, yet all reclaimed by nature, in very charming sublimity".

Thursday Jan<sup>y</sup> 26<sup>th</sup>

The whale supplied us with one hundred and eleven bl. oil. a goodly portion, and if we could only be fortunate enough to get such whales every time we strike we should not have need to complain of ill luck. Capt. Smith of the Bon of New London was on board the Minerva tonight to tea. He seemed to be a very sensible & manly young Captain, very easy and agreeable in his manners. I liked him very much.

Sunday Jan<sup>y</sup> 28<sup>th</sup>

The month, like all things transitory is drawing to an end. This day is better - that's twenty more to-day. We are home, we go - old one die, and others fill our vacant places.



"She names - glori mundi." I was reading of the death of Henry  
(William Herbert today, which I have not the heart to write - was owing  
to the untidied tongue of a scandalous woman, who attempted to  
poison the ears of his young wife with stories of his supposed strange  
character, and she a despoiled weak woman as she must have been  
instead of denouncing the communicative party given heed to her words  
and deserted her husband. Shame on the weak silly creature! in conse-  
quence of which he committed suicide, May 17<sup>th</sup> 1851. Fool woman!  
Whom you may see the death of a mortal is laid at her door.  
if you have not justice in this world mistakes you will in another.  
I have just finished Herbert's "Lives of England". Connecting leg-  
ends and traditions &c. of their time. The "Life of Dan Maule" the Com-  
edian I have found very interesting, full of pithy sayings of the great  
Comedian. And, am now reading "Life on the Bottoms" by Fehnd.  
Very steadily the time passed as well as briefly. The storm is  
running very short the afternoon shorter still, and then comes  
and waits its repose on this turbulent-roaring ocean, yet how charac-  
teristic of the stormy passions of man. Sometimes running peaceful as the bosom  
of old ocean when that element is in repose.

Thursday Jan<sup>y</sup> 31<sup>st</sup>.

Behold the end of January! thus  
springs all time; Remorseless time! Still we linger on near Destruction's black  
shroud shimmering 'neath its chilling skirts, and are rudely tossed about by  
its wild hand. In vain we strive to catch the grim Christians, but they  
are very coy, and no wonder when there are so many ships, continually chasing  
them. Calix Joseph took me alongside this afternoon, he is very fortunate,  
and another ship's boat, came fast to me a short time ago, our boats  
have just returned with saddened hearts, for they have tried several  
times to-day, but all in vain. Yesterday I finished "Life on the Bottoms"  
and have commenced "David Rieu or the King's Advocate" by James  
Frank - a story of <sup>the times of</sup> James Fifth of Scotland. Romance and history combined.  
The weather is becoming much milder - and the ship seems quite quiet tonight  
(which is quite a circumstance on this stormy coast.)

Friday Feb<sup>y</sup> 1<sup>st</sup>.

Today we have experienced various  
successes and failings. The morning was rough and windy, after  
dinner the mist cleared away and gave place to bright sunshine.  
Soon they raised whaled, and the boats put off, but the boat struck me

and last time after he began to speak French, then Mr. Parker fastened to another large whale and the crew chased a third while he was returning to the ship he picked up a dead whale that lay in his path, and said whale is now lying along side. he had been dead some time and the odor from him is disgusting but pleasant, however it does not penetrate to the cabin yet. although it may when they cut him in. I feel very tired and have a distressing sickness which I cannot get rid of. It depresses my spirits, and makes me feel sick at times. We caught a porpoise today, and had some of his liver fried for dinner, it was very nice, and I may have eaten too heartily.

Sunday Feb 7<sup>th</sup>.

Since last Monday we have taken another small whale, which made about thirty lbs, the two last will make about forty three lbs in toto. The rain pattern on the sky, light in gentle, dropping of which make music for those who love to hear them, and mostly myself who loves to ~~escape~~ the soothing influence of an April shower. Captain Sprosser was on board last night from ship "Hunter" of New Bedford, Little Dory, good liner and men every day, he enjoys the highest flow of spirits. I have finished Jane Austen or the "King's Advocate," which gives startling evidence of the foolish and horrible crimes committed upon innocent persons convicted of treason in Scotland and other countries in the fourteenth century, and confirmed, which crimes were permitted until as late as 1775 in England and Scotland and until 1821 in Ireland. They show the ignorance of the age in which they were perpetrated. I am now reading the memoirs of William Pitt by Cleveland, which I find to be highly interesting.

Monday Feb 18<sup>th</sup>.

Yesterday Miss Joseph was on board, and a right pleasant time we had. After thinking of shipping some sperm oil on board of mine to be taken on board of the Eliza in Port Harbor. I shall write innumerable letters to friends in America, and consequently shall be very busy, besides finishing the books Joseph has so kind to lend me, and to add to all my manifold duties I have commenced to braid a hat of palm leaf for myself and have succeeded so admirably that I begin to fancy that it can do almost every thing, one only needs to be placed in peculiar circumstances to bring out the latent powers so long dormant for want of prompting. I have finished "Memoirs of William Pitt" and have also nearly finished "The Successful Merchant" or "Lectures of the Life of Samuel J. May" by William Arthur. My



instruction for young men, just-commencing business, or men just-emerging into the busy world of business. Oh, 'tis a blessed thing to be able to read, and from the bottom of my heart I pity the man who is not capable of so doing or being capable that he has no taste or comprehension except for low limited vulgar novels, which excite and debase the mind, but never elevate it.

Thursday Feb. 16<sup>th</sup>

Having taken a severe cold I am consequently feeling very disagreeably, notwithstanding I continue to perform numerous duties besides reading much. I have finished "The Successful Merchant" and am reading "Carpenter's Magazine". Coming Joseph has sent me a large supply, besides many of the last books that I have been reading, my hat progressed rapidly, having braided forty four yds. When I think it will take sixty. I find it a very pleasant task. I divide my time between braiding and reading. After rising finished dressing Dory in the morning I commence braiding palm leaves, which I continue until half past two or three o'clock, then if the Master permits I go on deck and walk fore and aft about half an hour which constitutes my daily exercise, and then return to my work which I continue until dinner. After dinner I read, and remain thus occupied until tea-time. After tea put Dory to bed, read two chapters in the Bible, scrawl in my Journal take a glass of mulled claret and toast, and go to bed. Thus it passed day after day at Annapolis when we got into higher latitudes, and soft skies and gentle gales (which led to allowing to remain in the cabin, then I shall spend a great part of my time on deck, and pursue my various duties there, with the exception of my campy, the dark heavy fogs my eyes were seeing slowly and dimly at

Sunday Feb. 17<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday we had quite a severe gale, we have not sustained such an one since we came to sea I do not think. We lost the bar boat during the gale, and began to feel under much concern of mind for the safety of the ship. The wind and sea was terrible. The sea was one complete mass of mountain foam, and the wind seemed to threaten entire destruction to the remnants of sails left upon the yards. The sea whose fury is somewhat abated still runs higher, and tosses us about roughly, but we have long ago become accus-

tioned to its intentions, and are not likely to be removed unless there  
is good cause for annoyance which would only be in case of danger.  
I have been reading all day from the Bible and Keef's Magazine.  
Short Sermons, such as "A Spine Fault", "Moles", "The Story of a Hermit's  
Friend", "Broken Down Kings", "What I gave for Jesus", "Sam and David", each  
book is read today. I like to keep them busy at something, so as not to al-  
low their minds to engender discontent by being unemployed. Whenever any-  
one writes for books or papers from me I always try to supply them for which  
they always appear very grateful. I do not intend to trade of mine liberal  
on that score, I only wish to make them contented and happy.

Friday Feb. 24<sup>th</sup>

Once more calm rests on the  
broom of the "great deep" once more the storm King has vanished to  
his shadowy Kingdom and the divinity of peace and sunshine reigns  
supreme. The blue serene sky shrouds the blue of late the wild roar of  
ocean, reigns, yet still we linger, linger, and witness the faintest  
gleam of success. I have reason to thank my Maker that I have a  
heart too proud to repine, a mind that I can adapt to any cal-  
ling, and thereby be instructed. yet I would not be a Pharisee,  
but rather a publican, and humbly pray "God be merciful to me  
a sinner". Often amid the roar of the ocean I hear the voices  
of home, I hear the winds sighing through the forest trees, the mel-  
lody of the murmuring brooks, the sweet warbling of birds, and the  
loud voices of dear ones so fondly traced on memory's page. The past!  
the past! how like a gleam of childhood seems the past, how true  
my sports with the dear associations, as childhood sports with the  
flitting hours. It is well sometimes to pause, when we are to reflect  
on the dim outlines of the vanishing year. Who does not arise  
from such reflections with clearer views and purer thoughts. Ah!  
what a happy space is childhood in the allotment of life's  
years. Who does not often linger - over that page when life's hopes  
burned the brightest, when the spell of such a time - burned to wrap in the  
and air - in one silver shroud. Who does not sometimes linger - on the  
heart's trials, then feelings too powerful for control is more than the dreamer  
as he pauses by the altars of neglected love, then flows the great river  
of deep sorrow along nearby, and ~~there~~ is not more a child the  
evening of youth has set in and <sup>the</sup> dawn of a new life soon com-  
menced. Adieu, adieu, ye fair fields of childhood, no more shall I intrude your



points. Bred me on them (rather scary) where our Rumbling brass  
is so fearful an index of the human heart.

Thursday Feb 28<sup>th</sup>

Cold how the winds, and loud seas  
did occur. Woulda jolted the ship through the passing winds, but  
nothing. She still is allowed to rest from her weary, mild, before  
many weeks, that is in a mission. All ships are in sight, rather  
in that cold, shut, and heavy sea pressing on the deck at intervals.  
Like it is dreary. I scarcely dare venture on deck for fear a sitting,  
from old Neptune, who is now liberal on that score. I am writing  
letters home, besides having finished the "bad run", "The Wanderer's  
Entertainment" by Josephine Jones, and "Locomotor Sketches" by C. B.  
I know no farther but the last draft is very instructive, interesting  
and convincing. But in this perpetual hearing of the sea, I could  
endure it: - better if it was not so cold, and I had no little one to  
care for, yet I could not be without that little boy.

Friday March 2<sup>nd</sup>,

Left Wednesday Cousin Joseph  
was on board. I sent letters to Emily Sillingworth, Jane Harland and  
brother Nat. Today I finished a letter to mother Ned, and must write  
many more before I shall have finished, and am reading Harp's Mo-  
as fast as possible, in order to have them ready for Joseph, who was  
kind enough to lend them to me. We intend to meet in Pitt Harbor  
in a week if nothing happens to prevent. After fast said that he  
was tired of reefing topsails, yesterday was calm and pleasant, but  
today the winds have gradually risen to their present height, which  
is not a gale but a strong breeze which makes it necessary to take  
in sail.

Sunday March 4<sup>th</sup>

Cousin Joseph and Captain Fabor  
have just left. Tomorrow we shall sail for Pitt Harbor if nothing  
happens, and after that, we shall probably bid farewell to Geo.  
Nation's rough shore, perhaps forever.

Monday March 5<sup>th</sup>

This afternoon we anchored in Pitt Harbor  
(I did not expect to see so much green herbage, in so cold a  
climate. The shores look quite pleasant. There several grass on  
the hill fronting the harbor, which contain the dust of those

who have drawn their quiet gaze on these rugged shores. There are  
small ships, barges and Schooners anchored very near us, farther  
back is my small, yet the ship is very fine-looking. Capt  
Parker and Cousin Joseph have just left the Minerva. Joseph  
and I have a very little.

Sunday March 11<sup>th</sup>

Time flies swiftly, we were  
at 10 o'clock departed into the hills of Jordan, as seen in  
the distance. Jordan on the side of Cousin Joseph, and all our  
friends. Mr. Holland has left me word of Cousin Joseph, to return home  
quite soon. I have yet my only since leaving the Heaton, and as  
Cousin Joseph has been in the habit of spending my evening with us  
and sometimes staying all night, we missed him very much, and the  
whole party had lunch. Besides we were always having visitors during the day.  
We were very polite, kind and pleasant, they made us many presents  
of apples, preserved meats, and Capt Smith of the Don, presented us  
with some of his bird cake, besides his card, he was only remained two  
months before sailing. This morning Cousin Joseph took me on shore in  
his boat. We climbed the hills of Jordan, and saw the quiet town of Cedar  
Springs, placidly between the high cliffs, that is marked low on  
either side, and down the mountain sides, I could see the small in-  
lets dashing over the stones, besides there are numerous cascades, along  
the mountain slopes, which gave the beautiful day its name. Beyond  
small kinds of houses, some very beautiful, which I intend to take home  
for my pleasure in after years. After leaving the shore I went on board  
the Calista, a few moments, and after having received some things that I  
needed, and partaking of cake, and some excellent wine from the Cape of  
Good Hope, we departed. The Minerva brought had weighed anchor  
and left the Heaton, on our way back to her. We met Capt. Stewart of  
the Calista, an old man nearly sixty years of age, who was  
once wealthy, and was in partnership with one Perkins, of New-London  
of the firm Perkins & Smith. And though the meanness and treachery  
of his partner he was actually robbed of every cent of his money from  
being master of one hundred thousand dollars, he became penniless  
though the richness of this fair man, to see this old man, who  
was cited as long for his hard earned gains, having the child  
like of Devotion, when he might have been living in affluence &  
comfort at home, saddened my heart, and filled I with pity for



the old voyageur. He has been on board several times, and is very polite and entertaining, and it was always pleasant to see him, and this morning he had come to bid me farewell, and as he passed up in his boat, he took off his hat, and bowed, the bright-morning sun lighting up his silver-locks, and the old mind gleaming that can overcome which always looked pleasant in spite of misfortune. We returned his salutation and passed on. Dear, good old man, may his days be blessed, and may the ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> great God who sees all, punish the daring infamy of the man ~~that~~ <sup>who</sup> robbed him.

Monday March 12<sup>th</sup>.

This afternoon, we looked forth the last time on the entrance to Port Harbord. I saw the William Tilden in the distance, and noticed that looking over side a right whale, which Mr. Cook and Mr. Reed seemed for immediately, but we saw the boats, and ran to windward, as fast as possible. I imagined that Mr. Cook a long distance from the island, for feeling very much indisposed today I had only been on deck, and probably should not have gone at all had Mr. Cook told me to go up and take my farewell glance of Destruction. I have not arranged the movies that I took from shore yet, but I think that I can do it so as to make them look quite pretty. My spirits are very much depressed today, and despite my efforts to change their melancholy tones, but I hope this sadness will soon wear away.

Tuesday March 13<sup>th</sup>.

The boats, after chasing whales all the morning, found little or no success this afternoon. Mr. Bell killed a fine large whale, and they saw another whale in the William Tilden just emerged from the cliffs, that encircle Port Harbord, and struck a whale this afternoon, but at present they have not time, perhaps success will soon turn their hopes towards the matter is very fine, but penguins that Mr. Cook on board ship Sunday, by some means had escaped, and we have concluded that he jumped down the rudder case, if such is the case, Mr. Penguin is happy now in his winter element, and with his mother and sister penguins.

Sunday March 18<sup>th</sup>

We are starting for St. Pauls and although  
but has deemed farther north from Deddick still there is a perceptible  
change in the atmosphere. and the winds are light. We do not make  
my swift progress to Regent of Victoria. yet our journey is slow and steady.  
A school of Haddock appeared in sight for a short time tonight. but it is  
windy, and we cannot be pursued but a short distance off our  
track at St. Pauls. We shall probably try to catch some fish, which abound  
in the waters along the shores of the island.

Tuesday March 20<sup>th</sup>

The weather still continues fine and  
pleasant. Jory had re-cairied a great deal on deck today, among other plates  
kitchen. The food, and trying to shake hands with them. I have nearly fin-  
ished sewing my hat, and having succeeded much better than I anticipated in  
shaping it. The altitudes have not left us yet, the latitude today being  
44 deg. 50".

Monday March 26<sup>th</sup>

Jory and I begin to spend a great  
deal of time on deck. The air as before quite soft and pleasant. We are  
within a day's sail of St. Pauls, and with a good breeze, I think we  
might reach there tomorrow. but the wind is very light. Consequently the  
prospect is doubtful. We have removed the stove from the cabin, and find  
that it has much more room than before. and we feel very  
comfortable without it. I enjoy the sun and sunshine. and man-  
climate highly. So does Jory, and his laugh rings as merrily  
while playing on deck, as though his little heart was overflowing  
with life and merriment.

Tuesday March 27<sup>th</sup>

St. Pauls and Australia in view today  
and probably if the wind prove favorable, we shall be able to go on  
shore tomorrow. I would like very much to go there, and probably shall if  
it is pleasant. The men have been preparing nets for catching Cray-fish  
or as the sailors term them craw-fish. which are very nice, their taste  
much resembling the lobster in taste. They have also been getting fish  
hooks in readiness, for the St. Pauls fish is famed for their excellence  
and size (myself). Whom a dinner of fish is never very enticing  
will allow that they are excellent, although I am not deeply fond  
of eating them. but no matter so long as we can get on shore.



or take a sail on the beautiful bay that glows inside of the crater or passage.

St Paul, Wednesday March 28<sup>th</sup>

This afternoon I went on shore at St Paul. We passed the Sugar-loaf rock some distance from the entrance passage, which has between two small capes. Within the entrance was a large bay, as smooth as a mill pond, the mountain range forming a complete wall which protected the bay from the rough winds. On our right as we entered the passage, a collection of dilapidated thatched buildings were ranged along the hillside and near the shore, one was larger than the others being the dwelling house of two "Mormons" with their servants, one of these having lived here three years or thereabouts as he told me. He invited us into his house, the guest apartment - appeared to be used both by the servants and chickens, it had no floor, and quantities of fishing hooks, and fish hung about with a mattress in one corner. We passed through several rooms which seemed to be sleeping apartments also. Until we reached the private sitting room which consisted of a kind of desk for writing, a table, a pallet or couch, and a long shelf of books, two pictures of fair ladies whose front hair was decked with flowers, and one of them wore an immense sunflower on her head. I think that they must have been the chief d'evore of some long hair artist whose chief taste consisted in painting flowers on his fair ones' bosoms in China, Mexico, elegance and taste. We walked about the beach and examined all the specimens which were far from being of the cleanest order and finally climbed the hill above the house where we sat down and gazed upon the beautiful view below us. Beyond lay the mountain chain and nestled beneath its protecting cliffs lay the beautiful basin which the light winds only ruffled into occasional eddies, the air was balmy and inviting, and the picturesque of the most grand nature our eyes had an increasing charm like the sweet smell of the meadows when deprived of their waving verdure, in fair New England's clime, than to the distant and subdued under chorus of the surf against the cliffs filled our heart with rapture, I sat and gazed and listened, I could not bear to have the Spectator lay down on the grass by my side while I was being borne away to elf land, but all things must have an end so did this beautiful scene fade

from my view, but not from memory, after holding our nets "on row" and they had included us in our voyage. We rowed out of the gulf-  
bay, into the open sea to meet the ship. Thus is life. We sit for  
a time on the quiet, beautiful bay of nights, while all around is being  
fresh and fair, in the distance sounds the low murmuring of the sea against  
the shore of time. We hear the ~~the~~ gulf-bay and emerge into the  
open windy sea of life, there is a bright and a dark side to the picture,  
yet our consciences are mortals of their happiest hours. Lat 38°41'

Sunday, April 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Lat 38°47'. The atmosphere is becoming  
more pleasant and delightful. I sat on deck a short time this afternoon  
after the wind is rather too chilly for me to sit long at a time exposed  
to its breath. We are steering for Australasia and probably our next port  
will be Swan River, on whose banks lies Fremantle, the home of  
English colonists. When I was a child and studied from Geography  
the situation and names of places in Australia, I little dreamed that  
I should ever visit its shores.

Sunday April 8<sup>th</sup>.

The last few days have been  
cold and somewhat disagreeable, besides being rather rough.  
Since the full moon. Today has been rainy and misty.  
Lat 38.15. long 93.00. therefore we cannot respect the middle-  
master. After has been troubled with a propensity of feeling's  
whether to make Swan River our next port or Keeling's  
Islands. I am rather in favor of the latter, as the harbor  
or anchorage ground is much better whereas Fremantle an-  
chorage at this season of the year is dangerous. However  
much I would like to visit Australia, yet there is some-  
thing charming in visiting beautiful tropical islands, and  
getting fruit from its native trees. If sitting beneath the coral  
groves. It is romance as well as reality, for I so love beautiful  
nature.

Friday April 13<sup>th</sup>.

Since Sunday a succession of gales  
have intervened, and tolerably good weather is our present-  
need, yet the air is rather chilly, and I cannot sit on  
deck as much as I would like. We have had head winds  
for some time, but yesterday they veered in our favor, and we



am sailing along at a rapid rate. Yesterday I was quite sick, but I have improved so rapidly under American, that I am well today. I am learning Chukchee to read and write English. He seems very anxious to learn and advanced fast. I think of home, and the past a great deal, in my quiet moods. Memory sometimes departing time, and its quiet workings make sweet melody for the passing hours.

Saturday April 14<sup>th</sup>.

I have spent nearly the whole of the day on deck, and my pleasure has it been, calm and warm, and Dory has enjoyed it apparently as much as myself. for he commenced to run about alone today. Much more than he has ever ventured to do before. I took my look and swing on deck, and am paying the penalty for my pleasure by a burning face tonight. Dory was so tired and sleepy this - I put him to bed immediately after tea, and went on deck to sit staff the round house, and muse for a while. The bright after-glow of sunset lingered long after the day god disappeared from this quarter of earth, and the brilliant crimson looked grander still, as evening dropped her sable veil. I wondered in thought to my native country, and wondered in which direction it might lie, but after studying the bearings of the compass. I looked in that direction and behold I was pointed to the parts so very far off home, other stars soon shrouded the beams, and I looked and wondered and admired the sublime, and great conception of the Infinite, in disposing so beautifully these transfixed worlds, through the illimitable space I could scarcely think for admiration. I could only see, wonder and praise.

Sunday April 20<sup>th</sup>.

Latitude 25.34. Longitude 107.00

The warm winds have reached us.

and every day their increased heat, proclaims our near approach to the equator. When has decided to go to Velin's Island. (which lies in, in 12 or 14. N. South Latitude and 93. W. East Longitude). Whence we are approaching a strange port, I am always wondering what kind of reception we may meet with. I have been very much entertained the last few days by reading "Maul - From Palmyra".

by Edward Everett, and wish that I had many more of them  
Tuesday April 24<sup>th</sup>.

Long. 107.58 Lat. 24.38.

Such delightful days and nights. (note warm balmy atmosphere, and the sea like a smooth polished mirror. The nights are starlight; and the new moon has just commenced her nocturnal career. Dory and Self spend the whole day on deck, and Dory cracks about, and enjoys himself very much, very on loss to play with and amuse him, and like all other children of Saffron Dicks constantly bent upon some mischief. Several times today he has turned the faucet in the pumps and let the water run out. which he thinks is fine sport. His young ideas develop very fast, and he is as happy as mud pie. I enjoy this beautiful weather very much, for I wear my boots and work which I take on deck sometime and now dorking boy's silly laugh, and chattering tongue the time flies so incredibly fast that I wonder how the moments could have left me so swiftly with having a firmer impress on my mind.

Monday April 25<sup>th</sup>.

It is rather rough today. Several ships are in sight. Saturday we spoke the Ocean Rover and Saturday evening Captain Lincoln of the Elisha Deubar was on board and yesterday we spoke the Wide Cap<sup>t</sup>. Michel, who came on board, and Capt<sup>t</sup>. Lifford and lady (note their little boy was on board from the Missings). I have felt very dull today, and less spirited. Which does not occur very often, for my spirits are on a very even order. I expected to get letters from home yesterday, but did not, and am very anxious to hear.

May

Thursday April 30<sup>th</sup>.

I have spent the whole day on deck, and the greater part of the evening, which is beautiful clouded and moonlight. (note the gentle murmuring of the waves around the ship. Makes me almost feel myself on enchanted ground. The Spirit of Night is sufficient in displaying her beauties and sublimities, and I have wondered while looking on the splendid scene tonight (why the vicious and depraved (whose most crimes and vices are perpetrated under the Simst moonbeams) are not turned from their follies through the mild influence of the Queen of Night.



May  
Sunday April 6<sup>th</sup>

This is enchanting weather, one feels so happy and contented beneath this bright, genial sky. Several ships are in sight. Captains Mickel and White were on board last evening from their respective vessels the *Beirle* and *Alma*, and Captain Lincoln has spent this afternoon and evening with us. he is a very fine man. he has just left for his own ship. the evening is delightful. Almer has a very severe headache, and feels very badly. he has also taken some cold which probably makes him feel much worse. I am rather dull in consequence of not returning to my chambers until past 2 A.M. Capt. Mickel brought me two numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly* which I prize very highly, as its pages are productions from many eminent writers of our own glorious America.

May  
Tuesday April 8<sup>th</sup>

I have spent today on board the *Messenger*, and enjoyed myself very much. Capt. Jifford played on the melodeon for me, and our little boys were very happy together. It was very rough tonight when we came on board, but Mr. Reed's well known voice "you are safe" reassured me. Miss Jifford's cabin is much larger than mine as well as her state room. She gave me some cloth to make dresses for my, and some rice, preserved grapes from New Holland. It still continues to be very rough.

Saturday May 13<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday was a day of disasters. in the morning the lookout at the mast-head imagined he saw a large school of sperm whales. after breakfast the boats were lowered and, the Captain soon found that there was but one sperm whale among the lot the rest being fin-backs. accordingly, he directed the boats to look out for him, and about 1 P.M. Mr. Reed struck him. the Captain also went down in his boat, and fastened to him, and as Brown (Mr. Reed's boatman) was laying the boat alongside the whale so that Mr. Reed could clasp him, the boat pitched, throwing Brown overboard. and the boat was stove, plunging its crew into the angry waves, and almost into the jaws of the whale. Brown swam for the Captain's boat, and was saved all the rest.

1860 -

I swam for Mr. Marks' whale was already all needed - Tom Marks could not swim, but jumped upon Ben's back, and Tom thinking it was the whale after him, I swam for dear life to get away from him. but they came all sand by Mr. Marks, and a very small part of the boat was sand. Mr. Marks and Mr. Red the came on board with their boats cund, and the Captain and Mr. Sylvia stayed by the whale, it was very rough, they remained fast to him all the afternoon, and just at night. through some of the Portuguese mismanagement, Mr. Sylvia's boat came in contact with the Captain's and stove a hole through the bow, so that he was obliged to cut from the whale and come to the ship, which he reached about dark, the whale was not yet dead, and Mr. Sylvia was obliged to leave also, so that the whale was abandoned, they estimated that he would have made more than one hundred barrels. It is the hand of God. Today we have searched for him, as Arthur said that he must die before night. his life was so far spent, yet no traces of him have been seen, once however, Mr. Marks saw a low spout (which sperm whales always make) once or twice, and then saw no more. We are very unsuccessful, and the crew casts a gloom over all, perhaps we have lost much on our misfortune, but I still strive to say "Thy will be done."

Wednesday May 16<sup>th</sup>

A fine breeze is blowing us to the Java shore, the latitude today was 12.41. and very warm indeed, and if we had not the advantage of this strong breeze the heat would be excessive. I packed my trunk today, so as to be in readiness at any moment, although there was no cause for haste. Yet I always like to have every thing ready beforehand, and then I am able to watch the ever changing features that are constantly presenting themselves as we near foreign ports, then I wish to be on deck to see the (new) panorama of glorious beauty which often crowns these tropical islands, to be obliged to be below packing is a tedious business, amid such stirring scenes.

Friday May 18<sup>th</sup>

Java!! Java!! did I ever think, when but a child, I traced the haunts of thy shores that I should ever gaze upon thy landscapes, an innocent child, how ignorant of its future destiny. But - hush and



have crafted our good bark gently onward, until the bold dark line of Java were seen in the misty distance, I saw the shadowy lines on the cliffs of the coast, as the setting sun with his melting beams, kissed the dark shore, before night dropped her veil and left it in dreamland then I gazed at the sublime starlight - as the bright systems with their trains advanced along the plains of heaven, and looked into their magnificent eyes on Java. Venus too, led the train, and lent her brilliant beams, the waves murmured softly by, the winds hardly filled the sails, the sweet influence of the heavenly illumination seemed to have persuaded everything, my thoughts whispered "the starlight on Java," the cadences of the waves, the music of the winds, all joined in one deep undertone, I held 'tis starlight on Java.

Sunday May 20<sup>th</sup>

During last night, the current aided by a light breeze bore us to the entrance of Bali Strait. This morning I arose very early, to see the sun rise on the Mountains of Bali Island, but a cloud intervened and obscured him first, and then quietly remained low along the horizon for the day king to pass on his course. A Dutch ship lay but a short distance off, and after breakfast Mr Parks went on board. The Dutch Commander Capt. Leunings, sent me a Dutch cheese, and a quantity of beautiful oranges, and sent word to Abner that he had an English Siamese, who was of no use to him, as his crew was composed entirely of Malays, or Suraboes. So Abner went on board to make inquiries concerning him, and accompanied him. I was very politely received by Capt. Leunings, and while Capt. L. was entertaining Abner with the rise and fall of power in Europe and his opinion concerning the Italian or Sardinian Campaign between the Austrians and French. Mr Snyder his first officer, took me to the cabins, introduced me to the passengers, of whom there were three Javaese ladies, one of whom being the daughter of the elder one and niece of the other was very gentle and graceful in her manners. She was rather petite but fair with a pleasing countenance, light Auburn hair, which was brushed back from her forehead and arranged in a sort of French twist behind, being fastened with silver pins, the other ladies dressed their hair in the same

manner. they were all very nicely and prettily dressed, and they seemed to be  
very refined and cultivated in their manners. After Mr Snyder had shown  
his wife's dequennette, and the Capt's wife asked our boat-back to <sup>offer</sup> ~~direct~~ <sup>steer</sup>  
the quarter deck, where an armist was spread, with chairs and table beneath  
it, and we could sit there very comfortably. The Captain then ordered some  
Rhine wine or champagne, and then we all went below to the cabins where  
we spent a long time in conversation the Japanese ladies, not understanding  
or not relating to their private cabins. After which dinner was served  
which was their breakfast, and after Capt. Lannings had given me  
several presents of fruit and sweetmeats, we took our departure, the  
day was very clear and pleasant, nevertheless a scalding sun, seem-  
ed to melt the waters into a perfect calm. if such a circumstance  
could ever occur, and thousands of porpoises, were playing about the  
ships. Sometimes in their merry gambols leaping many feet into  
the air, where they would quiver for an instant and then descend with  
a heavy splash into the glassy wave, to race and sport with  
their brethren. I left my on board ship with Mr Reid, who re-  
ported that he had borne himself very finely. It is still very  
calm and exceedingly warm, our progress is very slow, and it is  
doubtful whether we make any progress at all.

Sunday May 22<sup>d</sup>.

About midday we anchored  
in the harbor of Bangorranjic. and this afternoon we came on  
shore. Crowds of Japanese crowded about us on the beach, and coming up  
to the custom house, my trunk and valise had to be opened, and a  
thorough inspection took place by the Japanese officers, after which we  
walked across a bridge of bamboo, the bay on each side being crowded  
with boats and junks, from thence along a shaded road to the hotel  
which ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> a very pleasant place for this place. The hotel keeper is  
a Dutchman, Mr Peterson, and very pleasant, and a agreeable  
his wife is a native woman. I am now sitting under the  
verandah, while the chirping of birds, and singing insects,  
with occasionally a Japanese attending a solo on his drum, chime  
on my ear with a melody not unlike the sweet harmonies that  
vibrate in the air of my own dear home, where summer clothes the  
fields, and nature drops her curtain down. I have a nice  
room, and the hotel surroundings are very pleasant. Tomorrow  
I intend to make explorations, but tonight I feel very



Wednesday May 23<sup>d</sup>.

This morning I was awakened by the noisy birds, and the sweet-singing of the birds, on rising and opening my shutter, all the beautiful birds of early morning rushed in to bid me welcome. After taking a bowl of rice and coffee, I sat down to read the "Life and works of Henry Fielding". It was not convenient for me to take a ride or even a walk today, for Shokra left me to go to Singapore in an English ship, to see his mother, and a little Larance girl, took charge of Dory. She managed him beautifully, and it is very amusing that Dory wants to kiss her nearly all the time. The morning was perfectly delightful, as I sat under the mandarin, the rich smells of the rice, and many other flowers from the gardens on each side of the entrance was gently wafted in on every breeze. While the beautiful Lamerind, the lofty coconut, the dark green ponds and their delightful presence. This evening our hostess placed chairs in the porch or archedway, where the cool night of evening was sitting in and we sat out while sitting there the heterogeneous mass of people by, natives from the adjacent island of Bali, in their distinguishing high-collared, and brilliant black robes, Larance policemen, and hundreds of the Larance natives, who are passing from morning until night. Among all the rest - a Bengali officer of some of the crafts in the harbor, who saluted us very politely, and bade us "good evening" in excellent English.

Thursday May 24<sup>th</sup>.

A Dutch captain came on shore this morning, his was a passenger ship from Batavia, but had just returned from Sydney, he was in great haste, being in short money to send a despatch by telegraph to Batavia, but was very polite & gentlemanly. The morning was very warm indeed, but about 4 P.M. the cool breeze began to blow from the scent of roses, and thousands of almost rich and fragrant. Mr Peterson our host, had a sort of rude carriage, which he had fastened to two little grey ponies, and into driver and footman we set out. Dory fell asleep. Some after we started and Almer and myself maintained an almost-rigid silence as we sped through the coconut grove, the excellent streets shaded by the banana, the Lamerind, and the splendid Waringen tree, of enormous size, and foliage of the darkest

riches - green. We passed the public square of Bangorinensis which  
is in good preservation, and beautifully shaded by Baringen trees.  
Now and then a pretty Dutch residence nestled among the foliage  
would meet upon our view, and thousands of the Sarawak thatched  
cottages. Skuttled every part of the country through which we drove.  
On our return after putting Dory in bed, I went down to the beach  
with Abu and Mr. Stephens. Mr. Sylvia with a boat crew came on  
Dory's report to Abu, and I amused myself with the movement.  
A hadji came down to the pier while we were standing there, he had  
been on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and was therefore termed hadji  
Today May 25<sup>th</sup>.

This afternoon I went to

Fort Utrecht, it is beautifully laid out. the public entrance being  
shaded by the rows of beautiful Lamerind trees on each side. They  
were making preparations for mounting our guns in the place of the  
old ones. We walked around the ramparts, which was surrounded by a deep  
ditch of water. The Commandant of the fort, resides in a very  
pleasant and commodious establishment. the soldiers have a large  
barracks for themselves. Near this was the Magazine, on the opposite side  
was the hospital, and place of amusement for the soldiers, then another  
building for particular business, and next to this the guard house out-  
side of which was the great bell which is struck every half hour.  
on the branch of the guard room were placed two brass cannon.  
a very polite Dutchman who spoke French as well as his own language  
he was <sup>the Commandant of the fort, accompanied us.</sup> ~~a Dutch~~ a Dutch Steamer - lay in the harbor, and  
the Commandant and his Lieutenant - have just returned to it  
as they passed us tonight - in the governor's carriage, they bowed very  
politely to me as they passed, as did also the other officers, but  
to return to our walk. When we had satisfied our eyes with the  
beauty of the interior of the fort. We passed through the gate at  
the entrance, and over the bridge, over the archway of the entrance gate.  
was placed in large letters "Utrecht." from the fort we went to the government  
water works. From there along a beautifully shaded road, which abounded  
in the riches - & most - good fruit from the banana, the cocoanut  
and Lamerind trees, and from the richly scented flowers of Glara  
We walked under the rich shade of the beautiful Baringen trees opposite  
the government office the billiard saloon. there are two kinds of  
Baringen trees, called the male and female Baringen, male tree



has much lighter colored foliage, and much yellower than the female, its branches do not expand so beautifully. but the female tree is enormous in size, tendrils from the branches nearest the roots shoot down and take root in the ground, the foliage is of the richest deep green, and the branches are large, and extend themselves over a very large space, producing the coolest and most delicious shade, under the female tree in front of the billiard saloon. One small Brahmia image. The Larnard tree is of two kinds also, the male and female, the female having the silver fruit. the fruiting tree is classed in the same manner, the male being much inferior to that of the female.

Saturday May 26<sup>th</sup>.

This afternoon I went with David to see the garrison of <sup>the</sup> Fort-Shoot at a target. they took several positions for shooting sometimes standing then sitting, occasionally kneeling on one knee, and I saw one lying down to shoot. quite a number hit the target at a long distance it seemed to me, three soldiers remained near the target behind a tract of stone, and whenever a soldier fired, two of them would come out from their hiding place, while the third one remained behind with a white flag, one of them who went out to examine the target, carried a small white flag on a stick or rod, and if the soldier who fired had been successful in taking aim, he would strike the ground three times with his rod, while the third brand his white flag, if unsuccessful the brand was brand over the head instead of being struck on the ground, <sup>from</sup> thence I went to the public square with David which is beautifully shaded with various trees, and in the middle and entirely surrounded by various trees is a raised stone platform of polished stone, ascended by steps and covered into a roof. near this was a stone wall which seemed to need to them refuse sticks and heard into as I saw many of them, but on further consideration I suppose that they might have dropped from the trees overhead. I feel very tonight for I have walked much today.

Sunday May 27<sup>th</sup>.

I have spent nearly the whole day at the hotel. Capt. Brewster was in here the greater part of the afternoon, about five o'clock Mr. And and myself took a long walk around the public square.

it was delightful. The air was laden with the most delicious  
perfumes, the birds, seemed to sing their most melodious strains, and  
every thing so beautiful so green. The sight was magnificent. I could  
not enjoy it as much as I could wish, for my soul was so full  
it seemed to me that I could not realize the beauty of the scenery  
I wanted to press it to my heart, and hold it there. When we  
came back, we found three horses saddled for us, but it was too late  
for me to ride, as he had to go on board ship immediately. And others  
had gone to look for me, so that by the time he returned it was too late  
to ride, but if nothing happens we shall rise early and take the  
cool morning air, for a ride.

Monday, May 2<sup>nd</sup>

This afternoon I rode with Mr. Peterson and  
myself in the carriage to the Lorkaradja's residence, that is the  
former residence of Benjamingie, about two miles from the hotel. The  
two large buildings for Conicts were opposite his house. We entered the  
large gateway over which was printed in large letters "Lorkaradja". The  
resident's lady met us on the verandah. She was dressed in a native  
skirt, consisting of a kind of cotton and another material of various colors.  
a mat-cloth sack over this, and O American ladies think of this!  
She was transported, but I found her very composed and lady like, always  
bearing a certain dignity of manner which seemed very natural. The  
house, was very pleasantly arranged, one large room contained a melon  
chair, sofas and tables, French and Dutch books, all the <sup>rooms</sup> were nicely  
furnished with much elegance and taste, but the house did not so  
much attract my attention as the beautiful grounds. They were mag-  
nificent. The front verandah was beautifully arranged so that we could  
sit and look down on Bali Strait, and the island beyond. The house  
is situated on an elevation which commands a fine prospect, as there  
reached over a large extent of country, redolent in <sup>the</sup> luxuriant verdure  
of this happy climate. Besides a large field of the famous cochineal,  
which I had read so much, upon which feed the bugs or insects  
which produce such a beautiful red color. Orange, Pomegranate  
banana, pinks, Coconuts, and Camellia trees were blooming in  
and then in the gardens and grounds. We entered the garden  
over a stone bridge, underneath which the stream tumbled in  
merry gle, not over a short distance. Sometimes under a leafy ~~arch~~  
where the ~~water~~ <sup>flowed</sup> ~~land~~ and most beautiful <sup>flowed</sup> ~~but~~ their rich fragrance



to Kianie to him who bade them flourish. (on either side). We came to a  
small round house which contained merely a couch for repose, and  
the knots and upper parts of the roof and ceiling were highly gilded.  
It was brought from the island of Bali, and when the Sukaradja  
of Bali came to visit the Sukaradja of Banjarmasin, he preferred  
sleeping in this beautiful garden. From this place thousands of the  
cinnabar-plum trees breathed their sweet odors in the air, while the rush of  
falling waters blended with the rich music of the rustling leaves of  
the orange trees. Farther down the stream road and turned into a  
paved basin, shaded by several roofs of banyan houses. Where under the  
delightful shadows of the banyan trees one might have their bodies in  
the cool fountain, surrounded by all the charms of sweet nature.  
and still farther down after passing the fish pond which was  
full of blooming lilies, the stream seemed to partake of the mildness  
of the scenery. For here it poured its turbulent waters of the rocks  
forming little cataracts and waterfalls, on whose bright playful waters  
the thick shade of massive trees that lined the banks in all the  
midmost and beauty of the primeval forests, twinkled brightly in their  
strong embrace. I lingered long in this enchanted garden and I left  
with the feeling that I had not introduced half its beauties, as  
we returned on the bridges of which there are many, we saw  
a deer feeding on the lawn in front of the mansion, after resting our  
selves on the mandah we were obliged to take our departure as the  
shadows on the lawn and vast cochineal fields in the foreground  
warned us of time's rapid march. We were followed to the great  
circular way by the resident's lady (I have learned since that she is not his wife) the  
children and servants, in charge of the children of whom there were not  
a few as we took our leave of them all and were walking to the carriage  
the grounds in front of the corner-house were filled with these  
unfortunate people, sitting around and receiving their wages of two  
pence per day for their work. The ride home was beautiful, the sun  
had left behind the mountains, so I took off my hat to enjoy the  
soft evening winds, which murmured through the coconut and  
orange groves, in a deep, thrilling song of praise to the Creator, above.  
On arriving at our hotel, we found Capt. Tomoyers waiting to take din-  
ner with us. He spent part of the evening and bade us good night  
to return to his hotel to write letters as he leaves tomorrow.

1851  
Tuesday May 29<sup>th</sup>

This afternoon Mr. Reid bring on shore our engaged horses to carry us to ride as soon as the heat of the day was passed. I took Mrs. Peterson's little pony, and while Abner had gone to the back to attend to some affairs, I succeeded with the aid of Mr. Reid and Mrs. Peterson in learning to manage rings pony. The reins had to be held in the Spanish manner, instead of holding the reins separately and drawing one of them tightly when turning the horse as is in America, they must be held together, and draw both reins tightly in the direction in which you wish the horse to go. We rode around the square, on the back, where the winds were thundering and rushing in some quite terrible violence, but the riding being too difficult for the novel Abner went to see how the boats succeeded in getting the coasts of water over the reef, and told me to go when I liked (with Mr. Reid, as we should not ride again during our stay in Sava, but as we were coming from the back, one of Mr. Reid's Shing's Straps broke and, we were detained some time in consequence, but we managed to take me over side around the square, which is quite a distance by the route we took, and before we arrived back, the moon was shining high in the heavens, and Abner returned a few moments after. I shall long remember the many happy rides and walks I have enjoyed in Sava. -

Wednesday May 30<sup>th</sup>

I spent the greater part of the morning at the other hotel, which is much pleasanter than this, and we should have gone there to board probably if we had known him about the place. This afternoon I spent here until 5 P. M. when I sallied out for a walk with David. We walked around the square, which occupied nearly an hour, and is probably the last time that I shall walk there for a long time if ever again, for tomorrow if nothing prevents we shall probably weigh anchor and away. Sorrow is my mistress and troublesome I feel very lame and tired today, as I expected that I might be in consequence of my last night's ride.

Thursday May 31<sup>st</sup>

This forenoon I came on board ship. Mr. Brooks having made sail and gained a good distance on the Bali shore. This afternoon I felt rather unpleasantly, as I generally do after leaving port, the motion of the ship causing my head to feel



My disagreeably. We are well away from the Star coast tonight -  
and wish a good breeze shall soon be out of sight.

Sunday June 3<sup>d</sup>.

Since leaving Bangoranga I have seen very few backing away things which will not be needed until we get in port again. today the cabin begins to look like itself once more. We have a good supply of chickens, pigs and even a dog and cat on board, but Kitty is so shy that one cannot get a look at her in the day time as she only appears out in the night. I am reading the Atlantic Monthly. Capt. Nickel loaned me books which furnish me with a great fund of enjoyment, a mental feast.

Thursday June 7<sup>th</sup>.

A nice breeze is now wafting us far from the heated precincts of the North to the cooler and healthier climate of the Australasian coast. I am making rapid progress in the Atlantic Monthly, having nearly finished the fourth number. I find them very instructive and entertaining, one only fault I find, and that is that the Author's names are not annexed to their pieces. I think everyone would find them far more interesting. I always like to find out the Author of whatever I am reading. Although it is not the custom yet I wish it was. Sometimes I am sure that I have found something from Whittier from sometimes I imagine from the tone and nature of the reading that Emerson is speaking, and so on, yet I can only imagine and to know in reality would be such a treat.

Monday June 11<sup>th</sup>.

We have been fortunate enough today to have two large sperm whales lying alongside the ship tonight, and the boats of the crew are very much cheered in consequence of this new feature in our former fortunes. Two more whales were struck but they could not save them. Mr Brooks and Mr Reid killed each a whale. Mr Reid's whale acted badly, threatening sometimes with sperm mounds to corner the boats into their crews. He threw nearly all of the starboard boats over out of their boats, and frightened an Englishman very badly. The fellow is a raw recruit, who never saw a whale before and the first time that the whale started for the boat that

he was in more than haste. He jumped out, and said that if the Captain would allow him to stay on board while he would make his baggage, and ask for one accommodation on arriving in port.

Thursday June 14<sup>th</sup>

Side different is the gale of tonight with <sup>the</sup> calm, quiet beauty of last evening. The air is chilly and piercing, and the roaring winds and loud booming of the sea remind me of a Lullaby picture which is still vivid in my memory. The sounds of hammer on deck begin to be hushed by the stillness of peace of sailor and spade. Dory and self have been obliged to remain below today as it was impossible for us to sit on deck. I have accused Dory by staying and singing on the Occident of which he is very fond. Putting up his hands impatiently if I stopped a moment. I think that I must have played well for him this afternoon, he all the while listening <sup>as</sup> attentively as though some divine Mozart or his pupil Beethoven played the instrument. When he was satisfied he came to me and entreated for me to put the Occident away, which I did. His field of amusement in the cabin is too narrow for him, who has had the deck for his playhouse, and he has begged me to take him on deck many times today. I am leaving him to go to sleep at night after being put to bed without depending upon me to sit beside him, and singing him to sleep as formerly, and he begins to conform to the powers that be although it was a sore trial for the little fellows.

Friday June 15<sup>th</sup>

Every one has been afflicted with colds, and Abrus, Dory, and myself have not been exempt by any means. One are beginning to improve however, but we have all been quite sick. David too has felt very uncomfortably. Every morning I was awakened by the hard coughing of the helmsman. All this was owing to the sudden change in the weather, which before was very warm and suddenly changed to rough cold winds, which seemed almost as biting as a Lullaby blast to us who had been fastened under the genial warmth of the tropics for so long a time. Today they have been very strong some at, and they have nearly finished, so that we are all back into Dory tomorrow I think. The air is very healthy and breezy so like our island Autumn "at home". Several ships are in sight or have been today, among whom Abrus thought he recognized the bride, but finally concluded that he was mistaken. 22

8-29th 250 86 = 199 total



shall have finished his Atlantic Monisties by the time we see him again. I am now reading another mine, which concludes the very interesting sketches of The Catacombs at Rome, which gave me a new insight into the origin of the Roman Catholic Church, or Religion.

Sunday June 24<sup>th</sup>

Capt. Nickel was on board Thursday and spent the day. I had finished all but the four last Monisties of the Atlantic Monisties, and gave him those that I had finished. I added something to my cold that day, and have been quite sick ever since. It has been my rough rides, and my cold also. I was obliged to stay below nearly all the time. I have had a very bad cold likewise, but we are all beginning to mend. We are now cruising where we caught the last sperm whaler, and I do not think that Capt. Nickel is far away. I sat on deck a few minutes today and listened to the Indian chely music of the wind and waves. The very tone of the wind I could imagine that I heard some note some cadence which reminded me of long ago pictures of home rise up before, and the "hired boat." My heart yearned for that hallowed home.

Friday June 29<sup>th</sup>

Having finished the Atlantic Monisties, I am now greedily devouring the Sketch Book by Washington Irving. Some of the stories I almost knew by heart, having often read them in the reading books at school, but some of them are new to me and very interesting. The easy style of writing, and the beautiful and natural sentiments which he expresses, are so in unison with my own feelings, that I feel very much drawn towards the gifted author. I can scarcely allow time for my journal tonight. I am so in haste to leave some more of his work. It has been one of my misfortunes, never before to have read any work of Irving's. The rain is pattering on the skylight, and I am lying asleep all is quiet below. This is the time to my reading when darkness shuts out the beam of daylight. We are steering for Parley's Shoals, to cruise until we go to the Azores Islands for humpbacks. They are but a short distance from the Shoals. Thus time passed, constantly passing from place to place, from port to port, and so much absorbed in the busy interests

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that the time wears away, and although I am always busy, yet I do not lead and accomplish as much as I anticipated & should in the given time. When I think of having a house built on deck for me which will be a great luxury, for the winds have been very distressing of late so that I am obliged to sit below.

Saturday June 30<sup>th</sup>

I have been reading from dawn till dusk of the day, and this afternoon these inimitable stories of the Christmas holidays in England, made me homesick. I have been more and more, and a person must be possessed of a very ungenial nature, not to love his delightful stories. But my little Sunshine has gladdened us today with its warm presence. The waters rush past the Ship's Counter with a hollow, melancholy sound which I have always noticed when the sky is gloomy and overcast. O home! home! for we now gaze on thy green fields and woodlands, now basking 'neath the warm skies of pleasant-summer. There art the only oasis in the desert of the world where the weary wanderer refers to breathe his last. There only is the goal of contentment reached, by the bright fire-side of home.

Thursday July 5<sup>th</sup>

Monday Capt. Bartlett of the Pearl was on board. Tuesday, arriving, Abner went on board of the Pearl. Capt. Bartlett sent me some books and papers. Yesterday being the "Fourth" became on board and spent the day, the fatted calf, (alias, two little black pigs) was killed and served in honor of the occasion. Capt. Smith of the Albion came on board to tea. This morning when I awoke I felt so sick that I was obliged to lie down again, but fancying that I heard a strange manœuvring on deck I dressed, and after resting a short time, for it was a great exertion, I went on deck and found the James Mann, having come down upon us in splendid style. The Captains exchanged compliments through their transports, and in a very short time I was on board of her and shaking hands, and kidding Mrs. Winge as though we were old friends. Nevertheless we were perfect strangers. I spent the day and have just returned. It was very rough when we came on board, and just as the boat's crew were shipping in their various things there was an ear overboard, and we had to stem back some distance in consequence, having secured the ear, we were soon along side again, and I was delighted to gain firm footing on the deck of my ocean home. There is no place like home, be it ever so homely, even if it only be a small cabin, six feet long by four wide, there is a feeling of confidence and safety I may call it contentment on board my own ship, and among our officers and crew.



1860

Sunday July 8<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday I went on board of the *Almira* and spent the afternoon and evening. I was very delightfully entertained in the evening by several of Capt<sup>n</sup> Smith's crew one of whom played the dulcimer and another the banjo, besides several who sang. They sang and played many beautiful songs, one of which was the "Singing Californian", I had heard it many times before, but never as I heard it then. The air was clear and pleasantly cool, the heavens were studded with stars and the dark groups sitting in a circle on the deck bathed in light by a ship's lantern, and sending their clear melodious voices for the still night air. The lone wanderer in his lonely hut on the wide plains of the golden land, arose before me as he dictated messages of love to his brother for the "dear ones at home", and the rich melody of three deep toned voices, as they sang these heart-rending words, melted me to tears. For two men wanderers from our home stead roofs, with not even the hope of a burial on shore, and at the mercy of old ocean's billows, this ~~to~~ added to the effect of the song, which we should not have felt as truly had we been listening to it in our own dear land. The moon had just commenced her journey through the firmament, as we were rowed back to the *Minerva* lighter. Today we saw land, we are now steering for Seattle Island for bunk places. Capt<sup>n</sup> Smith has been on board this evening. The two ships are going in together.

Monday July 9<sup>th</sup>

We arrived at Seattle Island this morning and anchored this afternoon. Capt<sup>n</sup> Butler of the *Harsh* was on board to dinner and Capt<sup>n</sup> Smith of the *Almira* and Capt<sup>n</sup> and Mrs Norton were here to tea. Mrs Norton will remain all night. Capt<sup>n</sup> Norton and Capt<sup>n</sup> Smith have gone to their respective ships. It is quite rough, the *Splendid* is anchored very near us.

Thursday July 12<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday I went on board the *Splendid* and have just returned, but only to hear the sad tidings of William Dennis's death. Almir's strong frame kindly turned the stroke. He died at Saratoga, November 27<sup>th</sup> 1859, and was an exemplary young man, he was only one year younger

# 1959 WARNING

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CH-1



# THE SPICE OF LIFE

## Superior Officer

An Army unit adopted a bulldog for a mascot. The dog was named Sergeant, and three stripes were duly sewn on his blanket. One day the pooch chewed up a stack of vitally important documents. "Why didn't you stop him?" roared the commanding officer. "I didn't dare," stammered the private, "he outranks me."

## Good Trick

Duane, age three years, watched his baby sister in great astonishment as she pulled herself up in a standing position for the first time. Then he rushed excitedly into the next room, calling, "Oh, Mother, come quick! Sister is standing on her hind legs."

## Another Language

An American soldier in Wales entered a large hotel. He noticed the "tambhab" written on the mat in his room.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I suppose that is Welsh for welcome?"

"No," said the bell-boy, "That's the bathmat upside down."

## Live Dangerously

A soldier was having refreshments at one of the army canteens when a chum came up.

"Hullo, Tom," he said, "What have you got there, tea or coffee?"

Tom shook his head sadly. "They didn't say," he replied.

## Penmanship Problem

A businessman, phoning an associate at home, was answered by a child. "Tell him Mr. Brown called," he said. "Wait till I get a pencil and paper," the child replied. Then, "How do you spell Brown?"

"B-R-O," the man began. Then there was a labored silence. Finally the diffcultly was explained.

"How," asked the child, "do you make a 'B'?"

## Woman's Privilege

"I've been thinking it over," said the husband, "and I've decided to agree with you."

"That won't do you any good," said his wife, "I've changed my mind."

## Heredity Factor

Father (to his son's teacher): "How is Bobby doing in his history? I was never any good at it."

Teacher: "History is repeating itself, sir."

## Sense of Security

In these days of uncertainty, the only thing you can count on is your fingers.

## Turkey, Anyone?

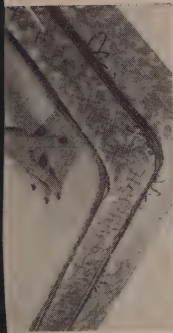
Nervous guest (asked to sit next to his hostess and opposite the goose):

"Am I to sit so close to the goose?" (Suddenly feeling this may be misunderstood) Eh—I mean the roast one."





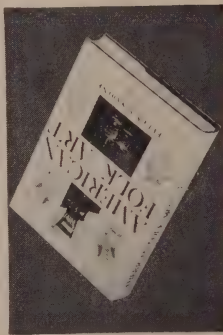
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**LONG, LIGHTWEIGHT, LOVELY.** Imported from Sweden, this multi-purpose tray is

than myself and the <sup>almost</sup> only playmate of my early childhood. I feel bitterly his death.  
& William couldn't then but have lived, for me to have & mounted a little, thy pathway  
to the grave.

Monday July 15<sup>th</sup>.

Within the last few days we have taken  
a quantity of wood from Bidart Island, this morning bringing the last-  
noticed to the ship. we now lay at anchor near Little Island. Four ships  
are in sight. I have not seen Thine's Spoken since Thursday. She often played  
and sang for me while I was on board <sup>the ship</sup> - brought back so many old and  
tender memories, that it seemed as though my heart would burst. I sat and  
cried like a baby, while Thine would put her arms around my neck and  
try to comfort me. Ah how that sweet voice reminded me of bygone days  
when a happy group would be assembled around the piano, I seemed to  
hear the voices of Sarah Frank and Emmie and <sup>the</sup> Charming Symphonies  
& Oboes. The dark massive beauty of Gilbert and the easy gracefulness  
of George Henry lent an electric charm to the inspiring tones. I saw the  
brilliant - gas lights suspended from the lofty ceiling illuminating my hidden  
recess with ~~the~~ dazzling glow. (The paintings on the walls, the massive  
mirrors, the dark rich carpets, which were so long passed ~~in~~ the soft  
footsteps of many feet. All was love, beauty, and happiness, those were  
happy happy hours alas! so happy, & I looked far in the distance to see  
them now, but knowing sweet memory will never let them leave me resting.  
For I love to think of them. What power on earth is more abundant  
than music, to recall the dearest associations. I have felt very sad  
and lonely since leaving Sue's Mother. I have thought - and grieved  
much for William. I have visited in imagination, the darling spots  
where we were wont to play in childhood, and have recalled many in-  
cidents of our lives. As he advanced to manhood and to womanhood  
After I became his father's wife William seemed changed. I scarcely know  
why but it grieved me much. I sometimes wished to ask him the  
cause, but never summoned resolution enough to do so. He continued so much  
my little change until I bade him farewell. I put my arms around his neck  
and kissed him. I was very much moved, but he, all <sup>the</sup> deep feelings of his  
English, seemed to melt up in one overflowing fountain. He gave me his last  
kiss. I never saw him again. I never lost as young a friend or one with  
I had been associated from my infancy, as I had with him. It seemed  
almost impossible to realize that he is gone. O Death, Death.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,  
And stars to ebb but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."



Monday July 23<sup>rd</sup>.

Since Monday last we have left-

Porto Rico and the humpbacks together with the other ships, none of us having caught any thing. We are cruising about Ronby's Shoals. Two ships were in sight today, one was the James Mearns, and I conclude that the other one must have been the Splendid. Mrs Norton and myself spent the evening on board of the James Mearns, a few evenings ago. I might as well say we spent the night, for it was nearly 2 A. M. when I awoke on board the Minerva. I left my wife and child and Mr Reid. Mrs Norton was on board Saturday spending the afternoon and evening. Her little Charlie was with her. The carpenter is getting along very fast with my house, and anticipate much future pleasure to be taken therein. I have had a great deal of sewing to do lately, and have not finished half of it. I spent the whole of last evening on deck. It was so beautiful. The air was soft and soothing, and the moon's pale light, clothed every object in the garb of romance and love. I have known such nights. It seems as though I were tired of gazing on nature in this calm silver light, in the subdued and shadowy glory of her midnight-realm.

Tuesday July 24<sup>th</sup>.

Went on board the Splendid and took tea, spent the evening likewise. I only slept peacefully all the evening until we came away. I hardly expect to see Miss Norton again this voyage, for indeed now it seems a sad and lonely thought, for we have learned to love and appreciate each other so much. That it seemed hard to part with her. She is a most lovely woman, so artless and winning, that we cannot help loving her.

Wednesday July 25<sup>th</sup>.

Capt. Smith, the Streak sent to afternoon and evening on board the Minerva. Capt. Smith was in excellent spirits. His second officer, Mr Rempten from Martha's Vineyard came with him.

Thursday July 26<sup>th</sup>.

Today I have been very busy, and felt rather tired. It does not feel very brilliant tonight. I am dissatisfied and weary. The moon and stars look sadly upon me tonight - every thing wears a haze of melancholy. Sometimes it feels thus.

but I am always to feel happy. My poor heart has longed to see some day,  
Every one is so kind. I am so grateful to them. But early memories will soon leave  
me. then I think of William being brought to the aid in the old graveyard, while  
I could not even comfort his dying father. What I might have done even that,  
for childhood's friends sake.

Thursday Aug<sup>1</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>.

Yesterday we spoke the James Maury. I  
went on board and spent the day. had a very pleasant time. Jerry played with Charlie  
all day. and was very much amused with everything that he saw. They had two creakets  
on board. I made a headbush of wool and the ribbon for my hair. We came on board  
early in the evening. the day back to the Maury was a most pleasant. under  
the delightful names of the full moon. I finished my sick diet for the winter.  
the evening. and today I took down my hair and put it into my hair. it was  
nicely. we are having quite a strong breeze. tonight saw a comrad cliff humpback.  
We are now bound for Turtle Island again in company with the James Maury.  
I almost begin to despair of getting or having caught one thousand Hb's when  
we shall have been two years from home. But the Lord can accomplish  
great things, if he so wills. and aids us. but a few days would witness  
the confirmation of our hopes and desires.

Friday Aug<sup>1</sup> 6<sup>th</sup>.

Sunday Morning we arrived  
back to Turtle Island. The Navigator lies at anchor here. the James  
Maury came visit us. she has not anchored but is cruising about  
as we are. Sunday Capt. Fisher of the Navigator took dinner with  
us. After tea we struck a whale. and took him alongside before  
10 P.M. Monday we took another whale. today the boats have been chasing  
them but to no purpose. so far so good. My house is finished, and  
I consider it quite a palace. inasmuch as I have a nice clean  
place to sit in on deck and see everything that is going on. Here  
I can have my books and brook and make myself very comfortable.  
The James Maury has taken no whales yet I think. I hope she will before  
long. for I know that it must be very aggravating to see one ship catch  
more whales. while our own company are unable to do so.

Sunday Aug<sup>1</sup> 11<sup>th</sup>.

I went on board. the  
James Maury last week. they have left Turtle Island for New York. the  
Navigator has departed also. and the "Clematis". Capt. Waters.  
is all the ships about here besides our own good larger Capt. Waters.



has made the circumference of Austrataia, but only caught one humpback which made him thirty Hbl. It seems almost impossible to get near enough to strike the whales in here, and we begin to be discouraged. Yet the Mighty Ruler of the Universe can perform that which us poor mortals cannot force. Therefore we must wait the result of his mighty Will. Capt. Vaters of the Climatic was on board yesterday. Anne has gone on board of her this evening. Long is asleep in bed while I sit alone in my cabin writing.

Wednesday Aug<sup>st</sup> 15<sup>th</sup>.

Monday afternoon I went on board the Climatic spending the afternoon and part of the evening. Capt. Vaters' crew were mostly Portuguese and in the evening they amused me very much, dancing to the music of a violin. While another of their company was very energetically keeping time with a tambourine. They seemed to be very happy. I had a very nice time. Yesterday I had a corn toothache all day, and today intend to have them extracted. I feel much better now. This morning the last boat went on shore for timber and wood. Mr. Cooks came off late tonight - with five turtles, but Mr. Reed has not yet returned. The Climatic's boat killed a whale today, and were towing him to the ship tonight - which lies at anchor a short distance from Bidart Island. I suppose that we shall learn as soon as Mr. Reed and his crew are safe on board ship. I think we shall touch Rodriguez and Mauritius, perhaps Bourbon also, where we shall probably find letters. Home seems a long way off, and since William's death, a shadowy recollection, and I cannot dispel its gloom. I have commenced the "Life of Oliver Cromwell" and took my first lesson in German yesterday. Our Carpenter reads and speaks it - and he is besides a well educated man, and I intend having him teach me until I can read it properly.

Thursday Aug<sup>st</sup> 16<sup>th</sup>.

This morning the last boat went on shore for wood, and Mr. Reed with his boat's crew returned this forenoon. It seems that the tide left them on their boat high and dry among the rocks, and they were obliged to build a fire and roasted some scalloped oysters for their supper. They dug a hole in the sand and buried themselves to keep warm. They brought on board turtles, cray-fish, and scalloped oysters. Mr. Reed brought me a few shells, all we could find for they are not very plentiful. The season is up

as the saying is, or at least with us, for Mr. Reed and crew left Toad Island in the distance, but we are leaving Bushacking, all the other perhaps never to return. I had another or two in the same today and feel quite encouraged for I already begin to perceive it very well.

Friday Aug<sup>th</sup> 24<sup>th</sup>.

Longitude 110.57. Lat 17.05. A strong wind sprang up on the air is warm and pleasant. I wrote in German every afternoon unless some one is on board. Capt. Fisher of the Stargator was on board Wednesday. It is not ~~not~~ <sup>possible</sup> that we shall see him again this voyage for our courses lie in different directions, but it is very pleasant to meet with a nice, agreeable Captain once in a while. I have been thinking of him today. How much I wish to hear from them. Tonight I felt very badly and cried, for Mr. Cook and the Cooper have behaved very unpleasantly towards me whenever they see me talking with Mr. Reed, they laugh behind themselves and try to make sport of it with the crew, but I do not think that they succeed very well in that quarter, for the crew stand in fear of Mr. Reed too much to offer him any assistance, for some of them have found to their sorrow that he is not to be trifled with. But Mr. Cook and the Cooper are very jealous men, and they are envious of Mr. Reed for they think that he stands in a more honorable position with the Captain and myself, and well he might for he is a perfect gentleman. I wish that there were many more such high principled men.

Sunday Aug<sup>th</sup> 26<sup>th</sup>.

I have passed the day very quietly reading. This forenoon I read two chapters in the Bible as I do every Sunday morning and two more in the evening. I always read two chapters every morning during the week also. This afternoon I read the London Missionary Standard, conversed with Mr. Reed and played with my. After tea I went on deck to enjoy the cool breeze, as I sat on deck I watched the golden day god descend below the mass of masts in truly more than regal splendor, the ship was pointed directly towards the setting sun, fast on her course to the island of Rodriguez, after sunset I talked with Mr. Reed and Mr. Cook, the moon is very brilliant tonight, and we are sailing as fast as a fine breeze will aid us, going before the wind makes the ship roll very badly at times for Mr. Cook is unskilled, and when a stretching sail is added to increase the speed, three hundred and fifteen miles in two days is not very slow sailing for the old Minerva. My mother has probably heard many a heavy sea and hurricane, and been much rough usage, during the long period she has roamed old ocean's billows. Yet she still stands well to the mast and has carried us safely through many a stormy sea. God speed her safe to port.



Friday Aug<sup>st</sup> 31<sup>st</sup>.

This morning Spencer saw a large whale which I hoped might be a sperm whale, but we saw nothing more of him, and after having manoeuvred about in search of him all the forenoon we finally proceeded on our course. until this afternoon Brown sang out, "There she blows," and we steered for that, but it proved to be a finback, and came very near the ship. As near that Abner rushed into the cabin for his gun to shoot him but did not. Abner thinks that we shall reach Rodriguez by the 14<sup>th</sup> of September. I hope that we may find Mr and Mrs Mueller there still, for they made their home very delightful to me while I stayed there last Autumn. Dory is two years old today and weighs twenty-nine pounds. I am very busy arranging Dory's apparel for presentation in port, but continue my German instruction. I have recited as far as the eighteenth lesson, and I think that I progress very nicely. I find my teacher very agreeable and pleasant and willing to instruct me.

Sunday Sept. 9<sup>th</sup>.

Rodrigue is in sight tonight and we have shortened sail in order to avoid the reef, which projects out a long distance from land and not safe for ships on a dark night. I long to see my old friends once more. I do not feel much tonight a pain in my right shoulder and back hurls me to breathe and my head feels as though it could administer a beautiful idea in others, but could brack of none itself.

Monday Sept. 10<sup>th</sup>.

Today we came in sight of the town which the colors and smoke announced from the shore, they hoisting the English flag, but it being too late for the pilot to come off we were obliged to lie off and on all night.

Tuesday Sept. 11<sup>th</sup>.

Early in the middle of life we are in death, for what more startling news could have reached my ears than the death of my dear friend Alice Mueller. The pilot brought the news Abner felt so badly and so much astounded at the sad intelligence, that he thought of dismissing the pilot and leaving Rodrigue for Maurice's instruction and anchoring, but the pilot took the ship in, and she was anchored, the pilot went his crew went on shore immediately, as he said the Governor wished him to come back immediately and inform him

What ship it was. The boat had hardly touched the shore when the governor ascending immediately that it was the Minerva. By the orders it off again, jumped in himself and had soon on board ship. I think he was very glad to see us. I could not speak to him when he came into the cabin. My feelings choked my utterance. He urged us very much to go on shore immediately. He mentioned my slight the death of Alice. Truly as a matter of ceremony and remembrance for I had been missing very much, and I could not trust myself with many words of condolence. Mr. Stone arranged everything and came on shore arriving on shore where he took Dory and Mr. <sup>Mr.</sup> ~~me~~ <sup>me</sup> - offering his arm to me. We proceeded to the deserted mansion, so long his happy home, while the men followed with the baggage. Mr. Medditer had added a mandate to his doathing, and we were received by the old nurse of Alice's. but oh! can I, can I describe my feelings, as I entered that deserted house. I walked through the rooms now so quiet and lonely, but that fond familiar face that so often welcomed us with its endearing smile. Was not there. I went into the room that was always mine. whenever I stayed here, and leaning on the door-sill thus I went in to the Salle à manger or dining hall and took a glass of port - with Mr. Medditer and Abner, in which Mr. Medditer doated our welcome to Rodriguez. The gentleman soon took a walk while I changed my travelling dress, and they returning dinner was served after which the gentleman walked out - again, at Abner's suggestion, and I was left alone, in this silent mansion. William and Mary were staying with Mrs. Brille. William was sick and could not come to see me, but cried very bitterly in consequence. Little Mary came rushing into my arms, and she has hardly left my side since. the little girl is so gentle, so sweet, and looked so lonely. I commenced a silk net for her hair this afternoon, and while I was sitting quietly at my work, I would imagine that Alice was in her room, or had just-gone out, I could not realize that - she was gone never to return. I would then try to recall her voice. I took her manner. I could do it - so well, for every feature every play of her countenance was engrained on Memory's tablet, and yet she is gone, gone, alas! it is too true. It is so lonely without her enlivening presence, and yet it grieves me more when I think that not more than three weeks ago, she was living although sick and confined to her bed. Mr. Medditer said that she had been sitting for a long time, and gradually failing day by day, until her last hour came, she had an idea that she should die in September, but alas! she died before the Autumn Month commenced. She always had an idea that I should come to see her once more, but I was three weeks too late! I feel as though I had lost a dear sister, Abner cannot bear her name mentioned without shedding tears, a Alice if I could only tell thee how I feel thy loss!



Wednesday, Sept. 12<sup>th</sup>.

Today I called on Rosa, Mrs. Bonville and Monsieur Raffaut and lady. Mr. Meisler accompanying me, also visited the cemetery, in which was interred the mortal remains of dear Alice. I felt very badly there. I could not control myself at all. Mr. Meisler is a strong minded man, and one who can control his feelings, but his great heart melted and bowed in the deepest humility at the grave of his Alice. He took me away from the grave, and we walked among the tombstones and came to the grave of a little child to whom Mrs. Meisler had been god-mother. I had visited his little grave in company with her when I was here last Autumn, and she had knelt and prayed there. She loved the little fellow dearly in life, and in death she came and knelt by his grave. Alas! how little we dreamed that in one short year I should return to that very spot, to creep by her own grave.

Thursday, Sept. 13<sup>th</sup>.

Rosa spent nearly the whole day with me and after supper in the afternoon we called at Mr. Braneon's from thence we proceeded to call on Mrs. Calomel, but Rosa declined calling there and returned home. Mr. Meisler and myself with the children called at Calomel's from thence to Mr. Bonelli's, thus I missed Alice more than ever, for there we were accustomed to meet every evening to sing, play and dance of which Mrs. Meisler was very fond. Mr. Bonnelly unfortunately happened to be out, and not one in the room could refrain from tears, from thence we returned home. Mrs. Bonville accompanying us, to dinner and had just departed.

Friday, Sept. 14<sup>th</sup>.

Today Abner had been very busy out and ship, and Mr. Meisler had his books sent down and did his writing at the house, thinking that he would not leave me entirely alone, and coming over to take a walk on the beach and meet Abner, who was very tired however he and Mr. Meisler have been down to Mrs. Bonville's this evening to attend to some business. And have just returned telling stories, &c. &c.

Saturday, Sept. 16<sup>th</sup>.

This morning Mr. And was on ship. Rosa came for me to attend Chapel, and Mr. And accompanied us. The chapel is fitted up very nicely with drawings, representations, the various scenes through which our Saviour passed, while the pews in front were covered with mosses, and above and around the altar were mosses, & vases of artificial flowers. on one side was an image of the Virgin and her Child, while on the altar was a cross with an image of Christ nailed to

2. The whole ceremony was nothing but mummering, dancing and crossing themselves, kneeling standing, and crossing themselves with holy water. - was heartily glad when it was over. This afternoon we went over to Oyster Bay.

Tuesday Sept 18<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday morning we started for another part of the island several miles distant to see the cavern. It was nearly night when we arrived, and the men were employed until sundown arranging for our comfort during the night. After dining (which we did in the open air aided by the light of a lantern) we spent the greater part of the evening or night in playing singing and talking. This morning it rained a great deal, but it did not deter us from going to the cavern, although the grass was very wet, and occasionally squalls of rain would pour upon us, but we rather laughed at instead feeling discomforted at that, although we were sad looking mortals when we arrived at the cave. There were three of them (into their grand and noble domes and arches, from which were suspended thousands of stalactites of all imaginable shapes. Into crystal drops of water at the lower part of stalactites, which congregate and form another point from which another drop issues and so on until the stalactites are sometimes very long. On some cases the water had dropped on the earth forming stalagmites upwards, which after a long time united with the stalactites above, forming one immense pillar of crystal. We carried torches as it was impossible to see our pathway through these immense dark halls without them. Often we could find tortoise shells in perfect preservation, in one cavern a tree had taken root in the ground and forced its way through the top of the cavern. How wonderful are thy works O Lord and greatly to be praised! Truly these were the most magnificent works of nature that I ever beheld, except the boundless and sublime grandeur of old ocean.

On returning from the cavern, we followed the river with its many windings and turnings. Sometimes resting (under the palm tree's shade sometimes under the <sup>traveling</sup> ~~hills~~ <sup>hills</sup> shade. While orange trees were scattered here and there in wild luxuriance and tropical verdure. After a tortuous journey under the burning sun, we arrived back to the camp, very much fatigued. I went into the tent - changed my clothes and lay down to rest. Rosa and Mrs Bonelle went to bathe. After resting very much I arose arranged my toilette, which was in a very shabby condition when I returned from the cave. My dress having received several bad cuts, and my whole person and clothing in a state that nearly resembled mud, however I had a clean suit in readiness, which I now donned. It consisted of a white waist and blue muslin skirt. While I was dressing I could hear the gentlemen and ladies outside, disputing whether they should land



my offer in to me or let me remain undisturbed. Which discussion I soon settled by raising the curtains of the tent, and mingling into the crowd. I was greeted by a warm burst of applause. After coffee and dinner I stood under an awning near the tent. We prepared for our departure by gathering together our effects, and bidding adieu to the good men of the station. We entered our boats and sailed into a fair wind for home it being nearly dark when we arrived. I felt quite weary tonight and my face burned sadly. David is sitting by me reading. About 8 PM the insects have gone down to see Mr Bonelli.

Saturday Sep<sup>r</sup> 22<sup>d</sup>

Today we weighed anchor I bade adieu to Rosa. who came to see me this morning. and afterwards Mr Meaditer accompanied me to Mr Bonelli's. who presented me with tokens of friendship and with streaming eyes bade me adieu. I felt very badly at parting with them. as they have been my kind friends. whenever I enter their hospitable home I am always reminded of Alice. who always went with me, and was the life and music of the house. but now I was leaving her grave. We stopped at Mr Lealoni's, as Mr Meaditer said that it would not require much more for me to part with them. for they were not of that hearty social disposition to make one regret parting with them. Mrs Lealoni was handsome in her palmy days, and traces of beauty still remain. she seemed to be well aware of the fact. alas. Consequently Mr Meaditer with a mischievous glance at me complimented her on her fine eyes. While she with becoming modesty, and apparently well pleased dropped her dark heavy eyelashes on her cheek. which tried to blush but very faintly. After dinner, which was a very sad one, as we all felt very badly at the thought of leaving our dear kind friends, and Mr Meaditer in particular who said that he should be so lonely when we were gone. He took us off to the ship in his own boat, and bid us a sad farewell. Tonight we have had some difficulty with Antonio the Portuguese, he had torn the Captain's coat very badly. The Capt<sup>n</sup> ordered Mr Marks to put him in irons. whereupon he ran down into the forecabin brand a knife, and threatened to kill whomsoever came down for him. no one thought best to trouble for in his passion he would probably have kept his word. The Capt<sup>n</sup> has given Mr Marks the order to be near the island in the morning the reason of which remains to be disclosed. Moonlight rests calm and sadly on her mountains. and on the grave of Alice. & Alice then always thought that I would come again: but Death could not spare thee for a

few short weeks. that their Majesties have died in my arms. yet they always thought and talked of me, and said that "Lizzie would come again." alas she did come, but only to visit - thy lonely grave.

Sunday Sept 28<sup>th</sup>

This morning Abner and the officers thinking it unsafe for the Frenchman to remain on board ship, had him placed in a boat with handcuffs on, the island being but a short distance off, and Abner entering the boat, the third officer Mr. Lybia stered him to the shore. in the afternoon after having left the man on shore Abner came off with Mr. Mositer in his boat, leaving the other one to follow. I was glad to see Mr. Mositer once more, even though the time would be very short. Consequently after arranging all our affairs, he once more took his departure. Abner and I watched him from the cabin window, and saw him look back several times at the ship. We both felt very badly for perhaps we have seen him for the last time. He seemed to be so much alone in that island of mountains so lone and retired from all society which he so much enjoyed. God bless him. May he be happy. My dear and noble friend.

Thursday Sept 27<sup>th</sup>

My birthday! Last fleeting year where have ye flown? and I am twenty two. Ah Wiser Time, thou art hoarding my precious youthful years, and committing them to the well-filled volumes of the past, to be referred to by me, when visions of the green hills of my childhood's home are true to me on Memory's Zephyrs. Dost ~~not~~ <sup>feel</sup> no regret - thou unflinching Monarch, who hast so long ruled the ages, and who haunth in those ponderous tomes, the world's history? dost feel regret, ask the eagle upon yonder summit - if he feels regret when he has clutched his prey, dost the faint stringing wrappings of that little heart - awaken no sympathy? ask Fame if she would part with one atom of her glory and her honors, for a single sigh, ask old ocean, if he feels no grief when he hears the groanings of those broken hearts gone down to watery abodes, and coral tombs. It is the voice of nature and the law of God. the breezes of the sweet woodlands echo it - the melody of the gushing rills, and the sweet songs of birds, and unto these quite yet Sabine voices, ever in our ears, time will glide swiftly and secretly away, occasionally we will feel a pang, a memory, a shadow from the past - it will pass away, and leave a deeper holier feeling, with which to contemplate the glorious present, and the divine mystic values of the future. Farewell dear Past! Farewell! many a sigh has hidden in the recesses of thy sacred pages yet thou wilt not care, but all - what once was life, now only the Past - dear Past adieu.



Namiet's. Saturday Sep: 29<sup>th</sup>

We now lay at anchor off <sup>the</sup> beautiful Isle of France or I should say the town of Port Louis, situated at the base of several high mountains. the highest - on the island. one of which named Peter Bitt Mountain appeared like a huge cone, with an immense stone pyramid on its pointed summit. I cannot describe my feelings as we viewed this beautiful island this afternoon, when the hills began to assume a verdant aspect, and the beautiful shores lined with trees of the deepest green foliage began to appear as if suddenly clothed with life and freshness. O beautiful, lovely Isle of France! Purshes Lucien of the Indian Trade then asked me to loan him whether he could or not. for then without hesitating I leant against the side of the vessel and tried to satiate my greedy eyes with its loveliness. I viewed over all the mountains in my fancy's flight I noted in valleys 'neath the orange the palm and the date tree, here Alice Misset's nice lands, here she was married, and bore her children. and from these happy shores she told a mournful farewell from. How well I could picture every scene for me and me again, had she rehearsed to me the checkered scenes of her life. the most fruitful and interesting ones being laid here. Here her sister and her sister's husband <sup>lived</sup> and here slept her little Charles may they rest in peace (rejoice in peace) but she slept in lovely Rodriguez where her husband Edward Mound in silence laid early to rest. I never have met with a family that interested me more than theirs and to whom I felt drawn by such endearing ties.

Capt: Baker of the John A. Ross is very sick here, as Capt: Leakeman informed us. The Eagle Capt: McTully lies at anchor not far from the Minna Smyth. The Health Officer or Doctor did not come off tonight - consequently no one is allowed to come on board, and we are not allowed of course to go on shore. I presume he will be off in the morning. Capt: Leakeman did not come on board but remained a respectable distance off in his boat. the law allows two hundred yards distance between a ship and boat communicating with each other. where the ship has not been visited by the Doctor but Capt: Leakeman was considerably motion bound. sometimes lying nearly along side the ship. How delighted I shall be to get an letter as a boat is going to bring them off when the Doctor comes. I can scarcely rest quiet at the thought of hearing from home. nearly two long years without one word telling except what the newspapers told us, which was sad. Oh so sad for it is dear

Monday, Sept. 24<sup>th</sup>

This morning Mr Ackley brought me letters from home after the Doctor had visited us. He such sad news as we received. Several old people had died since we left home, and among them Uncle Humphrey. My dear old Schoonmaker Mary Harris is gone too. When I left her but a few months ago she came away she appeared so well and happy. My dear Sister too is not well what calamity it is that always persecutes the family and nest, and Brulee darling Brulee, wrote me so kindly, so affectionately, that it pains me. We came on shore about 12 A.M. and drove to Mr Ackley's, which is in fact a Bachelor's Hall. Between Mr Ogden, Mr Ackley and Capt. Baker stand with them. We took coffee there, and then Capt. <sup>Hendall</sup> ~~Hendall~~ <sup>came</sup> with his carriage, and took us up here, which is a very pleasant place. The view of the mountains, Mr Perkins, Capt. ~~Hendall~~ <sup>Hendall</sup> is a very fine man as is also Capt. Morghy. I like both of them very much. Mrs Windsor and husband are staying here, also.

Monday Oct. 1<sup>st</sup>

I have been writing letters home all day, it is a necessary duty that I owe friends at home. Just before dinner Capt. & Mr Windsor returned, also Abner with Hudette & Perkins. Capt. Mc Keeley, Capt. Thomas, which made quite a party. Abner brought me a letter from Cousin Sarah Frank. The little darling had written me a nice long letter, and if I could only tell her how very grateful I feel for it, she would be repaid for writing. I think, one also from Emily, Elizabeth and another from Brulee. Truly my friends think of me still for they do not neglect to write me, one I received from my dear Sarah too, and her precious Autotype with it, which is the only one that I have received from home, to my great disappointment. - We strolled up the hill-side a short time before dinner. When we saw a most interesting view of Port Louis and its environs so thickly studded with trees, that it looked like a beautiful garden. The waters of the harbor freighted with a hundred ships, were lit up with the glow of departing day, just sinking behind the mountains.

This evening several of the gentlemen have been playing cards. Capt. Thomas finding an easy position on the table, declined himself very quickly into the arms of Mr Phelps. Mr Windsor excused himself for the evening under plea of indisposition. Mr Perkins and myself though some unaccountable accident found ourselves sitting on the front piazza talking, sometimes, sometimes silent, generally upon books and authors, occasionally if one were silent it was perfectly understood. The gentlemen having if in



ished these cards. Mr. Retros.

Tuesday, Oct<sup>r</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>.

This morning Capt<sup>n</sup> McTully drove up to the "Hall" according to agreement - to accompany me shopping. I was soon ready, and we whisked away down town very rapidly. I made Capt<sup>n</sup> McTully take charge of the reins. Consequently I had no trouble with the English Currier. - Was warm and tired when we arrived back at the Hall, and glad to have a little tiffin. Capt<sup>n</sup> McTully soon took his leave, and I had not had time to change my dress before Mr Perkins rode up, and announced his intention of riding out to Mr Fairfield's U. S. Consul, to spend the night, he said that - nothing but business would have taken him away. Mr. Birnie quite alone this evening with Captains Nordtette, Swinto & Windsor. Remained with us. I got up early, under plea of a headache, but no time to write home.

Wednesday Oct<sup>r</sup> 3<sup>d</sup>.

This morning Mrs. Windsor & I set

off. Drove down town purchased a few things and returned in time to meet David and Mr. Ackley who came to drive us to Mr. Fairfield. I was soon dressed and ready, and we glided away through the town with its busy life, beyond the town, into its beautiful scenery, through immense fields of sugar cane, on either side of the road, occasionally hedges of American alder or the Century plant would be flanking by the roadsides, graceful cypress trees scattered here and there while in the distance curled the smoke from the sugar houses. We passed beautiful Country seats, nestled among the trees, which nearly hid them from view, until we entered the beautiful grounds of Mr. Fairfield. After remaining there a short time, Mr. Fairfield accompanied us to the Botanical Gardens, here Mr. Birnie ushered into a new atmosphere of beauty, grandeur and orderliness. Lushly shaded by the beautiful palm trees, with dark green cinnamom trees interspersed here and there. Nothing, above, but here grows in their native soil. Soft green islands in the bosom of transparent - lakes, around with cypress trees, their branches drooping to the water's edge, and reflected in its shining surface, a picture of romance, and yet it was all sublime reality. From the Gardens we visited the tomb of Pocahontas in Virginia, a small stream flows between them, and they are surrounded by the densest tropical verdure. The monuments are built of brick and plastered with a kind of lime or mortar. A great part of

The upper sides had been dug away, probably for specimens. I also took some from each tomb. I would have liked to have remained longer but the time was going down, so we went back to Mr Fairfield's took some slight collection of bread and wine, bananas &c. and were going to the carriage when Mrs Fairfield's carriage drove up to the avenue. We had but a short time to speak with him. So bidding them a hasty adieu, we sped homeward as fast as possible. the ride back to Port Louis was beautiful. Many of the "elite" of the town were driving out at this hour. We had many fine views of Peter Bott Mountain on our way home. where we found they had been waiting dinner for us half an hour. There was not here where we arrived, nor did here time wait. very late in the evening. Cap<sup>n</sup> Mcully accompanying him. Cap<sup>n</sup> Mcully and stays here also tonight - like wine David.

Thursday Oct<sup>r</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>

The Perkins had been sick at the Hall all day. I had a nice long nap, arise, dressed, had some coffee, then a carriage drove up, the driver handed in a note addressed to me. written by Mr Ackly, who had offered the day before to take me to the cemetery, and an Arab mosque, and had now sent his carriage for the purpose. Mrs Wenden went with me. we drove to the office. where Mr Ackly, who gave orders to drive to the cemetery. It was, beautifully shaded with cypress trees, through whose branches the wind moaned so sadly, this alone made me feel solemn. Many of the tombs had much gaudy trimmings. Emblem of the Romish Church which looked very foolish. while some had vases of lovely flowers, fresh from their native soil, around many of the tombs sweet flowers were planted and blooming in beautiful luxuriance. The monuments looked cold and stately, and seemed to be devoid of that depth of feeling, and high toned character which marks the monuments in Mount Auburn. This cemetery was full. little graves crowd close together. showed that Death had not spared the laziest, but had gathered them early to the God Shepherd fold. There were one or two cemeteries outside of this one, but it commenced to rain, and my strength beginning to fail we returned to the carriage after having visited the grave of Samuel Merrill, the American Missionary and Mr Farnum's, the blind American, whom every one respected and loved. Head letter and Perkins, intended sending home his remains to America. where his wife and child have gone, after he had lain in the cemetery eighteen months. No one is allowed here to remove their friends until after they have lain in the dust the length of time. The rain preventing us from visiting the Mosque we drove to Mr Ackly's Hall and took dinner with Cap<sup>n</sup> Baker who seemed delighted to see us, and returned home in



the morning to find my little *Log* running about, as happy, as possible  
Friday Oct. 8<sup>th</sup>

On board *Ship Miranda* Sunday the once more  
The beautiful Isle of France is behind us. its shores begin to  
look dim and misty, and into this fine haze, we shall soon be  
out of sight from land. I always dislike the first few days after leav-  
ing port. There is always so much confusion, so much packing and  
stowing away of things, which will not be wanted until we get on  
shore again. I am always glad to get into the old routine once  
more.

Thursday Oct. 11<sup>th</sup>

Nearly all my things are once  
more nicely put away, and I am beginning to enjoy myself as of old.  
Write my work in the morning. My book and writing in the afternoon  
and evening. After tea is the time that I claim to myself as that  
part of the day or meeting of day and night - when I write, read and  
see, but sit on deck in my chair, wishing that no one would notice my  
abstraction nor speak to me, then I feel very unsocial (but, my work, my  
other person) except with myself. Then I enjoy the roar of old ocean, and  
love to watch the waves, as they come magnificently against the ship, and  
then recede from it as fast as possible in disgust and foam. beautiful  
from, into the purest of light - emerald green underneath seen through the trans-  
parent whiteness. Ah yes! and I love to watch the clouds, they are so varied  
as we change from one latitude to another, and the sunsets! these glorious  
Indian sunsets. A matter of fact persons might say, they were as beautiful  
in other parts of the world. I have not been through all parts of the  
world, but I have been in many different climates, and none among  
them all have I seen such brilliant <sup>sunsets</sup> ~~climates~~ as in the Indian Ocean. I am  
reading *A Leap for a Leap* by the author of *John Hall's* etc. now I wonder  
who the author of *John Hall's* is? I am very much interested to know  
for this book is beautiful, not particularly <sup>beautiful</sup> either, but so so strong, so  
pleasant & so interesting to read. It comes up all one's thoughts, sets one  
to thinking, and makes us wonder why we never valued our thoughts  
more, at least so it is with me, perhaps like I am I am different  
from every one. But this book is written so naturally, nothing unusual  
but life like. I like it very much, and would like to know more  
of the author. I wish it might be a law for authors and authoresses  
to put their names in every book they write. It would do much.

qualify my humble self.

Friday Oct<sup>r</sup> 12<sup>th</sup>

I am more and more interested in "Adieu for a Life". it is very life-like. A strong wind has been blowing in this quarter of the world all day. Rodrigue is in sight, and tonight the schooner which has been staying at Rodrigue several weeks is on his way to Mauritius. - Wondered if little William and Mary Middleton were on board, as their father thought of sending them to Mauritius to be educated, he must be very lonely when they are gone. - Intended commencing my German again today, but Abner did not feel very well this afternoon and wished me to stay, then write him, and keep him company. His request gave me much pleasure, and I was glad to give up German reading and writing things to his enjoyment.

Sunday Oct<sup>r</sup> 16<sup>th</sup>

Saturday evening Capt<sup>n</sup> Downe

of the Mercury and Capt<sup>n</sup> Butler of the Sarah spent the evening on board the Minerva. Sunday evening Capt<sup>n</sup> Perkins was on board to tea. I was delighted to see him. I think that he is a very fine man, and we enjoyed his society very much, for it was very pleasant. And I was very sorry when he left us. - I hope if God wills, we may see him again before leaving this ground. I took a bad cold yesterday, and today have felt quite unwell. It is very rough, and cold. Several ships are in sight. - So German today. I am sadly in arrears, but I felt too sick to study, and read "Dicks of Prussia" by Mary Jane Peay, a nice little book, and instructive also. After tea I partly learned a German service, but it was so odd in my house, that I gave it up and came below, now it is quiet. Dory is asleep in bed. Abner lies on the sofa reading. I am at the table writing. Intend to commence reading French soon, as well as studying German, for there several that speak French on board ships, as well as Germans.

The water swam with white pines, and the air with birds, whose chirping, which sometimes amounts to something much shriller, is really pleasant to hear. The fire called "alliance" are very nice for the taste, I feel too dull and weak for the slightest exertion, a very little of which suffices me with perspiration. It seems much easier to let my pen slide along of itself than to make much trouble to guide it. If any thing is the matter with my head I am completely used up, but if my head is clear, no matter how badly I may otherwise feel, it does not much trouble me, for then I can read and study in spite of every thing.



Thursday Oct. 28<sup>th</sup> 1860.

I spend a long time since I wrote in my journal, for we have spoken several ships since then and the Captains of them generally stay so late when they visit us, that I am glad to return as soon as they are gone. Some of them I like to have remain as long as they like, and others that I do not wish to see I am glad to get rid of, for some of them are such boys that it is sometimes really painful to sit in their company long at a time. I am happy to find but very few of the latter class however. I am progressing finely in German and have read several pages in the "Vie de Washington" in French, and am very much interested. I take a lesson in German every day and read French also. With the exception of today when the carpenter was too busy to hear my German. Last night Mr. Reid caught a sperm whale, and today they cut him in. It is very pleasant birds and fishes still keep us company. I have commenced to read Plutarch's Lives, which I am sorry to say ~~that~~ I have not read before.

Saturday Oct. 27<sup>th</sup>.

I wrote a letter to Lucie Norton

Today, Capt. Smith and Capt. Stearns came on board here last evening, and Capt. Smith thought that he should go to Massachusetts in a few days, and would take it for me. I shall write to friends at home if I have time and nothing happens. Capt. Butler had been on board this morning, and brought me a number of Coccamuts, and when he went back to his ship sent me a quantity of yams by Mr. Marks, gave Mr. Marks a quantity of Coccamuts, and some for the crew forward.

Sunday Oct. 28<sup>th</sup>.

It is Sabbath afternoon. I have read the Bible through, and commenced it again. I am now sitting in my house, enjoying this beautiful weather. The ocean surrounds white fields, and the air with birds. The poor little flying fish seem to be persecuted beyond endurance. They fly as long as possible pursued by the birds, and when they do drop into the water at last the albacore swallow them instantly. The steward showed me a bill fish the other day which he had taken from an albacore whale. It was a foot long and its bill which was like a bird's although much longer was three inches long. Mr. Reid told me that the albacore catch these and swallow them whole. These albacore are very nice, every one is very fond of them, and the steward makes excellent chowders with them. Rodriguez is nearly, how much I would like to go on shore today and see Mr. Mesitis. I have heard since Mr. Left that he

was not very well. May I'd good time life and death for the sake of his mother's child  
Am. They finished boiling out the whale yesterday, he made thirty nine barrels. I'd they think  
that he will not slow down but thirty five. Then started eight balls, and now all hands  
are called it being four o'clock to strip and make off the deck. Several whales are  
in sight, and every one is accordingly anxious to be whaled. I got the gun myself  
I am as ready as the rest.

Monday Oct 25<sup>th</sup> H. H. Smith

Capt. Smith and Capt. Butler have been  
on board. I sent Mrs Norton's letter by Capt. Smith, to Mauritius, whither he  
is going, and it will probably reach her in the island of Colaba in April. I hope  
that she will be pleased to hear from me, as I should be from her. Capt. Smith leaves the ground  
tomorrow for Mauritius. Several ships have left already, and a few more think of doing so  
soon. I feel very lonely, having kept my late hours for several nights passed.

Tuesday Nov<sup>th</sup> 6<sup>th</sup>

I have written letters to Mother Smith  
and Brother Val, hoping to see the America to send them to  
Mauritius by her, but we have not seen her at all, and suppose she  
must have gone to leeward. Capt. Butler has been on board several times.  
This afternoon the Sarah is out of sight, and look out at Matthew's  
raised whaled. The boats have been off all the afternoon, but have  
returned late tonight despairing and almost discouraged, all these  
unfortunate require much firmness and patience. Alas feels it more  
than any one I think, for upon him will be the dishonor if we  
go home with a poor voyage. I comfort him as much as I can  
but it is not for profit, but for glory he is striving, and a good name.  
The weather is beautiful, calm and bright with sunshine's smiles,  
the air warm and balmy. The island of Rodriguez looked like a  
dark blue cloud in the distance at sundown. It had been in sight  
every day, I would like to land once more on its peaceful shores.

Thursday Nov<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday afternoon we took a sperm  
whale alongside, and this morning several more whales came in sight  
the boats were lowered and chased them a long time until they could  
see them no longer, then they came on board again. This makes the  
sixth time we have seen whales, since leaving Mauritius. Four of these  
times fortune turned her back towards us, and we caught nothing. It  
has been squally today, consequently the look out could not see far at these  
times. We are now cruising between Rodriguez and Mauritius, and have seen



whales, three days in succession. But the Lord ordains all things well. I do not think that - he has deserted us.

Wednesday Nov<sup>r</sup> 14<sup>th</sup>

Today we took two more small whales alongside. The two last whales caught before these moderately barrels. The master is very pleasant. I went on board the Thomas Pope Sunday and spent the afternoon and evening, it was quite rough when we came back and our New Zealand boat-tender Sam had been treated to a glass of beer on board the Thomas Pope, as well as the rest of us which humors acted differently with him, making him nearly useless, inasmuch, that he allowed the boat table to unhook every time it was hooked, and the sea coming over the boat every time it was precipitated into the water & forward completely drenched as well as frightened me. I was very much relieved when Portugal Jr jumped into the boat and held fast the table.

Sunday Nov<sup>r</sup> 18<sup>th</sup>

Abner spoke the Lophyr Cap<sup>t</sup>. Taylor tonight and went on board he had not returned. It seems very lonely without him on board ship, as he is always with me, therefore I miss him much more. We shall be obliged to leave these cruising grounds in a few days on account of the near approach of the hurricane season. Abner thinks that we may stop at Rodriguez a few hours to take some of those nice sweet potatoes that always grow there, and then I suppose we shall start for Dredston. Abner has just come on board I have just heard him give the order to "brace the main yard, and keep her full and by."

Sunday Nov<sup>r</sup> 23<sup>rd</sup>

It has been raining a little today, and I am fearful lest the hurricanes overtake us before we leave this place. We shall go to Dredston if nothing happens therefore I am preparing my mind for a rough season once more. Yesterday I went on board of the Sarah a few moments, she had a whale on deck, and was boiling. Alas poor us! although we have taken one hundred and two barrels this season, still in many instances we have been unfortunate

Tuesday Nov<sup>r</sup> 27<sup>th</sup>

Capt. Taylor was on board last evening, and three sails have been in sight today, one of them they supposed to be a merchantman. Last Saturday evening a little past nine o'clock we took a large whale alongside. They think that he will make one hundred bbls at least for a rather large, innumerable sharks surrounded him nearly all the time, but they were often despatched as quickly as they made their appearance. Much to the bitterness of those who dealt the death blow. I sat in the starboard boat with Dory, and was so excited into the spot that I thought several times I would try myself to see if I could handle a spade, but I was afraid Dory would fall on board, although he was securely fastened with a lance warp, so I gave it up. The ship rolled very badly while they were cutting, in the whale, one large iron hook was dropped in his jaws, and it seemed as though everything would give. Sometimes the strain on the cutting falls was so heavy. This afternoon we had a rain squall. It came rolling over the dark water in the distance looking very magnificent. I saw a dark lighthouse burning ahead and was surprised thinking it must be land, but I very soon saw that it was as it came rolling along in magnificent waves, and for a few moments the rain poured in torrents. When the sun shone clear once more, the sky was as serene as ever and the water rolled on in their accustomed course, which they have followed since the creation. How the sweeping waves of time roll over our unconscious heads. What and wonder how two years could have passed so quietly so happily since leaving my own dear land. But when I think of home, it seems like a long cherished dream of this, a hazy cloud of peace and happiness seems to hang over the sweet vision of home. I sometimes wonder what must be my sensations should I ever be permitted to visit that dear old spot of earth.

Saturday Dec<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup>

We are leaving the coast of Rodriguez and steering south for St. Pauls, as Atlas did not deem it safe to remain longer in the parts so often frequented by such terrible hurricanes. I should very much like to witness one of these wonderful and mighty convulsions of nature, but not in a frail bark like this. I am preparing Dory for cold weather once more. Skuttling him nice warm stockings. Heeds I have to make him thick dressed, and overcoat, together with a cap for protection &c. The sun set very brilliantly tonight and it is a grand view in the Indian Ocean. And now the Captain has just given the command to the officers of the night watch to keep her "South". So don't worry, how busy, your heart will be colder soon.



Tuesday Dec<sup>r</sup> 4<sup>th</sup>.

The sea is very calm, as though kind nature wished to grant us a few days of beauty and repose before entering upon the rough waters of another clime. I enjoy these beautiful days very much. After tea I had my chair taken on deck, and sat there until it was quite dark enjoying the lovely scene. Merchant ships pass us nearly every day. One came very near this afternoon.

Monday Dec<sup>r</sup> 10<sup>th</sup>.

The old year is fast leaving us, amid this cold and dreary climate, for although we have not yet reached Oresation, yet the latitude is  $34^{\circ} 30'$  and consequently begins to be considered cold. We feel it very much, who have hitherto been accustomed to the warm climates of the north. Several lovely altitudes have indeed by hovering about our horizon to give us a faint welcome to this wintry home. I have finished the first volume of Plutarch, and continue my German and French lessons with much interest. I am very busy also preparing for the cold weather. The little fellow braves it well, but gets very tired and sleepy by five o'clock. The ship rolls very badly tonight, and it has been quite rough all day. The thermometer stood at  $11^{\circ}$  tonight, the barometer at  $30.16$ . Abu has been very busy for several days caulking all the seams, and pitching about the skylight, while the carpenter has been busy planing the plank sheers and water-ways, and altogether every one seems to be preparing for rough weather.

Wednesday Dec<sup>r</sup> 12<sup>th</sup>.

It was very rough yesterday, and rained a great deal besides. Today has been much pleasanter, and warmer. Thermometer  $68^{\circ}$  <sup>in the cabin</sup>, latitude  $37^{\circ} 05'$ . My little French boy has been very much at times, he finished knitting his first stocking this afternoon. I had just yarn enough of the kind for the other one, and had given him a nice large ball. When upon going on deck, little Leger happening to catch hold of his pants, he caught up his ball of yarn and threw it at him, the ball bounded overboard, and has not been seen since. He is now cutting pictures out of all the old books and papers that he can find and sticking them about the walls of my cabin on deck. He is continually busy. I am making a nice warm coat for Tony, of which Abu is very proud, and flatters me very much.

The air is very cool and bracing, making one feel bright and comfortable. I like this cool weather very much & very enjoy it highly.

Saturday Dec 22<sup>nd</sup>.

The wind blows through the shrouds the sea is lashing the ship into great fury, and the rain pelting the backs of those unfortunate who are obliged to submit to it, adds its violence to the general rage of the elements. The latitude is 41° 24' and we are four hundred and eighty miles from Greenland. Abner had our little stove set up in the forward cabin yesterday, which makes it very comfortable now, as it was beginning to be very uncomfortable without it. I have been confined to the sofa nearly all the week, and have not been on deck since Sunday, in consequence of having an immense ugly bruise on my knee, which is exceedingly painful. Little Dory brand the cold weather nicely, but still it was complete, thick caps, coat and mittens &c. he is very grand when he sallies on deck in his new trumphet, much to the pride and admiration of his mother. I am reading "Coriolanus" from Shakespeare.

Sunday Dec 23<sup>rd</sup>.

The old year is drawing to a close, three Christmas days have seen us buffeting the surges of the Indian Ocean, and how earnestly I hope the spirits will find us in our own dear home. We have passed the forty-second degree of latitude, and the atmosphere is consequently very cold, it is however very warm and comfortable in the cabin.

Sunday Dec 23<sup>rd</sup>.

This forenoon was rough and rainy but the sun came out bright and beautiful this afternoon, the wind died away, not calm however, but then remained breeze enough to be bracing. I went on deck and had a fine healthy walk, which refreshed me very much. Since tea the wind had freshened, and the cold increased, but so long as the air is free from rain it is pleasant. The wind has blown to the north once more, which is always followed by fog and rain. This morning I spent mostly in reading the Bible, and the Remains of the day in perusing Plutarch's Lives which I find exceedingly interesting. In spite of the cold rough weather I take much comfort in my little cabin, with my child, husband, books and various employment for companions of my solitude. With only one drawback to my happiness, the compassions I feel for the sailors who have to brave & endure the cold and storm, while I am sitting quiet and comfortable in my cabin. I cannot reckon my happiness entire, when I feel that others are uncomfortable & exposed.



1861.

(1861. 11th)  
Penny

The first day of the happy New Year is fast fading away into the crimson of the sunset horizon. It has doubtless dawned on the misery and happiness of thousands and will end in the same unchanging course of its eternal orbit. Time has not ceased one jot from duty, the new year makes no change in his mighty affairs not being mortal he is exempt from aught save the rigid circling performance of the drama of Eternity.

Wednesday Jan 2<sup>nd</sup>

Tonight - Mr. Wickes went on board the Barnstable. Capt. Brownson, and brought back some late papers. The Captain has his wife and three children with him. Mrs. Brownson sent some picture books, Candies &c. which Dory was delighted with. It seems very pleasant to know the - comfort of my own line is keeping me company in this truly desolate region. Just before reaching the Barnstable the yards were squared and we sped off before the wind at an astonishing pace, then I was able to have quite a nice walk on deck for a short time before they commenced the series of tacking ship &c.

Saturday Jan 5<sup>th</sup>

This afternoon I went on board the Barnstable and stayed until after tea, leaving Dory on board. Ship, he was very well contented and did not cry for me at all, but seemed to take it all as a matter of course, saying that "Mamma had gone on board ship." I brought him a little tin horse, with which he was delighted, so much so that he was obliged to take it to bed with him and he is now fast asleep with the horse on his breast. I had a very nice time on board the Barnstable, it was such a treat to enjoy the society of a woman even for such a short time in this rough latitude. It is quite rough tonight, and the motion of the ship brings Dory from about, very way but the right one.

Wednesday Jan 9<sup>th</sup>

We have had three beautiful days, but nature seems to think a change required, so she is giving us a bit of discommodious way of a gentle shower. These soothing rains are very delightful when heard but not felt by the warm fire-side of home, where they rather increase or add to our enjoyment, by their mischievous pattering against the window panes, but on the broad open ocean, with only the firmament for a shelter, and chilled by the piercing winds from the Southern Pole, 'tis then the sailor dreads the clouded skies and pattering

drinking rain, and thinks of that dear friend whose passed his childhood hours, and the  
lord ones thus assembled. It is a noble struggle to bear all behind, and struggle with the  
elements and sometimes rough unprincipled men for three and sometimes four years.  
frequently find it as a general thing the sailor is despised, and held in contempt by the  
aristocratic world. whereas in many cases I have known no nobler, honorable ~~and~~ more virtuous  
men than those whose constant companions are the elements. nature in her most graceful  
and lovely as well as most awful scenes.

Sunday Jan 18<sup>th</sup>.

Last Sunday Capt. Soule spent the after-  
noon on board, he is master of the *Esperanza*. Yesterday Monday, Mr Reed took a  
large right whale alongside. It was very rough before they finished cutting him  
in, and I had begun to despair of their saving much of him, but they finally  
succeeded in finishing satisfactorily, much to the encouragement of everyone on board  
for I think they induce the incliment weather with much more patience and  
fortitude when they are covered from head to foot with ice. I now imagined that  
any person could be so comfortable thus immersed. Every one's spirits seem to be renewed  
as fresh as ever, whereas before they were quite disheartened.

Saturday Jan 19<sup>th</sup>.

This forenoon we steered by Mr

W Campbell, and saw the odd white snow drifts lying heavy on the adjacent hills,  
and mountains. Last night it was very rough, it seemed as though every thing had  
been "loosey loosey" when we arose and saw the confused condition which the Captains  
presented this morning, it still continues rough, on a somewhat different scale.  
The latitude of today only wanted a few miles added to make us 50° South. The  
whale stood down eight fathoms, which was much run than at first anticipated.  
I have nearly finished the *Life of Lucullus*, which finished the second volume of  
Plutarch's *Lives*. They are exceedingly interesting.

Sunday Jan 20<sup>th</sup>.

Very pleasant, but rough, by which I mean  
that the sun has favored us with his benign presence today, which favor we  
are not granted every day in these incliment, misty regions, and a gleam of  
sunshine here, is like balm of Gilead to the wounded. Mr Campbell is seen  
in the distance, two ships astern are enjoying each others society for a while.  
About thinking the ship too far to the leeward of Mr Campbell, we are obliged  
to beat to windward which is very disagreeable, as the ship pitches and plunges  
like as though she were mad. I finished the second volume of Plutarch today &  
have commenced the third which commences with the life of Cautus Nicias of  
Athens, in which I am very much interested. The days are very long, for several

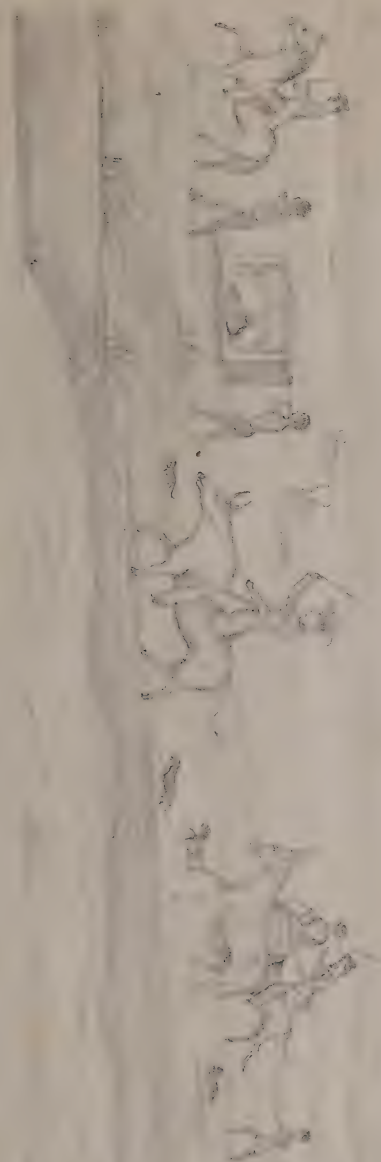


861  
miles fast. day-light has extended run to 9 P.M.

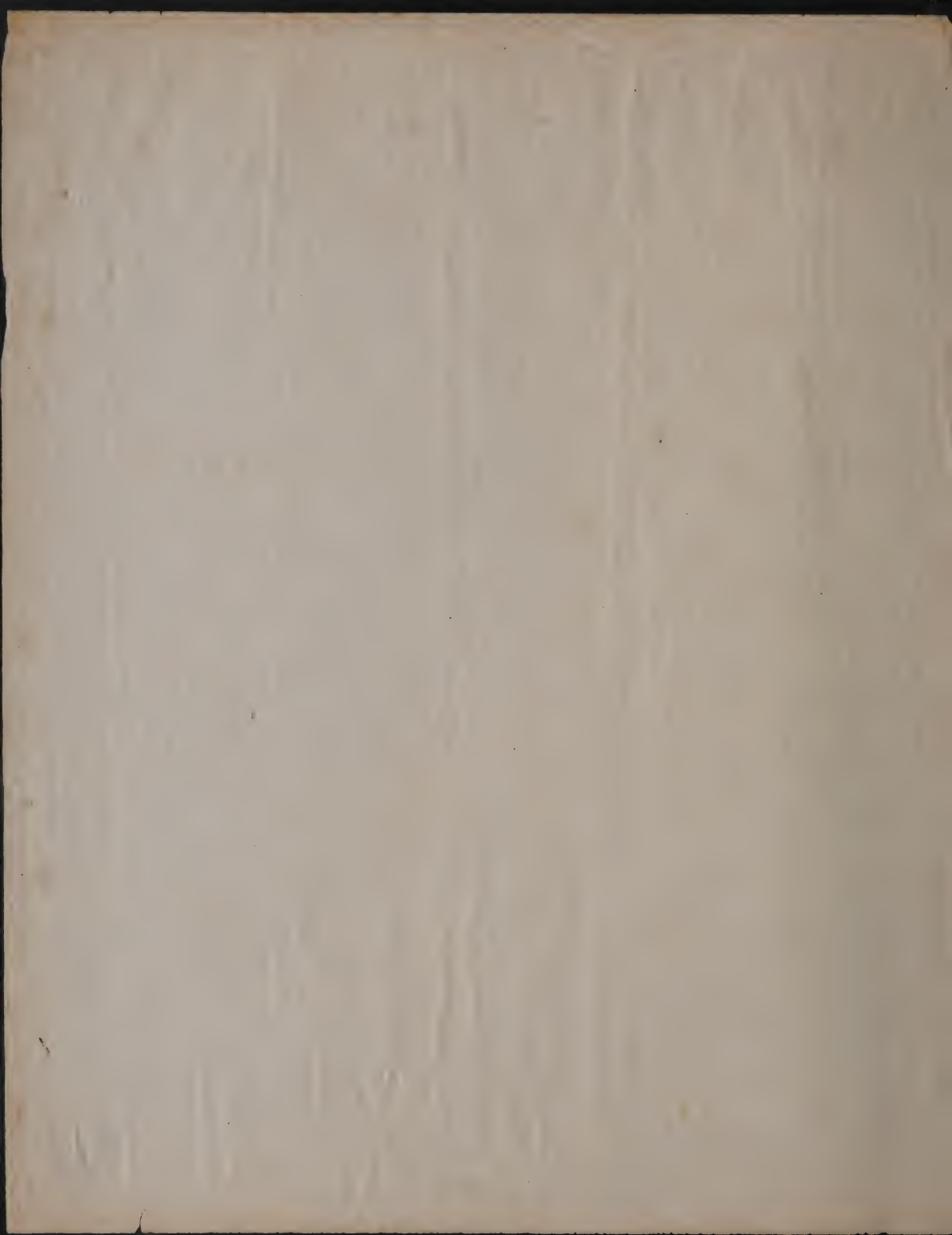
Friday Jan 25<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday morning early Abner spoke the Charles  
Canell. Capt. Smith of New Bedford. Capt. Smith came on board and spent  
the day. It was quite smooth but misty all day. and late in the afternoon the  
fog came on so thick that we could not see the Charles Canell at all. After  
vainly waiting a long time for the fog to clear away, which instead of doing  
so continued to increase. Then commenced a kind of firing game, throwing the  
horns, and raising a perfect Barrel of noise. which kept little Dory running  
about, and telling everybody about the "noise" or "noise" as he called it. After a se-  
ries of tacking and still keeping up a perpetual din into the horns and gun  
they were ordered from the other ship, but still could not see her, and  
could only guess her whereabouts from the sound of her horns and ship's  
bell. at last Abner gave the gun into the hands of the Corporal to fire at in-  
tervals, and the horns to blow the same. and came down to tea with the  
Capt. and officers. While at tea the Corporal through some chance moved  
while he was studying the gun to shoot. let her slip, and consequently  
shot a hole through the bow of the barboard boat, presently the ship ap-  
peared in sight very near us. <sup>we</sup> all delighted to see her, and Capt. Smith  
bidding us a hasty adieu left. Hardly had his boat left the ship before  
we spied another ship very near of the mother bow. apparently running down  
on us. the fog was very thick and we could only see a short distance. In  
all possible haste they rang the bell, blew the horns &c. to warn her of her  
close proximity to us. but we soon found that she had her main yard aback  
waiting for us. she had probably heard the noise. and stood for us. Abner  
spoke her, or enquired through the speaking trumpet who she was. the  
answer was the "Eliza" of New Bedford. I was in relation, knowing  
her to belong to Amos Joseph Cornell. I concluded we might have  
letters or news from home. I was not disappointed for the boat soon re-  
turned with letters from father, Dorothy, Eliza, besides separate am-  
blyppis<sup>one</sup> of our dear departed William Sam, and another of Phoebe. I could  
do nothing after I had read the letters, and given them to David to read  
but sit and look at those two dear faces nearly all the evening. Poor Abner  
felt very badly, for those dear ones recalled so many happy home memories  
but the family circle is broken, and he will not be there to welcome us  
home. Phoebe was beautiful. Abner with much feeling exclaimed after he  
had looked at it some time "isn't it pretty?" and well may the fa-  
ther's heart be proud of such a beautiful and amiable daughter. I

100-110







Showed it to little Boy this morning, and told him who it was. When the little fellow seemed almost beside himself with joy, although he does not remember Rhoe of course, but he grasped it in his hands saying "See fa, Dody's sissy Peter". See fa Dody's sissy Peter. He cannot say faster as he interprets it by "fa". and tonight to console him, when I commenced preparations for putting him to bed much against his inclination, I told him I would show him "sissy Peter" in the morning, and he was satisfied.

Thursday Jan 31<sup>st</sup>

This afternoon spoke the Empire Capt. Macomber. Mr Drake went on board and brought back papers as late as October 28<sup>th</sup>. They were filled with glowing accounts of the Prince of Wales visit to the United States, the denning of liberty in Italy, tumults in China and Japan. Paragraphs on the election to take place in November. I am very anxious to hear what have been the results of that election, and to learn who now is chosen to sit at the head of American liberty at Washington. It is very rough. Day before yesterday we had a heavy gale. We have not had as much pleasant weather as we had last season. Your water is nearly gone. Consequently, we shall have to seek one of Disraeli's dreamy harbors soon. We are a good distance to leeward now. Captain Macomber sent us a small quantity of nice "home" potatoes and mince which were very gratefully received. I ate some roasted for supper and thought of home. When I should probably consider a roasted potato the best of my luxuries, while at sea I consider them priceless treasures. It is very rough I can scarcely write

Friday Feb 1<sup>st</sup>

Abner has gone on board the Charles Canal to tea, and Mr Drake has just refilled two casks of water from the Alert of the London. She came out of Pitt Harbor this morning. Abner intended going in to anchor tomorrow as we are but a short distance from there. I do not think he will go so soon now, as the water from the Alert will probably supply us a week. Two ships were not far off this afternoon. The sea is unusually calm today, and I have taken a great deal of exercise on deck. Consequently I feel much better. I would like to do so every day, but the Storm King answers nay. And I submit: finding my little cabin very comfortable and pleasant. I spend the forenoon in sewing, afternoons and evenings are devoted to German, French and reading. The time passes away very happily, and I enjoy the society of my husband and child very much. Abner reads nearly all the time, while I work or read sitting by him. he occasionally mutters with something very interesting, reads it to me, and his reading and conversation are very interesting. I never know but one trade him, whom



1<sup>st</sup> Considered so perfect in understanding and intellect. - Tony is asleep in bed the little fellow grows rapidly in stature and his intellectual faculties are developing v. fast. He has very strong passions, but a very tender heart, and needs a firm hand to guide his upward career in the paths of childhood.

Saturday Feb 2<sup>d</sup>.

Last night we came near finding a watery grave, or at best an uncomfortable stranded abode. Several ships were in sight at sundown, and Mr Sylvia having the first intimation the Captain gave orders to keep a sharp lookout, and not get too close to any of the ships. During the night Manuel (one of the Portuguese) reported a dark object very near us and coming very fast. He probably concluded that all was lost for the Capt<sup>n</sup> said that he gave a horrible yell, as though he concluded our doom was fixed. When hearing the cry broke instantly and catching his gun which hung over the state room door, ran on deck without anything on but his shirt. I heard the report of his gun, and they came so near that the Officer of the boat called out to them to put their whet "hard up" and they answered "aye, aye, sir". They said that her jib boom swept over our starboard boat just saving it and our ship's stern from total destruction. We had lights lit, and therefore conclude that they must have been asleep not to have seen them, but for Manuel's cry ~~we~~ might have been under the cold waves of old ocean in a short time. How many lives have been lost at sea, and how many ships have gone down into all on board account of carelessness. The ship was the Charles Canell.

Sunday Feb 3<sup>d</sup>.

It rained nearly all the forenoon, and a short time before dinner the sun began to shine, and the face of nature put on a very amiable air, which she bore all the afternoon and ended in a most brilliant Antarctic sunset. The boats also landed for whales this afternoon and Mr Wicks struck a calf, and Mr Reid in pulling to strike the mother had his boat injured so badly that they were obliged to take refuge in Mr Wicks' boat. Their boat having turned bottom upwards. About 10-12 down in the starboard, as soon as he saw that Mr Wicks had struck a whale and pulled to the scene of action with all speed. He got so near the mother whale that he was obliged to raise his gun to avoid touching her, and as he could not balance it against his shoulder, as he generally did, in firing he hurt himself very badly. It stunned him for a few minutes, and when he did come to his senses again, it was too late, the whale had taken advantage of the interval and fled. Spouting blood, nor could they salute her

again. They have nearly finished cutting in the calf. The weather is very fine, smooth and pleasant but very cold. I pity the poor boatmen who are obliged to jump on the whale and work on to his head. Besides other things that require them to plunge into a cold bath to perform. They come on deck shivering and drenched to the skin. Such is the sailor's lot. and they meet their hardships like true men, as firm and hardy as steel, and many of them possessed of the most and most refined sensibilities, as well as a taste for the beautiful and sublime.

Friday Feb. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1846

Wednesday being very foggy, and rainy initial. that no one thought of watching a whale on that day, but the Lord prospered us, and Mr. Marks killed a fine large whale. It was so rough that they could not cut him in until yesterday, and even then it took them all day, for it still continued rough there being a heavy swell of the sea, with but very little wind. Besides it rained nearly all day, and the men were completely drenched to the skin. They estimate that he will make one hundred barrels. This morning Oliver's attention was drawn by the rising harangues of a party of Albatrosses, who appeared to be assembled on some very important matter to judge from their expressions in their own language. A solitary tar was found to be the theme of their earnest deliberations. Mr. Marks lost them on Wednesday in the affair of the whale, and this one seemed to be inclined to cling, as close as possible to his former friends, and was soon rescued from the Albatross court to his former comfortable quarters in the starboard boat. It was indeed most joyful for our stock of meat is nearly exhausted. Several ships have been in sight today, though we cannot have drifted so far as we imagined we should, while hauling the whale alongside. The wind now thunders and makes itself terrible with the roaring of the sea, a sublime melody which will ever resound in my ears should my life be spared in after years.

Wednesday Feb. 13<sup>th</sup>

Today they finished stowing down the oil

made by the two whales, it amounted to one hundred and twenty four bbls. Our boats landed for another this afternoon and were very near but they supposed that the whale pursued them, and it being very rough they came on board. Several ships have been in sight today, the *Stephanie* was visible. It is very rough tonight, and seems to portend by the roaring of the wind a turbulent night: but the good God of heaven and earth is over us all, and let him do what he pleases him good.

I am reading the "Life of Cicero" in which I am exceedingly interested, for his oratory must have been very powerful to draw



from the invincible Cæsar from his purpose, when he had once determined what it should be. Such are the poems of eloquence, when I read of the worth deeds of honor and fame performed by these great men, it kindles in my own breast such a strong enthusiasm and admiration of their great & noble deeds, that I long to imitate them in some manner. But alas! poor weak human nature, and I am but a woman. If I was a man, I doubt if my ambition would allow me to be satisfied with an insignificant place in the annals of fame. Yet many great men have died in poverty and distress while death only seems to have brought their life and dived to light. The world is at best a frail support; but it rarely ever fails in other time to give due acknowledgments to the poems of genius.

Friday Feb 6<sup>th</sup>.

This forenoon we had quite a gale. whose fury seemed to increase very much a short time before 12 A.M. but this afternoon the wind had died away, the sea had subsided its fury probably owing in part to our close proximity to land, as Abner intends to make Port Harbors tomorrow and anchor if every thing proves favorable. I have been on deck a short time, tonight, whereas it is nearly or quite a week since I was there, previous to tonight. The air contrary to my expectations <sup>was</sup> soft and pleasant, for a winter wind blew from the direction of the setting sun, whose brilliancy gilded every thing on which its beams fell. It is such pleasant interludes as this that makes this otherwise rough and desolate region, milder to be borne.

Port Harbors, Saturday Feb 10<sup>th</sup>.

This afternoon we anchored near the snow clad summits of the Erebus mountains. We sailed along very near the cliffs as the water is very deep here. The hills were without note a kind of mossy tufted verdure, which looked very beautiful in this non-fertile climate. Flocks of sea gulls hovered about the black rocks under the cliffs, as if for shelter from the driving cold. A monument to the memory of an officer and several other names were adorned since we were here before were erected to their memory on the hill side, and added one more to the unnumbered yet speaking stakes which mark the resting places of the sleeping mariners. The whaling schooner, anchored a short while after the Minerva, Albatross, and Capt Church and Billings of the Franklin and Silver Cloud came on board, and spent the evening. It seems so quiet on board ship, no roaring of the wind and sea is heard nor creaking masts, which have so frequently added this musical note to the melody of nature, all is hushed stillness, and

I feel as though a new era had commenced the reign of peace.

London Feb 11, 1845

This morning I went on board the boat  
the wind ~~from the~~ <sup>from the</sup> ~~cloud~~ <sup>cloud</sup> and from the ~~cloud~~ <sup>cloud</sup> and on shore. It was  
a beautiful morning. the sun shone warm and bright on the mossy hill sides.  
the air was soft and balmy. It resembled very much one of our fine spring days  
at home. I walked inland and basked in the sunshine. ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> played on the river  
with sides. While the gentlemen were lounging on the grass, telling stories &c. &c. I ranged  
about in another direction and when I returned they were playing about the water.  
I had had on shore in the morning and found a quantity of muskels, which  
were my meal. This afternoon I went to shore, but the wind began  
to blow after 12 AM. and continued to increase which made it much colder.  
It was however so delightfully pleasant on that morning. The Capt. sent  
me on board again.

Monday Feb 12th.

I stayed on board ship nearly all day.  
I received an invitation to take tea on board the Silver  
Cloud. The boat came for me about 5 1/2 P.M. and I then started on my way and  
started. I went on board the Silver Cloud. I found the table very nicely spread  
in the cabin, with a dish of clam soup American sauce &c. dried apple pie  
whipped cream, a fine rice custard, fruit cake, preserved blackberries. Bread, <sup>and</sup> butter  
and excellent tea. Every thing was prepared in the nicest, most  
manners. And we enjoyed it very much. We only spent part of the evening.  
and returned home over the dark waters, which received only a dim illumination  
from the Arg. lumines Diana of the night.

Tuesday Feb 13th.

This morning the gentlemen took two gun  
expeditions. shooting ducks on the opposite shore a good distance from the  
Clutter. I left my gun in the care of the Cook and Steward and went into  
them to make explorations. The day was fine, but it was there was my little  
boat and the sea was smooth. Since the general influence of the sun had  
been <sup>light</sup> and smooth seas are the most important considerations, with those that  
batter into the elements. After shot a duck that had perched on one of the  
rocks near the landing place. When we left the boat, five King penguins  
were at on the beach, or rather stood staring at us. They did not seem  
to be much afraid of us. It would only attempt to run a short distance from  
us, when they would allow us to stroke their feathers and would  
allow it also. one of the Portuguese skinned two of them for me to use stuffed.



I found a great pity - to cause these innocent, harmless creatures to suffer and die. I ran off to avoid being present at the operation. We took our journey sometimes along the beach and sometimes upon the hills, occasionally ascending from the latter land into the valleys. Sometimes a flight of ducks would force us to huddle ourselves to the ground to prevent them from seeing us. But they were very shy, and flew so high when they did, come near us that it was impossible to hit them. The surf thundered over the rocks around us. The sea gulls hovered about us, winding away a short distance then circling around as as if to prevent our intrusion upon their solitude. We often saw holes through the side of heavy tussock beds. Small holes, which extended for a considerable distance under ground. The abode of the night hawk and stormy petrel. The entrance to the stormy petrel's apartment - but much smaller than that of the night hawk. In these subterranean passages they lay their eggs and hatch their young, unharmed, and unexposed from the outer world. We were obliged to cross a river, which is very deep and swollen during the winter season, but now it gurgled merrily over the rocks and stones imbedded in it, and was very shallow. Albus took me over quite safely as far as the middle of it, and then Albus, presenting him some serious looks to stop, he slipped and dropped me in the river, himself falling back on a rock to have icy cold the water, mast! humm! I do not think that I smelt in about ten minutes but the water splashed, to cold spray, upon me in my fall coming me to the skin. Albus soon picked me up, and carried me to the opposite bank, the water ran off of my wet clothes which hung so close to me that I could scarcely hear to stop, but there was no remedy, I should not give up my favorite roominess to go back, and therefore continued, walking until my clothes were nearly dry into the reception of my stockings. Several porpoises stood in our path after leaving the river, and the wind of an old house which the sailors had built of stones and turf to protect them from the elements, for here in former times large quantities of sea elephants, we went to leave their ocean bed and crawl up the hill sides to shed their coat of hair, and I saw several carcases sunken in the ruts where they had lain. Some of them quite large, but the most ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> right was the rest of the beautiful albatross. They had built on the high tableland some distance from the beach, of grass very nicely interwoven and matted down until they had constructed quite a mound not quite a foot from the ground in this little mound they had laid one egg, and at this time the male was sitting upon it, while the female was gone to search for food. He eyed us very closely with piercing black eyes, but did not stir from his nest, and moved

not leave I mistook a second latter. He was an enormous bird of snow  
whitened, needed his wings which <sup>very</sup> frosty dark grey. his large white head and  
large black eyes, together with his long bill the end of which is fashioned like  
a hook. He would catle hold of Captain Billings' pants if he attempted to  
drive him from his nest which he did once to show me the egg, which  
was very large, but he ran back immediately or ran and flew at the same  
time for they frosty spread their wings when walking, so that their pace is some-  
thing between flying and walking, to assure himself that his egg was safe, he  
was obliged to look under himself several times after requiring his nest, and  
then sat down quite contented again. He looked so noble, so beautiful, sitting  
on his nest with so much dignity, that I could hardly be persuaded to leave him  
although I was wet and cold too, having sat on the ground some time to look  
at him. When his mate returns they unite the bills together by way of kissing.  
I suppose say a few words to each other, the female takes his place on the  
nest and is just to look for food. Though they sit, through wind, and snow  
hail and sleet, in that thick bill, exposed to all the changes of this climate,  
which are numerous and frequent, and often very severe, yet all they do is to  
turn their faces to the wind and brave the storm nobly, being protected by  
their impenetrable coat of feathers, and probably they do not really mind  
cold for it is their nature air from age to age. After bidding our noble and  
dignified bird adieu, we retraced our steps, and this time crossed the river  
in safety, the wind had freshened, and the long walk had made me some-  
what. I thought how nice some bread and cheese would taste, and at  
the landing place we found a warm fire on the beach, and the Portuguese had  
finished cleaning the penguin skins, which he did by turning them wrong side  
outwards, and picking off the fat. - this prevented the feathers from being soiled  
taking our acquisitions with us which consisted only of two ducked, and three  
penguin skins. With a live bird which the crew had caught, a night hawk  
I think, we entered the boat, He was rather rough as we were crossing  
the Fale Bay entrance, but that passed, and we were shooting through  
smooth water to the Minna Smyth. I was glad to get on board and  
put on dry stockings, the rest of my clothes having dried while I was  
journeying.

Wednesday Feb 20<sup>th</sup>

I have been on board ship all day, it  
has been raining, and the wind has blown very strong, and continues to  
blow so we shall take the anchor tomorrow morning if the wind is fair and  
does not blow too hard. Captain Church and Billings will stay all



night on board

Thursday Feb 21<sup>st</sup>

The wind blew too hard to leave the Harbor this morning. Consequently we have given up the idea of leaving today Capt Church and Billings did not leave until a short time before dinner. I am invited on board the Franklin to take tea, and shall probably go if the wind does not blow too hard. We are alone in the cabin this afternoon. A bright fire is blazing in the stove. Oliver has been asleep on the sofa. Jerry is asleep in my arms. The rain has been rattling in the skylight. The wind in sudden gusts sweeps violently across the harbor at intervals, but besides all is quite the quiet of the land and repose, and the peaceful atmosphere of happiness and contentment that reigns in our little cabin makes me feel very grateful to the Creator for so many blessings.

Friday Feb 22<sup>d</sup>

This morning early Captain Church and Billings came on board and bade us good bye. While we soon bade a hasty adieu to Pitt Harbor for we leaving our snug anchorage. We soon encountered a brisk wind and rough waters. When at a considerable distance from the Harbor we saw a Barque headed that way, and concluded it was the West of New London bound in.

Saturday Feb 23<sup>rd</sup>

We have had a beautiful day after the cruel gales and storms which have been incessant since we left the Harbor. Capt. Cook of the Commodore was on board Saturday. I think and reported a very heavy gale outside while we lay at anchor. But today the sun shone warm and bright the air was soft and delightful. The albatrosses flew close to the water's edge, but were more frequently sitting on the water sometimes picking each others bills and running to feel very happy. While smaller birds flitted about gaily in the fluttering sunshine. But this afternoon several whales appeared in sight. The boats were lowered and chased them for a long time but to no purpose. After they came on board. Whales appeared in all directions playing about in groups and appearing to hold a general jubilee. Mr. Dick struck a whale, which <sup>ran</sup> to windward so fast with him, that the boats could not catch him, and it being dark, he was obliged to cut off his line. For he left his gun on board ship. Consequently he could not shoot. or probably he might have prevented him from running so far from him. I'm strongly that Mr. Dick struck two, but could not tell for he

was seen pulling a boat some time afterwards. All track seemed to attend us. but perhaps  
everything is as it should be. I have got a very sore eye. so much so that I can  
scarcely see anything clearly from it. it troubles me exceedingly.

Thursday Feb 28<sup>th</sup>

I have seen whales nearly all day. the  
boats have been lashed several times but only Mr. Bird fastened to a calf this afternoon  
which came to midward with him until the boat came out. no boats being able to  
reach him. After the boats came on board it commenced to rain. and still continues  
to do so. it is besides very rough. I have commenced to make Jerry some dresses to  
wear in port. although the time seems far distance. yet in reality it is only about  
eight weeks. and I like to be in readiness early.

Friday March 3<sup>d</sup>

I have been reading Spurgeon's Sermons  
today. they shew as strongly the loving kindness of God towards hardened sinners  
that I was astounded to think how kind and merciful he had been to me for twenty  
two years. and so ungrateful and ungrateful. I prayed to him for forgiveness and  
though at first doubtful whether my prayer was answered. which I feared was un-  
belief in God's goodness and mercy. I prayed again. and felt that my prayer was  
answered several times since I have prayed. I now feel a peaceful calm if I may  
call it: a quiet trust in God. for I feel that he has heard me. and regarded my petition  
may he teach <sup>me</sup> how to love him more and to worship him in spirit and in truth.

This afternoon Abner spoke the Young Phoenix. Cap<sup>t</sup>. Mink who came on  
board. but did not stay long as his boats fastened to a whale while he was  
here. and he went to assist them. It begins to be rough again. for I hear the  
voice of God in the winds and in the roaring waves. Surely I feel with the  
Israelites of Israel. When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers  
the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained. what is man that thou art  
mindful of him. and the son of man that thou visit him for who then can refrain  
from praising him and giving him glory. Alas the Creator of this beautiful world  
the divine Architect and finisher of the Universe. the best thing that we can do  
is to love and praise <sup>him</sup> like dutiful children to a kind & loving Parent.

Friday March 8<sup>th</sup>

The day has been fine and pleasant and  
little Jerry has been enjoying it. for he had been playing about decks nearly all day.  
I begin to feel the need of taking more exercise for my side troubles me a little. it  
is my right side. whereas before I have generally had the pain in my left. but  
if our Father spare us it will not be many weeks before we shall be sailing under



brighter skies and more smooth waters. I finished Plutarch last week and have commenced Cicero's Second History which I like.

Sunday March 11<sup>th</sup>

We got a fine large whale today and they have nearly finished cutting him in. this most gladdens all hearts, but it is to God that we owe so many thanks for his kindness in blessing us with success in our undertakings.

Tuesday March 12<sup>th</sup>

It is nearly a week since we took another large whale. which we did on Friday last. We have had very nice smooth weather since then. although it has been foggy for several days. & have taken Henry from the fore-castle to serve as Cabin boy instead of Francis who was a dirty little fellow. the only difficulty I found with him of any note was the impossibility of keeping him cleanly clad. but Henry had noticed for a long time by his clean looking appearance about the deck. he is a fine looking boy. and has received an education in books as well as manners in a far different school from the ship's fore-castle. I have not yet initiated him in his duties in the Cabin as I shall when he is a little better. it having troubled him for some time. He is a slender. fair-haired. gentle looking boy. and has been treading about the ocean for four years. according to his account. and now he is desirous of going home. We shall probably have Desolation soon if the Lord permits us. and I think that many persons on board without an exception will not be sorry to bid adieu to its desolate shores.

Thursday March 14<sup>th</sup>

It has been raining nearly all day. and the wind begins to increase considerably tonight. the raindrops are pattering on the skylight. and on the heads of the sailors too. but they are brave and hardy and God protects them for he is the sailor's friend.

Thursday March 28<sup>th</sup>

It is nearly a week the wind and waters have been raging with fury. and ceasing only to be soothed by fog and rain. Tonight the ship is quite steady. and there is but little wind. yet it has rained nearly all day and is cloudy tonight with occasional drops of rain. Unless we see whales we shall remain here much longer than this week for March will soon have fled into the past. and it will be time for us to steer northwards. for the hurricane season in these parts will be nearly or quite spent when we shall have arrived if nothing intervenes to prevent in the near

northern latitudes. It is very cheering to think that we are soon to leave this for fairer skies and balmy breezes. Altho' I have enjoyed myself very much in spite of the disadvantages attending this latitude, for it is very pleasant and comforting to be brought sundries to the care of Him who created all things, from the most minute insect that crawls upon earth to the most glorious bearded, and then resplendent birds.

Monday April 1<sup>st</sup>.

The ship heads northward tonight. Every one on board seems to be inspired with the hope that she will still be kept beating northward, and I do not really think that the Captain intends to alter her course for the present. It is very pleasant tonight, there being a very light breeze. Yesterday it rained nearly all day, and was very odd. The wind began to blow a little stronger, and I finished making Long's cotton stockings for warm weather, today, and made him a belt to wear. I have got him nearly ready for the northern climate. I had taken in some time for him, and commenced several months ago, but I only saw forward, and soon then I am not at all employed upon his little affairs. I become more interested in William the first, and he had a very pleasing manner of describing events both in his line of poems and in the affairs of the different nations, whose history he imitates. Cyrus the founder of the empire of the Medes & Persians seems to have been a favorite character of his. He copied much of his life from Xenophon, and indeed the description of the life and character of that prince are worthy of admiration, and what makes him so much more admired, and imparts a greater fame to his character is that Isaiah prophesied of him more than two hundred years before he was born and called <sup>him</sup> by name. So it seems very evident, that God had formed him for a great prince to revenge his mind upon the wicked nations of the earth particularly upon Babylon of which Isaiah speaks. In his reign the seventy years captivity of the Jews in Babylon expired, and he ordered that famous decree, whereby the Jews were permitted to go home to Jerusalem and build again the temple. I have now arrived at the reign of Darius the Magian who succeeded the wicked Cambyses son of Cyrus. Who was so unlike his father.

I have nearly finished writing a pair of game gloves for brother William. I knit a pair some time ago, which I gave him for a birthday's present. I knit and read at the same time, and the time passes swiftly and delightfully away. My little goats in wisdom and in stature, and my fine dog Liger which Mr. Messier of Rodrigue gave me when but a tiny puppy, has grown to be a fine large dog, and at length I feared the consequences of taking him from a warm to such



a cold climate, yet he does not appear to have suffered at all. I think  
probably <sup>that</sup> the cook has been very generous in his care of him as well as of all the  
other living birds on deck. for they seem to be partakers of his bounty. He  
is a German and seems to do all in his power to perform his duty faithfully.  
Thursday April 4<sup>th</sup>.

We have bidden adieu to the dark skies  
of Desolation and have almost left the region of Albatrosses. for I saw only a  
few today. although I feel great pleasure in hearing that Cold Climate. yet  
I almost feel a shiver at parting with the albatrosses. they are such  
noble birds. I had no idea of what fine looking birds they were until I saw  
one at Desolation sitting on his back rest and preening with such fastid-  
iousness and courage the single egg which that nest contained. The tiny storm-  
petrels were skipping vigorously about today sometimes dipping nimbly over  
the blue waves then darting off in another direction now cutting the  
billows with their beautiful wings and seemingly as happy as possible.  
The presence of birds when sailing over the vast ocean is a great enjoyment  
for sitting quietly watching their evolutions together with the sea and sky  
is a pleasure at once innocent and sublime. The music of the waves whose  
melody I never am weary of listening to, the ever changing harmonies changing now  
from one sublime beauty to another. I cannot exactly describe the sensation it  
produces. but they proclaim day and night in such a grand magnificent under-  
tone of sublime harmony the praises of their Creator. what a glorious melody  
must have filled heaven and earth when the morning stars sang together  
and when that lord nature and nature's God does not love to listen to the  
music of the spheres. It softens the heart of man and bends his sterner  
will in adoration of the Infinite. It elevates the mind and fills it with  
thoughts lofty and sublime. he imagines that he hears the heavenly choir  
on the shores of the spirit-land. and his poor feeble mind tries in vain to  
conceive of the exquisite melody that must issue from those myriad strains.  
But wait a little longer O man. for sooner or later thou wilt pass the shad-  
dowed valley and be welcomed rather by three celestial harpers or demons  
from the insatiable fiery realm of Satan. then

So live, that when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravan  
That moves to the pale realm of shade

Where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death

Thou go not like the quarry slave <sup>at night</sup> scourged to his dungeon

But sustained and soothed by an unfailing friend - O prepossessing grace

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him

And lies down to pleasant dreams."

Friday April 5<sup>th</sup>

Right-like as report-they is stating  
stagnating on. Again. apparently but a few moments ago it was morning. the  
time hastens away incredibly swift. This morning I attempted to fix at dress  
which I cut yesterday. my patience exhausted itself several times. for I do not re-  
luctantly fancy dress-making. probably because I do not thoroughly understand the art.  
yet I think it must require a deal of patience even from the most-reprieved.  
so I put it away after dinner rather pleased with what I had accomplished  
and rather discontented to think that I had not done more. But human  
nature is always eager to gain or accomplish a little more than lies within its  
power. consequently when we keep within the bounds of moderation and make our-  
selves satisfied with it. we are much happier. than if we were always soaring  
for the unattainable and unhappy because we cannot reach it. we are much  
surer of gaining our ends by moderate means. than by precipitateness.

Tony has been enjoying this beautiful day on deck. When he finds  
 more banal little sources of amusement, one of the men made him a wooden knife this forenoon.  
 and after he had spent some time in endeavoring to sharpen it on the grind stone, he  
 came to the conclusion that - must have water on the stone, to succeed, and because I  
 would not allow it, thinking he would only get wet and dirty thereby, he threw down  
 his knife and strolled away aft, as independent as a fencer. He requires a  
 little paternal as well as maternal attention occasionally. Probably all children  
 need the same, whether they get it or not. A solitary sail was in sight to-night  
 before sunset, but a great distance off, as we could not see her from the deck.  
 When was saying at the table that he would like to speak some ship into  
 late news to ascertain who was President of the United States. I am very much  
 interested likewise.

Sunday April 7<sup>th</sup>.

This forenoon I read several chapters in Isaiah and in John. this afternoon Spurgeon's Sermons. I think that the Sabbath ought to be devoted entirely to God in reading from his Holy Word. and some religious sermons that will instruct us in the way of everlasting life. not gloomily and sleepily as I have often done before now, which I confess to my shame, but with a heart full of praise to God, and with intent to benefit thereby. During the other days of the week a person is generally employed in pursuits of various kinds, and therefore the time is often ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> employed in useful avocations, but the devotion of the whole Sabbath to God will shed a glow of light and peace <sup>over</sup> the remainder of the week, and the remembrance of that holy day if well spent will make the week pass much



more happily. I think that it is necessary to read the Bible a little every day, one loses no time thereby but rather gains. for no matter how pressing business may be, yet a little portion of the precious hour should be spent with our Bible and with God. then He will assist us in all our earthly affairs. and if we love him and trust in him. He will bless us too. Certainly we owe him all this and a great deal more. and the least we can do is to love and obey him. who allows us graciously to live and heapes blessings innumerable upon us. yet ~~him~~ ungrateful for all these things.

Leont. 31. Lat. 37.52. Island of Amsterdam April 9<sup>th</sup>.

This morning they raised the island, but in consequence of light winds. we could not get near enough for the boats to go for fish until afternoon. they brought off a quantity tonight which were very nice especially the Crawfish. which taste very much like lobsters. I have been on deck nearly all day. as it is comfortably warm and very pleasant. The weather has been delightful for several days. I sat in my house on deck today. had my books and wrote up there and enjoyed it very much. How much I enjoy these beautiful days after our long cold season at Greenland. The weather here is not always pleasant. however, for last year when we were here. we had quite a heavy gale. or I should have said after leaving St. Pauls. But God has blessed us in permitting us to enjoy such calm pleasant seas. and bright <sup>day</sup> ~~day~~ <sup>sun</sup> ~~sun~~ <sup>kind</sup> ~~kind~~ <sup>time</sup> ~~time~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~for which I am very thankful.~~

Lat 29.48 long 17.17. Wednesday April 11<sup>th</sup>.

The day has been beautiful. and this evening it is magnificent. The colors of which so many have sung. and which will be sung through all time. as one of God's glorious works. the dark blue heavens with soft fleecy clouds floating over them. while below the sparkling, rippling waves. are resplendent beneath the moonbeams. with their edges tipped with silver. dancing, gurgling waves which the moon's rays slightly glance. and mingling with these joyous playmates. farther on, the dark, the deep blue sisterhood all differently attired. but embracing each other lovingly. without grim <sup>at</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>presence</sup> ~~presence~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~but singing, praising God. —~~~~

This afternoon I had a long and rather difficult German lesson. and it took nearly all the afternoon to learn and recite it. I had very little time left for Ancient History but none for French. I have at last arrived at the Peloponnesian war. where courage, hatred and revenge. seemed to strive for mastery. three dreadful scourges. which have not yet left the world.

Sunday April 21<sup>st</sup>.

It has been equally nearly all day, and quite rambling. Friday we caught a sperm whale, which was very cheering to every one. This forenoon I talked into Henry, who entertained me with tales of his childhood, and home. I took a great interest in him, and hope that he will stay with us until we get home. This afternoon read the Bible and Spurgeon's Sermons, which I have not yet finished. They are very interesting for they explain many parts of Scripture which I did not understand before. This evening I have been talking with Abner about our dear old circle in New Bedford. I remember of telling him about them and <sup>he</sup> longed to hear me, so that I spend whole evenings sometimes in talking of the happy past.

Sunday April 28<sup>th</sup>.

We are fast nearing the coast of Rodriguez and may see the land tomorrow. This forenoon I wrote a letter for Cornelius to his uncle. The remainder of the day spent in reading conversation &c. It begins to be very warm. I have commenced several letters home the past week, and have many more to write before I shall have finished.

Rodrigue Tuesday April 30<sup>th</sup>.

This afternoon, we anchored in Mathurin Harbor, one ship the *Orion*, Capt. Fish, and a schooner lay at anchor here. The *Mercator* and Capt. Fish came off into the field, and we came on shore soon afterwards. We came to the same old place, where we have often been before, and there is not a place in the world so dear to me except home. My own dear Annina. Capt. Fish is staying here also, his ship has come in to repair a leak, and that evening he had been suffering much pain, but feels better now. It was so delightful to be on shore. I noticed immediately the sweet smell of the grass, and everything was beautifully green. The *Mercator* looked the same. Rodriguez the old servant and in fact all the old servants seemed delighted to see us. The old servant welcomed us so heartily. Mrs. Maria Munn, Mrs. Granger, also, that I felt sure we were very welcome.

Wednesday May 1<sup>st</sup>.

This morning was beautifully cool. The scenery from the door of my room, was the same as it had been for the past two years. When I had been here, the setting of the land, the waving grass, the happy sound of children's voices, for it seemed as if the air was so clear and pure in the early morning that sounds are heard at a much greater distance than during the middle of the day when the burning sun seems to deaden the sounds of life and nature. Very warm



on board ship with his father this morning, and came back quite tired and heated.  
The ship Sarah, Capt. Butler anchored in the harbor today. This afternoon  
Mr. Mead, Dr. and Self, called on Rosa. She was dressed in mourning for the loss  
of some relative, but looked as pleasant and amiable as ever. This evening, Capt.  
Fitch who has been confined to his bed nearly all day, and kept on a diet of  
stew, ice, birds, came out with us in the Sallee's margin, for an hour or two, and  
he and Abram warmly discussed politics, during the time the residue of us  
listening and occasionally joining them. The day had been exceedingly hot and  
oppressive, until after five o'clock as the sun began to become low in the heavens  
the heat abated, and after sunset the cold evening air was delicious, but this  
morning the constant tone of the musquitos, as they proceed to their natural  
occupations, and the diligence with which they attend to their necessary duties  
is very reciting, and recites much their of fiction and constant-seriousness  
in the person upon whom their place of industry, is settled.

Wednesday, Monday May 8<sup>th</sup>

Tuesday, Mrs. Batcock from the Lydia came  
on shore with a little babe six weeks old, and another daughter of eleven years.  
her husband has left her today for a short cruise. We walked down to the  
the Sergeant's before dinner. his wife does our washing and ironing, and  
we have a sick man there. Tomorrow we intend going on an  
excursion

Monday May 13<sup>th</sup>

Tuesday we arrived back to  
town, after an absence of nearly four days, and after we had bathed  
and dressed, and taken dinner, we felt strong enough to seek repose.  
Thursday morning we sailed inside the reef to one of the small fishing  
boats along the coast, where we encamped for the night. The day was very  
fine, and we all enjoyed the beautiful sail very much, our party consisted  
of three young Creoles, one of them really very pretty, all of them have very fine  
eyes. Captain Smith of the Charles Carroll and Captain Fitch, together  
with Oliver, David, Henry, and Mr. Mead, were of the party. We carried  
breads, tables, eatables and drinkables, with a quantity of baggage for the  
journey. Thursday we started as soon as the tide drew so that we could  
sail with touching the bottom, for Gunbraime Island, there we saw mil-  
lions of birds, some sitting on their eggs, and eagerly disputing our progress.  
others guarding their young with most vehement motions of their wings  
and wings, and when their roosting was disturbed, they would rise in  
clouds from the ground, and almost deafen us, with their shouts and

Screened. after leaving this island we soon reached the foot of mountain, which we  
were to ascend. It was nearly dark then we were loaded with all the baggage,  
and had commenced our journey up the mountain, but before we arrived  
at the residence of old Albert, it was very dark. The distance from the  
beach to the old Frenchman's residence was two miles, but it seemed much  
farther to us, for being very dark, we were in danger of falling down the precipices  
and the path was full of obstacles in many places. viz. large stones, high grass, and  
sometimes very steep climbing. It was so very difficult, and I felt that I  
should give up many times, but we persevered, and were delighted to  
arrive at last, and enjoy the delicious glass of water for which we had  
so much longed. We stayed all night there, and in the morning arose early  
and took a long walk, about the grounds, and down to the spring. I enjoyed  
it very much, and every one seemed to enjoy roaming about at their leisure. After  
breakfast, we prepared to descend the mountain, and after bidding our host adieu,  
we commenced our journey, in spite of the great heat, the descent was much more  
pleasant than the ascent, for beautiful and varied scenery charmed the eye, on every  
side. Sometimes we were on the brink of a frightful precipice, sometimes on some  
high eminence, from whence we could see the extension of the reef, and the islands  
it enclosed. Sometimes we journeyed through luxuriant shades, where the cool  
breeze, wafted the delicious perfume of flowers that bloomed by the wayside, and  
scarcely fatigued, for we often rested by the way we reached the sea-side. We could  
not reach home that night, for the wind was contrary, accordingly we were obliged  
to stop at Mr. Francis's fishing post, all night, and returned to town Sunday  
morning. We found that the <sup>British</sup> Gunster, Captain Brooke had anchored in the harbor  
since our departure, making five ships. I was glad to get back once more, and  
after taking a bath felt much refreshed, but in the evening I felt too tired to  
continue my journal. Today I have spent at the house, with Mrs. Batecock, taking  
home a short walk before dinner, with her and Mr. Messiter. The Sarah sailed today  
all the other Captains were here to dinner, and intend staying here tonight. I feel very  
tired, my face, neck and hands are sadly burnt, and I resemble somewhat (talking  
minus the fine eyes) the Creoles of the island.

Friday May 17<sup>th</sup>

Thursday we bade a very sad farewell  
to our dear friends at Rodriguez. I felt very badly leaving Mrs. Batecock  
it so rarely happens, that I can meet with American ladies, and I enjoyed  
her society very much while I remained there. She expected her husband to  
have been in before we sailed, but was disappointed. I hope to see her again  
soon. Mr. Messiter came off to the ship with us. We have become so well acquainted



with him: that he seems rather like a brother than a stranger, and I think that strong bond of sympathy and good feeling, has arisen between him and others. Our spirits are always much depressed on parting with him. I looked at Rodriguez yesterday and today and a feeling of homesickness would fasten upon me, which nothing but reading "Sunny Memories in Foreign Lands" would in any degree efface. The day has been very warm and pleasant, with scarcely a ripple on the surface of this glorious Indian Sea, gorgeous sunsets, magnificent evenings in which to admire the illimitable wonders of God's beautiful universe. A feeling much akin to stupidity has taken possession of me since I left Rodriguez, at times a violent headache would seize upon me, threatening to shatter my poor brain at every step, which has somewhat subsided today and left me very weak, so much so, that I felt no desire to exert myself either to learn a German or French lesson, but Mrs. Storr's Fables served to while away the fleeting hours, with much pleasure for in her vivid descriptions of Old England & Scotland one could not but feel a great interest.

Thursday May 21<sup>st</sup>.

The day has been beautiful, the boats have been cruising for or chasing sperm whales, but without success. This evening is being very pleasant, owing to the magnificent presence of the moon. I sat in my hammock on deck, and had a long talk with Henry. He is a very sensitive boy, and one in whom I take a great deal of interest. Henry is not his name, but Edward Ryman, and I sometimes feel very badly for him, for he is so anxious to get home to see his mother, and melancholy thoughts often take possession of his mind. It pains me to think that I can do nothing at present to alleviate his troubles and better his situation.

Friday May 22<sup>nd</sup>.

We have had a fresh breeze all day and beating to windward has rendered it much more perceptible for the ship pitches and plunges into the sea very violently. Sometimes I begin to get once more accustomed to the sea and the ship. After leaving port it is generally disagreeable for a few days on board ships. A kind of sickly perfume seems to float in the air, owing to the bilge water in the hold, a sort of dizziness too, something akin to sea sickness, seems to take possession of one's brain, then resting in the cabin and staterooms seems to have had a rest since my departure, and not until very long is put in





whole assembly. We were glad to flee to the shelter of our carriage, and were then  
hardly escaped a thorough drenching. it was a sad sight. three beautiful  
girls, looking so lovely in their snow white dresses, were hurrying home through  
the muddy streets and drenching rain, with their white satin shapess  
and dresses bespattered with mud. we went on board the *Lydia*  
*Capo. Brown*, and took tea, finding that we could get no carriage, to take  
us up to *Handliths Perkins* that night. *Sam* and myself were obliged to  
remain all night on board. *Friday*, *Saturday* and *Sunday* nights I spent  
at the *Convent*. I much enjoyed myself very much. his little daughter was  
sick with a fever which compelled Mrs *Fairfield* to devote a great portion  
of her time to her, but Mr *Fairfield* sang and played on the *melodeon*  
and piano for me, and the evenings passed away very pleasantly. he had  
beautiful gardens and grounds, well shaded with trees, and the ride to  
and from the city to this place was beautiful. over a magnificent road  
beautifully enriched on either side by Nature's lavish hand. The hap-  
pist hours that ever were in the world, side of France were passed  
here. *Capo. Mickell* of the *Brick* spent some time here also. before his departure  
he gave me an elegant writing desk, of ebony inlaid with gold  
and pearl. Mr *Fairfield* wished much to have me stay longer at his  
place, which I should have been very happy to have done but I could  
not, and when I came away, he presented me with a knife, fork  
and spoon of silver, overlaid with gold. How much more beautiful such  
inlands seem, when one has kind friends to bind. I had often heard  
kind stories said of Mr *Fairfield*, and I imagined that I should not like  
to stay there. Consequently I delayed going longer than I should have done  
but I wished to see Mrs *Fairfield*, whom I had begun to cherish  
a kind feeling, and must imagine my surprise to see myself treated so  
kindly and affectionately. I was received into the bosom of the family,  
and treated as a sister by Mrs and Mr *Fairfield*, they were kind, polite  
and affectionate, and did every thing to make me happy. God bless  
them. *Tuesday* night we left *Port Louis*, for the *Minerva* being the  
she had taken anchor and was standing towards the land for us.  
*Captain Taylor* of the *Zephyr*, met in the boat with us, his ship lay  
at anchor, just outside the *Red Bay*, and as it was getting dark  
and we had a great number of men in the boat, we concluded to go on  
board the *Zephyr* and pass the night. Sending the boat back to our ship  
to come for us early in the morning, we are now sailing towards *Rodrigue*, and  
*Alma*, *Sam*, *David* and myself have taken bad colds, which will make us feel

latter for some time. I received several letters from home at Minnetonka, and one of  
a photograph of Hannah an Antwerp - her little daughter, and a letter from  
of Mrs. A. J. M. Mary Henry and little Nattie, with Phoebe's. I could not read all the  
letters as soon as I received them for as soon as people heard of my arrival they  
all flocked to see me, and it seemed very pleasant to have so many kind friends  
bid me welcome, but after a bad dinner the Bachelor's good night and  
retired. I read the greater part of them to Ann, and we went to bed, but  
we could not sleep, for thoughts of the dear ones at home haunted our sleeping  
visions and disturbed our repose. What - you might see them in reality.

Saturday June 8<sup>th</sup>

How beautiful my home looks in June  
how lovely the forests and the fields, and how enchanting the balmy zephyrs of June.  
can it be that I am wrong in wishing that I might be among these trees, scenes.  
The Isle of France may be beautiful, I am sure is enchanting, and seem more like  
fair land, but how many of the beautiful islands that have died since sailing  
my native Country, can compare with my home. I think it was there I was  
dear to me, and so often pressed by my childhood's pet, then I wandered wild  
and free through the forests and over the plains, a true country girl,  
following no form or form of society for I knew none then, but that which  
my own unlearned nature dictated. I did not think then what a change would  
take place within me, when the age that custom prescribed would allow my  
entrance upon the fashionable stage of the world, sometimes, sitting to some-  
times surrounded by all that wealth, could charm, wealth could induce  
or love could win, would I delight to break through the trammels of society  
and roam unfettered my own native hills and forests, and sit by the laughing  
stream. How the merry play of the waterfall and the singing of the birds - the voice  
of nature in the waving branches and the storm would bring tears to my  
red cheeks. The darling haunts of <sup>my</sup> childhood may my reason never or be dim to  
fail to appreciate your charming influence as I did of yours.

Rodriguez is in sight off the wharves  
town, and five ships also. When intended going on shore in the boat as soon as  
we shall be able to reach the island, if nothing happens, and settle with  
our ministers and several others there which he could not do before, on account  
of the necessary funds which he was obliged to obtain from Minnetonka. I was  
very happy to see our old friends there once more, and exchange a few  
words of greeting with them, but this would be made up of a long time and a  
sad parting, and it will therefore be but a momentary pleasure, in the improving  
I think with the reception of myself. When it will rather as well as ever, but I



old second to continue. without diminishing its resonance. and I must hide it in the air it much cooler, probably on account of the strong wind. and the strong wind of the forest. I am reading Nicholas by G. P. R. James. and as far as I have perused I find it very interesting. very much like James.

Saturday June 20<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday morning I went on shore

at Rodriguez. It was very lonely there for Mr Mesiter had left the day before for Mauritius, and my own mourned his departure very much. I could not induce the silence of his house. Whether Mr Stuart - the acting magistrate for Mr Mesiter, had conducted us, and took my hat for a stroll on the mountain. hoping that I might see Rosa. Mr was mistaken for as I was hurrying to descend the mountain not being her sitting in her house as usual. She came out, and called me. We descended together to her father's house. where we met her father and mother. Rosa soon accompanied me to Mr Bouelle's where we took dinner. and went back to Mr Stuart's to pass the night. This morning after breakfast I went with Mr Stuart to bid Rosa good bye, and from thence to Mr Bouelle's where we remained until afternoon before the tide was high enough to permit us to depart. Mr Bouelle loaded us with presents, and many of the inhabitants were very kind bringing fruit &c. to take off on board ship. I have taken a bad cold on shore, and have had the headache nearly all day.

Sunday June 21<sup>st</sup>

This morning I arose early to see the coast, but was made too late in spite of my repudiation. for as I stood on deck a heavy squall sat brooding like an ill-omened bird over the rising mist. and shut it from view. I sat a long time in my house waiting for the clouds to disperse, but they did not until the dawn of morning came passing through, hiding them beyond, and shortly after the sun rose, as we could tell by the crimson tipped clouds. but the great luminary himself was veiled from mortal gaze by a thick drabby dark cloud. These beautiful dawn, and sun risings are beautiful in the ocean, so magnificent & heavenly in their celestial splendor. But the storm king prevailed on the morning, and large showers of rain descended, and I was obliged to retreat to my cabin, for my house on deck was not water proof. Yet this afternoon Nature smiled her love and smiled once more with her bright golden tropical sunshine. Still the atmosphere is very chilly on deck, and I am obliged to wrap

myself name while I sit in my house.

I rec'd a very interesting letter from Mr. Stanfield this morn'g from ship Bruster. and at Abner's request answered it and wrote one also to Mrs. Muelin in Maine by Bayou Charles Canth.

Wednesday June 26<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday the Zephyr got down for us. and Capt. Taylor came on board and in the afternoon we spoke the "America" and Capt. Huce came on board the Minerva. They did not get away before 2 A.M. or nearly as late, and today I have felt the effects of my late haul. I do not fancy this mode of "resting" at all. I like very much to hear the come to see us, but to keep reasonable hours. The sea has been alive today with fish and the air with birds. and the poor little flying fish have taken no rest. for the albacore & skip jacks chase them out of the water. and the birds are always ready to devour them as soon as they make their appearance. I have a great deal of sympathy for them, but it is so ordained by their Creator therefore it is right. Henry caught a large albacore today, and upon forming him to large flying fish were found perfectly whole. The day has been delightful. The air so cool and bracing, and such splendid evenings with the clear bright moon sailing through the heavens and streaming its long chain of glory far over the dark blue waves. Yesterday morning I arose early to see the comet. I did see it - but very faintly, for the brilliancy of the moon obscured the effect. which would probably have been much grander had the night been dark. I finished the "Quadrant" by Captain Wayne Reid and became very much excited with some parts of it. the greatest part I fear me, alas! is to be true, and the author admits the same. (Shame!) Shame! thou terrible curse of my native land. May God raise up strong firm hearted men to root out this shameful evil.

Friday June 28<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday morning I went on board the Zephyr and spent the day. A strong wind arose before night, accompanied with heavy showers of rain at intervals, and very rough. After tea, in spite of Capt. Taylor's entreaties not to leave the ship, Abner wrapped Dory and myself, buoying us away as fast as possible. The rain poured down unmercifully all the way, and it was very rough when we came along side the Minerva. The waves were mountain high and with some difficulty they succeeded in hoisting me up in the boat. I was delighted to get on board ship again. The sea continued to increase



and thus was such a varying with the elements all night - that I could scarcely sleep. There had been a very strong wind all day, and tonight it is very rough again. I can scarcely write. the ship is in such agony of body.

Monday July 1<sup>st</sup>.

How often I repeat the reclamation "how time flies!" It vanished like a sunset-dream. and we regret it. The anger of old Ocean has subsided somewhat, although it is still excited by strong winds. and showers of rain have fallen lovingly upon its bosom. but they only seem to kindle his irascible anger. his is a very recitable temper under these Indian skies. When the hurricane and lesser gales disturb his equilibrium. Ah! how true Ocean humors hard the frail-born man that with passion. and I shall always love thee, and all God's beautiful creation. and he who does not must be void of the dearest gift of God I thank thee O Father. that thou hast made me to love the good and beautiful! My Father I thank thee!

Monday July 1<sup>st</sup>.

A strong wind has succeeded the last gale. and we are being tossed about hither and thither, still night has passed. but "man proposed. and God disposed." and our Heavenly Parent has his eye upon us. although we seem to be all unconscious of his presence. Probably we learn wisdom as in your school. and may profit by these lessons of patience and endurance. Today we range to the leeward of the island. and the lookout at the boat-head reports three ships at anchor there. probably two of them are the Gara and Thomas Piper. I cannot tell so exactly concerning the third. It is a bark. I suffered from the toothache for several days. and not until I had a pulice made and wore it on my face one night to my great discomfiture. Would they be appeased. then they ceased growling. gently but they still maintain a sort of rumous discussion. but have not yet decided upon any thing. I think that the pulice dissipated all their fine schemes of annoying me longer. I am obliged to spend my time here in consequence. for fear of taking more cold in my face. I do not like confinement. I cannot breathe so freely in the cabin as I can on deck in my little house. How the superior I think myself very happy to write at all in such a jolting I shall learn to read and write before long. I am enjoying his after

the luxury of a few hours on deck to play, before he goes to bed. I have finished "Dredger" and "Howard Bond" by Cooper and now I am reading "Emil Lincolin" by the same author. There seems to be a great deal of discussion and arguments in his books with but little action. However they are very good to pass away the floating time.

Sunday July 11<sup>th</sup>.

Yesterday Mrs Batecock was on board and spent the day with her two children. Her little babe has grown very much and is a bright happy looking little darling. Kitty the eldest is a pretty girl of eleven years and full of life and movement. I enjoyed their society very much and hope to be able to see much more of them this season. The morning foretold a rough, bustling day, but the afternoon and evening are fine and pleasant. Several ships were in sight to day. I have spent the day in reading the Bible, conversing with David, Ned Dick and Dan Parks. The Sabbath on board ship are generally very quiet and pleasant. Every one seems to enjoy them. Blessed Day of Rest for the weary.

Sunday July 21<sup>st</sup>.

Yesterday afternoon I went on board the Thomas Pope. Captains Perkins and Spaulding came on board also. Mrs Atkins and Mrs Batecock have been on shore at Rodriguez. Mr Maddox has returned to the gratifying of the inhabitants and ourselves. It is very rough. Yesterday we heard of our Country's struggles our Countrymen in arms against each other, the defection of Congressmen from New Bedford, and the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars for the support of their families. Now they have commenced I hope they will decide the question in earnest, and have no more warring. In fact I am ashamed of my country, and hope that out of this confused chaos of Southern Slavery and Northern Freedom, they will form a confederacy that will stand and the Citizens of the United States yet be proud of their glorious land. My prayer is that God will assist the cause of Freedom and the Right.

Wednesday July 24<sup>th</sup>.

This morning Capt. Stearns of the Barque Prometheus came on board, and this afternoon Capt. Taylor. The troubles of our once dear country are sad, sad. I am ashamed of her, but I love her & honor her. I did not know before how much I love my own nation America. I am very anxious to hear more especially. Capt. Stearns intends to stay for sometime as soon as possible after



sent a letter to S. Holland for ~~me~~ by him. It is quite rough, and the  
Captains have left for their Ships. I am fearful lest the Southern  
men should try pirating and send our ships to take us for prisoners  
and detain us prisoners who have already been from home so long.  
But God will take care of us.

Sunday July 28<sup>th</sup>

July hath nearly passed away,  
"So flourishes and fades majestic Man". Today being my beautiful  
I sat aft. or abast the round-house nearly all the afternoon. I had  
a haze view of Rodriguez in the distance. a quiet-chaun seemed brood  
over that island where I have spent so many happy hours. A soft  
gentle breeze fanned my cheek, and <sup>the</sup> waves played gracefully below me  
there was a peculiarly softened chaun in the mild blue appearance  
of the sky as though it too was resting in the glorious beauties of  
this Sabbath day. Every thing was quiet on deck. whenever one spoke  
it was in subdued tones. Many of the men were reading. for on  
the Sabbath they are always allowed to take their books and papers  
on deck. It had been a Sabbath to be much enjoyed. how glorious  
and surpassingly wonderful are God's works. who could <sup>not</sup> love and  
revere his Creation if there was in his soul one spark of love  
for this beautiful Creation this glorious world. How can the  
Book of Nature be sealed when so little revelation is required to draw  
into its mysteries. for soon the ignorant Savage is of the able to  
its chaun. how much then the civilized race of the paleface.  
God is truly good and he dispenses his gifts of knowledge &  
wisdom to whom he will, and blessed is that person to whom  
God has joined his divine Book. wherein are recorded the  
mighty wonders of God's Almighty Hand. Let us wonder, praise  
and adore. We cannot always float calmly and placidly over this  
beautiful sea of life. like a tale of long ago. and often repeated. it  
is sometimes visited by the King of terrors, pain and sorrow. at times  
there will be beautiful days. Canopied by soft-fluffy clouds floating through  
the heavens. the songs of nature sweet and harmonious the water  
drumming soft and low. in the distance a soft hazy light will float  
from the blessed land where the gentle billows softly lave its shores.  
But there are dangerous shoals to be avoided. and <sup>danger</sup> these beautiful  
interludes the waves roll peacefully over them. and but for some practised eye  
on the watch tower we might be lost when we thought ourselves safe.

How true were our Saviour's words to his disciples. The latter one who knew so well the straight and narrow way and the temptations that beset that path to the only shore of Heaven. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

Sunday July 30<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday Capt<sup>n</sup> Robbins and family spent the day on board. and Capt<sup>n</sup> Lee came in the afternoon or

I would say a short time before dinner. It rained the greater part of the afternoon. and after tea as they <sup>were</sup> preparing to go on board their ships. it commenced to rain very ~~firmly~~ <sup>heavily</sup>. I proposed that Mrs Robbins should stay on board all night but she seemed inclined to go with her husband. and perhaps it was quite as well. situated as we are on this ocean of storms and tempests. Mrs Robbins sang for me. she has a beautiful voice strong clear and very melodious. and I could never tire of hearing her sing. I am so fond of music. that it amounts to a passion. Music, poetry and paintings, are my delights. I could listen to good music, an entire night without tiring in the least. I could read my favorite authors of poetry and enjoy their noble inspirations. with a feeling that it would be rain for me to describe. and paintings. Oh beautiful painting. who does not become enraptured. fixed, mute. over the soul breathing touches of these master artists whose whole soul was poured out in rapture and emotion. Ours over these delightful works. I cannot help it. It is a gift from Heaven. My Father saw fit to implant in my heart a love for the high and refining arts of life. and may He assist me to use them as I ought.

Friday

Thursday Aug 1<sup>st</sup> 21

Imagine my surprise. when they told me that a new ship had been in sight <sup>previously</sup> ~~before~~ and that she looked like the Splendid but no one seemed decided. until we ran for her in the afternoon. and saw her name on the stern Capt Norton and Mrs Norton standing there. How delightful I thought to hear her here near us once more. and so unexpected too. She came on board. and I was very sorry to learn that she looked much thinner than when I last saw her. She was suffering from a bad headache. She gave me a very interesting description of the scenes she had visited. and we were so much confused and excited that we did not know at which end of conversation to commence and we never ended. she stayed all night with Capt Norton and did not return to their own ship until this afternoon. It has been very rough indeed



today, and Susie and self have both had very bad headaches. I must  
bed after they left this afternoon. I was so badly off. Cap<sup>t</sup> Norton  
has consented that - Susie shall go into Rodriguez with us in about  
a week if nothing happens. I can hardly realize so happy an event.  
Susie is nearly my own age, and agrees so readily in many points,  
she is so open hearted and innocent, and such a dear affectionate  
creature, that one cannot help loving her. It is like the refreshing  
sight of an oasis in the desert, to see her bright intelligent face beaming  
from beneath her large black eyes. But her greatest loveliness is a beau-  
tiful Christian character, which she exhibits, she strives to love  
her God. Would that my country possessed more of such women.  
Saturday Aug. 10<sup>th</sup>

For nearly or quite a week, the elements have  
been roughly contending, and the howl of the Storm King has been deep  
and loud many times. I have heard the low sobbing sighs of Cadmus  
murmuring through the shrubs, when an occasional lull would  
intervene, and then succeeded the mild, melancholy, rainings of old  
ocean, trailings of deeper, dark clouds, when he entombed among  
the coral groves, those for whom many hearts have broken, those for  
whom many a heart has wept and sighed.

It has been quite smooth  
today, and this forenoon the Splendid ran down for  
us, but I had the toothache so badly last night, as to be obliged  
to wear a bad poultice on my face which was so disagreeable in  
itself, besides the continued growings of my abused tooth which seemed  
to about the idea of such appliances, that I could not sleep, so I  
have had an unenviable headache all day in consequence. I could  
not go on board the Splendid, but I sent her a note by Abner to come  
here, he returned without her leaving to my great disappointment  
for she had to finish some ironing, as soon as she found that we  
were going in to anchor tomorrow. Cap<sup>t</sup> Norton is going in with  
the Splendid to lay at anchor a few days if nothing prevents.  
Now I will read my Bible say my prayers, and bid me away to the  
inviting luxuries of my ocean pillow, where for two and a half long  
years I have been rocked, sometimes roughly, sometimes gently. It is  
the way of life. Yet I have loved my floating home, and still love  
it, monotonous though it may sometimes be, save when we nearly some  
lovely island beneath whose tropical verdure he crested, the lovely entry.

where we are certain to be welcomed. Such is Rodriguez except in outward aspect which is barren, rough and uninviting, consisting entirely of hills and mountains rising peak upon peak, seeming to rise with each other in loftiness. but beneath these magnificent summits, reposing sweetly at their base, nestled the quiet waters of Mathurin Bay and its town. these kind hearts always give the stranger welcome and bid them remain and call it home. Fair folks love this, though outwardly uncomely in appearance there hast a heart, and home

Sunday Aug 13<sup>th</sup>

Sunday afternoon the Splendid. Euphros. and Minerva Smyth anchored in Mathurin Bay, and Mrs Norton myself and the Captains came on shore. Imagine our anguish to see Mr Messier so unwell as to be unable to quit his room. I was deeply grieved and at the same time, at the same time said that he would much rather it had been himself, but Mr Messier sat at the table with us, and sat up late, and I fear that he was much worse justly in consequence. I enjoy Lucie Norton's society very much indeed, and Capt Norton's also, for he is so energetic and lively, overflowing with good natured wit, and so easy and polite in his manners, with a great heart besides, that one cannot help admiring him. We are quite a nice cozy family party, one shadow only, clouds the white, the suffering sickness of Mr Messier our dear kind friend who always has treated us so very, very kindly and affectionately.

Friday Aug 11<sup>th</sup>

Lucie flies, and today I have sailed. I am to stay until the Splendid sails, and go out with Mrs Norton. I would like to stay with her much longer. This afternoon a lively, good young Creole visited us, and entertained very much with his wit. It has been brought down, and this evening Lucie and self took a long walk, and here remained at the house the remainder of the day. We enjoy ourselves very much indeed, it is such a treat to be so much with Lucie, but present day at Rodriguez will be a bright green spot in memory.

Saturday Aug 12<sup>th</sup>

This afternoon Albert and Dory have left me and gone on board ship. I shall not see them



probably for several days. I never bade Adam good bye before for  
so long a time, and I'm sure, and I was not aware how  
badly I should feel at such a short separation. But they  
are gone, and I am here with Lucie. This evening we are  
invited to a party to the Beggar's, where we may perhaps see a  
greater part of the Island killed. Mr. Messiter has lain down  
rather fatigued and he intends going with us to remain a short  
time, if he feels able. It has been raining at intervals, and  
then the sun comes brightly out and dries the grass in time  
for another shower. It seems pleasant every day, probably we  
are getting over the bad effects of the land breeze and climate  
here, and are beginning to enjoy excellent health.

Monday Aug 21<sup>st</sup>

Saturday Evening we all  
went to the party, and enjoyed ourselves very much.  
There were several very pretty Creole girls there, and nearly  
all of them were dressed in white. But the ball room was  
very small, however they managed to find plenty of room to  
dance in. at home we should have thought a small shed quite  
admirable. We only remained until after eleven. Mr. Messiter feel-  
ing much better proposed taking a walk to the sea side. The  
evening was delightful, a brilliant and beautiful moon shed glory  
whenever it dropped its beam. The wind blew freshly on the beach  
one ship was missing among those whose number was uncertain  
in the morning. a deathful feeling came over me, as I thought of  
those dear ones on the wide ocean. I had never bade Adam good  
bye, even for a few days before, and my little boy too who was left  
my side long at a time, was gone with him. Mr. Christie our steps  
homeward, fearful lest the sea breeze should be too bracing for Mr.  
Messiter, who had been unused to its breath for so long a time.  
After our return, a breeze shower of rain fell, and warned us that  
we had arrived in time to avoid a drizzling. Tomorrow we are to sail  
if nothing prevents. We have enjoyed ourselves so much here, that it  
will be hard to go away. But this world is made up of such, fond  
meetings and sad partings. May we all meet in Heaven. We have  
had quite a party tonight to dinner. Mademoiselles Victoire, Emma  
and Elvira. Mr. Bonelle, Mr. Granere. With the addition of Cap<sup>t</sup>.  
Butler whose ship anchored in the harbor today. It had been a pleasant

Every body, would that Abner could have been here for he too would have enjoyed it. Lucie sang and played all the evening. Mr Greene seemed to be in his element. he played very well too. Mr Cepeda a French gentleman from Mauritius. sang he has a very powerful voice. Mr Bonell also. his voice is very melodious.

Monday Aug 26<sup>th</sup>

The ship is leaking very badly, the pumps have to be tried every half hour. and we are far to the westward of Rodriguez. I begin to feel uneasy for she leaks more and more every hour. How I long for daylight. May God preserve and protect us.

Tuesday Aug 27<sup>th</sup>

It is not so rough tonight and instead of seven hundred strokes an hour. which she leaked last night. she only leaks four hundred an hour now. we are much nearer land tonight. Captains Taylor and Fisher have been on board this afternoon. and Capt Taylor is to keep us company tonight. he is a good kind hearted man. so willing so accommodating to his friends. I have been clearing starching today. and am somewhat fatigued. for it is rather fatiguing. and I always prefer doing my own mending to having them done on shore. for in these countries they thrash them on the rocks. instead of washing them as we do. I should be obliged to get a nail set in my foot. did I have them to others. Tomorrow Abner thinks we may anchor if all goes well tonight.

Thursday Aug 29<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday afternoon the Minerva Smyth anchored again in Martin's Bay. We found Mr Messiter still unwell. The Charles Card is anchored here also. put in on account of a leak. The Sarah lies here still. Captains Smith and Cutler were here to dinner last evening. Mr Bonell was here a short time. I gave him "The Ship of War" written in French. This morning Fay and self took a walk. it was a delightful morning. Rodriguez looks as lovely as ever. I am only afraid that our stay here will be too short. Rosa and Ugalia have been here this afternoon. Ugalia Lee Brown is as beautiful as ever. she has splendid black eyes. Mr Messiter had been much worse today. His moustache is full of those little Rawlins seeds that once troubled me so much.



Friday Aug. 31<sup>st</sup>.

Today the Brig came in. Mrs Bonelle

and her son and daughter came in too. This evening quite a party were assembled at Mr Bonelle's. who was in very high spirits. caused by the safe return of his wife and family. We danced and played and sang until near 12 o'clock. and then made the best of our way home in the darkness. aided however by the light of a lantern carried by young Capdor. a fine looking gentleman lately from Mauritius. I have received another letter from Mr Fairfield. a very interesting one too. he sent it - by Captain Smith of the Charles Carroll.

Sunday Sept 1<sup>st</sup>.

I did not go to chapel this morning. After chapel was over. Mr & Mrs Bonelle. Miss Bonelle. Elina and her sister Emma. with their brother & brother in law. called here. Emma looked very pretty today. After breakfast Mr Messiter & I with Dory took a walk on the mountain. We sat down on the grass and watched changing panorama of the town below. where we could see nearly every thing that passed. We sang and played with Dory. talked of men and things. and whistled away the hours until Dory pulled the crystal out of Mr Messiter's watch and then we went down. Tomorrow Abner thinks we will sail again. as he has completely stoppered the leak.

Tuesday Sept 2<sup>nd</sup>.

Rodriguez still contained us pleasure sucking trawlers. for the wind and rain of yesterday and today have rendered it impossible to mount on board ship. This morning we have been playing cards. Mr Messiter is much improved in health. he has been taking lime water for the cancer. and I hope that it will with the help of God cure him. for he has been a sufferer.

Wednesday Sept 3<sup>rd</sup>.

My birthday month slips away very fast. and so here the days spent at Rodriguez the beloved old place we have just left. and where we have bidden kind friends adieu. It is with a sad heart that I think of those happy happy hours and my only regret is that Rodriguez is not nearer Annam. but perhaps if the Lord will we shall go there once more. I shall always

think of it with gratitude and it will almost prompt me to amaze the sea  
voyage, the prospect of visiting that island I see more. There sleep  
Alice Weston, whom I so fondly love, and who love me, and there live  
dear dear friends. God bless them for their loving kindness to me and mine.

Friday Sept. 6<sup>th</sup>

It rained this morning but before  
noon the sun succeeded the sultry mist of morning.  
The afternoon has been fine and pleasant, accompanied by soft falling  
breezes and warm sunshine. The enraged powers of old ocean beat  
less violently, and the elements have left Nature in a state of  
peaceful rest. How beautiful this calm <sup>day</sup> sunshine has been to me. Ac-  
customed as I have been to the ceaseless thunderings of the Storm  
King, I am beginning to shake off the disagreeable effects of the  
ship's motion which always makes me feel not exactly sea-sick, but  
sort of uncomfortable for the first few days after leaving port, and  
have nearly settled down to quiet-home life on board ship. Still  
look towards Rodriguez with a fond longing to be there soon. I am  
still reading Cooper's Leander, and find them exceedingly interesting  
particularly his descriptions of the scenery along the Rhine, Switzerland  
&c. his writings and delineations filled my soul with noble thoughts  
of that mysterious land which I have only seen through books.  
Is it vain to wish otherwise? The older I grow, the more these noble  
aspirations fill my heart and soul, and awaken within me a  
longing to behold the great and beautiful wonders of Nature. Some-  
times I can hardly contain my feelings, they possess me with their  
bright, and I long for wings to soar unfettered to behold the mysterious  
grand and sublime of Nature, the exact inspirations of the artists,  
and to hear music such as my soul can almost imagine, but hear  
never heard. Mark a spirit such thy longings, an Almighty Eye is upon  
thee, he knows what is good for thee and will give thee accordingly.  
Thank Heaven that that still small voice still rings in my ear,  
and points my thoughts on high, whenever these turbulent feelings  
fill my breast with vain longings. May it ever be thus till time  
shall be a cipher in the infinite realm of Eternity, may it still  
point me heavenward.

Wednesday, Sept. 7<sup>th</sup>

Thursday, Tuesday, we caught

four whales. About one among the rest, for my boat took a whale.



Mr. Jones's whale ran a considerable distance to windward, and then sent Mr. Hart and Mr. Sylvia into their boats, after their whales were taken alongside, to assist him in towing to the ship. It took them until eleven o'clock at night. Today they cut them all in. There were two small whales, and two much larger. Mr. Reed caught the largest whale. The Thomas Pope was in sight yesterday, and loaned three boats, but I don't know whether she got anything or not. The decks are so full of heads and blubber that the men cannot get about without much difficulty. But they do not mind it. I think the more trouble they have to take, on that account they better are they satisfied. Ahm is quite pleased as well he might be, but my, my, tonight, as he did not sleep more than an hour last night, for after they made all the whales fast and had eaten their supper, Ahm sent them all to bed for and aft, and left the cabin boy, Harry, only, to take care of the ship and whales, himself assisting, and taking the responsibility - ~~himself~~.

Monday Sept. 16<sup>th</sup>.

It has been quite rough for several days, and still continues so. They have nearly finished killing out the whales notwithstanding the rough weather & the breaking of one of the big pots. The ships are in sight, for in fact we have drifted a long distance to leeward, and <sup>the</sup> backing back as fast as our "rusty goats" will grate along with her ragged coppered sides. The mings are beginning to be beautiful once more through the silomy influence of Cynthia, and I was drawn of her presence tonight, as I was sitting in my lounge by her soft light falling astir the ceiling. I sat some time to watch her progress until ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> bells were struck and the night watch set, thinking my moment, that I would go below, and still retained by the sweet charm of that mysterious orb, which abroad old ocean's billows, and pulled my charmed fancy to dreamland. The shadows grew brighter on the ceiling, a few belated cockroaches passed a moment in its glory, and then departed, the moonbeams misting their bronzed coats, to glisten like a night glass as they stood themselves away for the night in the crevices of the ceiling. Evening's shadows grew darker and deepened into night, in proportion as the moon increased in brightness, the fire at the big stove threw a mild lurid





Emperor, who wished that the whole Roman people had but one head that he might chop it off at a single blow. I skunkled through some German exercises this afternoon, and attempted to translate a few sentences of Coe's. but right-bells struck before I had accomplished the lesson, and as the time from four o'clock till the steward calls me to tea is devoted to reading, I always have my French and German exercises then and attend to the improvement of my mind from that source, judging that four hours, <sup>or</sup> the time from dinner until four o'clock is sufficient for one day, to appropriate to languages. I am reading The Prison of Miltonden. East-Indian Archipelago, by Walter Gibson. I have seen many of the places that he mentions in the East-Indian Seas, and <sup>have</sup> travelled over them, therefore when he speaks of the people, manners and customs of those beautiful Indian Isles, I can understand and appreciate, and see them as I have seen them, while among them. I do not like his style of storytelling at all, he tries to make his tales too pompously fanciful, and I am quite impatient. Sometimes and would he make nothing I am not certain that the main part of the work was true, that alone relieves the foolishness of the rest. He does nature and describes it well. After tea I went on deck leaned against the sky-light, watched the men pull the sails, watched the clouds and the sea, observed, sang, and last of all caught beautiful glimpses of the moon which is rather golden than silver bright. I cannot exactly explain but she reminded me of a beautiful brunette, so William with heavy clouds encircling her. Some has been very busy today, assisting the Carpenter in making the fire under the big pots, carrying wood to the galley, helping the men in heading on and securing large casks of oil, and getting a good coat of oil, smut, and dirt, on face and hands, aprons &c. tonight he was <sup>much</sup> weary to ask to be put to bed, where his "by-by" was heard until he dropped asleep. The ship's bark has increased to fourteen hundred strokes, but we do not feel any danger yet, and God will protect us. When sitting by me reading Darnport Diary, by Charles Fernald, our little cabin looks very cozy, and comfortable in spite of the rough weather. I sit braced up in my chair writing, and when a heavy sea troubles the ship to leeward, I drop my unfinished letter

or mud, until she rights up again, and drift on, nothing like accustomed ones  
self to "lick like"

Monday Sept<sup>r</sup> 24<sup>th</sup>

Sunday we caught two more whales.  
the last four stowed down one hundred barrels. Capt<sup>r</sup> Lincoln of the China  
Dunbar was on board the Minerva Smyth. Saturday evening, and Capt<sup>r</sup>  
Castro of the Congress, was here last evening. He had been in Mauritius  
a month repairing ship. When says that in all manner Mauritius than  
Rodriguez and consequently quite solitary, for all the ships, or nearly all, are  
cruising about Rodriguez, and the Congress only was in sight from our ship  
today, but if they hear of our catching whales about here, they will be coming  
pell mell, and then no quarter for the poor Christian who shows his  
head above water. Dory stays forward the by smokes nearly all day, and  
gets as dirty as possible, but his father and every one thinks it will  
do him good, for it is such a treat for the little fellow to abide by his  
narrow quadrant aft, that it is really painful to see him so uneasy  
and restless for want of exercise, so with a clean suit of clothes every  
day, and occasionally too, he gets along nicely, and does as he likes

Monday Sept<sup>r</sup> 30<sup>th</sup>

My birthday has passed  
and left thirty three long years to be counted with the silent  
past. Silent in my thing except memory, and that whispers my  
very gently, as any friend of those days gone by, fit past us, one by  
one. This evening I have been arranging the flowers that I gathered &  
pressed in Java. I wish that I could have preserved them better  
but I did not press them thoroughly, and the excessive heat of the  
climate destroyed many of them before they were thoroughly dried as  
they soon began to mould, and come to pieces, but they will be a memento  
of the lonely days that I spent in beautiful Java. I have nearly  
finished the history of New Bedford by Daniel Ricketson. It reveals  
to me the lineage of my ancestors, and is very valuable as well as interesting.  
They have been stowing down oil today, forty four barrels, from the two  
whales caught a week ago, and thoughts of home press themselves  
upon our minds at every new addition to our oily cargo. Of happy  
happy days of the future dim and mystic! But all is in the  
hands of our Father, and I bow to his will. But what will come, I  
I like and willing to say, "They will be done."



Tuesday Oct. 8<sup>th</sup>

For several days the weather has been very fine. We are working up towards Rodriguez as fast as possible for we have been waiting here for several weeks. The sunsets have been very brilliant and beautiful for several days, and we are venturing and enjoying life to its fullest extent. This delightful climate of the Indian Sea. Last Friday being a very pleasant day I went on board the Florn. Captain Perkins and spent the day, enjoyed myself very much. In the evening Capt. Perkins returned with us to the museum. I stayed and spent the evening. The Jan & Florn have been lost from sight for several days. Nothing of importance has occurred during the past week. Mr. Reed caught a shark last night. Nearly every one is skinning, and as sand papers failed them with which they smooth their canes of bone and ivory, they thought the rough skin of the shark would answer their purpose, but this one was too gross, for the skin was but very slightly roughened and consequently too smooth for use. The cooper has made some very fine canes. Some of ivory with ivory heads, and sides inlaid with ivory and silver, and some of white bone. He made me a very hand some riding whip of black whale bone with head of ivory and bone very neatly and tastefully designed. He has shown much taste in his work. I am reading Frank in America by Lady Emily Murray. I do not feel as though much sitting in my house or cabin reading but she writes with so much life and spirit, that my imagination takes wings. And I am steaming over railroads in comfort with the gifted authoress, rumbling up Broadway to the Astor House, en route for Albany and Niagara, and there I must stop for I have only commenced the book, but it seems as though I could hear her speak and see her act. So lifelike and natural without affectation are her descriptions.

Friday Oct. 11<sup>th</sup>

Capt. Luce of the America came on board to tea, and brought us a Shipping List - date July 30<sup>th</sup>, which contained the startling and shameful account of the defeat of the troops of the Union. After turned very pale when Captain Luce told him the facts, poor man he felt so much for the honor of his native Northern land, that he looked very nearly desperate for a few minutes.

I felt chagrined too. But when I read the account in the paper I found the affair much modified and our Commander in Chief, General Scott, declared when the report was brought to him that "it was no defeat." They are not defeated. There is a report that Garibaldi is intending to assist the Porto, if he should be might - probably be a second ~~Seafarer~~. Oh my poor, poor country! my unhappy country! they must bleed only in thy nation's word. God helps the Right. It is my rough tonight. I can scarcely sit in my chair owing to the uneasy movements of the ship. The wind thunders ~~through~~ the strands, and the sea lashed the ship with great fury. I am very sleepy and tired tonight as I remained up very late last night. Captains Perkins and Taylor were on board. the Minerva Sings.

Friday Oct 4<sup>th</sup> 1844.

I have just returned from the Thomas Pope. where I spent the afternoon very pleasantly. Captains Spaulding, Brown, & Cassin. were on board. Captain Robbins thought of going into Rodriguez soon, and if nothing happens I think we may go in by Monday. I hope that Mr. Meserve may have returned. The Brig went in today to Valin. I was on board the Java Sunday, and spent the day. The ships. Messenger, Fernelia, Joseph Maxwell, Charles Carroll are now lying at anchor in Rodriguez. The evenings are very beautiful the moon is arrayed in all her charms tonight. full and glorious. a million of miles I may call the Queen of Night. of beauty, wonder and love.

Rodriguez. Sunday Oct 4<sup>th</sup> 20<sup>th</sup>

Came on shore today. Mr. Meserve is still in Mauritius. It is so lonely now for everything is changed. we have not the ~~same~~ comfortable quarters that he always afforded us. whenever we came here, no brother could have received his brother & sister more cordially than he welcomed us. My kind, kind friend! I missed thy ever cheerful and benevolent face! which always greeted us so affectionately. We take our meals at Mr. Bonelli's and lodge in Government House. Mrs. Robbins and myself have two large rooms, and our cabin boys each small rooms adjoining ours. Four ships are lying at anchor here, the Messenger, Charles Carroll, Fernelia, Rev. Thomas Pope, Joseph Maxwell, and our own Minerva Sings.

Monday Oct 21<sup>st</sup>

This morning I arose early and walked up to the cemetery. It was very cool and pleasant, and I enjoyed it.



For the cool morning air was very refreshing. I sat some time by dear Alice's grave. Thinking upon the transitory life of mortals and their journey to immortality. We spent the greater part of the day at our lodgings. Government House. and called on Rosa this afternoon afterwards spent the evening at Mr Bonelli's. Miss Bonelli suffered much this evening from I hardly know what. For she is often in much pain and had great difficulty in breathing. The evenings are delightful. Magnificent. For some Adjutors I complain more fully if possible these charming evenings in the tropics. especially in Rodriguez. Hardy Rodriguez. I love thee for the dear associations that linger beneath thy Catania Cratered hills.

Tuesday Oct-22<sup>nd</sup>.

This afternoon went with Miss Bonelli and Rosa to call on Mrs Grancon. whom we found mourning the death of her little grandson. a fine looking, dark eyed little boy. from thence to see Sister Catherine Agalia de Bore and she returned with us to Mr Bonelli's.

Saturday Oct-26<sup>th</sup>.

Nearly all the ships have left. and Mrs Lifford with the rest. The Charles Carroll and Thomas Pope are still here. We are quite a select party now. This afternoon I wrote to Mr Mesiter and Mr Fairfield. I am really quite anxious to leave Rodriguez. For as Captain Smith of the Charles Carroll said this afternoon. the main spring of our social circle is gone.

Sunday Oct-27<sup>th</sup>.

This morning went with Dorie to chapel. the little fellow behaved beautifully. and far exceeded my expectations. he did not speak aloud during the service. and was very quiet. The Pearl anchored in the harbor today. and the Lodia ran in towards the land. but afterwards stood out to sea again. This evening we saw a large fire on the mountains supposed to have been kindled by runaway sailors. and a number of men have gone to extinguish it. Mrs Robinson sang hymns to us this evening I think that I could have listened to her all night. she has such a beautiful voice. she will probably leave to-morrow if the Lord permits and I hope that we shall be ready to go too. Nearly every morning since we came here we have taken a long

walk. along the sea-shore after our coffee. I think that I am much stronger for it.  
Sunday Nov<sup>r</sup> 8<sup>th</sup>

We left Rodriguez last Tuesday and I am beginning to enjoy sea-life once more. I felt very disagreeable after we took the anchor, notwithstanding I went on board the Lydia the same afternoon and took tea. I did not feel much inclined to go, but Captain Batcock came for me, in his boat and urged me to go. His little baby had taken a bad cold on shore the day before. We brought Kitty out with us, her father had allowed her to remain on shore all night, which suited her childish fancy very much. She is a fine girl. I like her much. My Harry who was on shore with me quite fell in love with her golden curls. I felt very badly at leaving my kind friends at Rodriguez, for I doubted whether I should ever see them again. Mr Bonella came on board with us and returned in the pilot boat. Her was too much affected with the mal de mer to remain long on board. Mrs Kittins & family have since been on board the Minerva. Lynda, and last evening Capt<sup>n</sup> Norton of the Peri was here, his second officer Mr Linton from Martha's Vineyard played finely on the Accordion, and one of his boatmen accompanied him on the violin, the two instruments accompanying beautifully with each other. Our third officer Mr Hart danced, but Capt<sup>n</sup> Norton left early. Consequently the performances were short. We are enjoying delightful weather, and steering towards Mauritius. Only the Peri was in sight today. Nearly all of the other ships having probably left for Mauritius.

I have been reading the Bible and Baxter's Saint's Rest today. My thoughts troubled me much, for inward and wandering they were perpetually soaring away from that beautiful subject. Consequently I have not enjoyed this Sabbath, as much as I anticipated. How confused and turbulent is the mind of man.

Friday Nov<sup>r</sup> 8<sup>th</sup>

This morning I did not eat my breakfast, and about 9 A.M. took a little bread & butter and coffee. I had no appetite for dinner, and for supper ate a little boiled Ham and roasted potatoes. This afternoon I have been visiting let us hope. Six are ready to be finished after receiving those that I report at Mauritius. It is very tedious visiting with the ship com-



ring before the wind. she rolls so badly. we are steering for Mauritius  
and expect to reach there in a few days if nothing happens.

Mauritius. Tuesday Nov<sup>r</sup> 12<sup>th</sup>.

Yesterday I came on shore to Mr  
Squier's where I am now staying. Her kindly invited me to  
make his house my home for the present. It is a very nice place  
they have large airy rooms and Mrs Squier is a fine little woman.  
I like her very much. I was very sick yesterday. took <sup>doctors</sup> ~~some~~ medicine  
in the morning before coming on shore, and never having taken  
one before I knew nothing of the effects. Consequently I was very  
sick all day, and this morning I am very weak. Captain  
Perkins took dinner here last evening. I have not yet seen  
Mr Messiter. Mrs and Miss Gifford & Mr Robbins are staying at  
the Hotel d'Europe. I have a very nice room here, and every thing  
is elegant and comfortable. I promise myself much pleasure  
when I recover my health and strength.

Thursday Nov. 14<sup>th</sup>.

Yesterday went out to Mr Fairfield's &  
came back yesterday morning to the Hotel d'Europe & see Mrs  
Robbins. I had previously engaged to meet Mr Messiter there at  
11 A.M. She took me into her children to have our autographs  
taken. afterwards we came back to the hotel and remained until  
nearly night. After Mr Messiter left we started for shopping, as  
we were leaving our rooms. we met Captain Perkins, Lincoln & Mrs.  
but the carriage coming for us a few moments afterwards, we re-  
cused ourselves for fear the shops would be closed. shopping over.  
Capt and Mrs Robbins stopped at the hotel and I went on to  
Mr Squier's. Capt Perkins & others came in the evening with Capt  
Laylor. This morning I went down to the bazaar with Mrs  
Squier, and after we had seen every thing that was to be seen  
namely, perf. wood, fruits & flowers. we each purchased a bouquet  
of flowers and departed. Returning. called to see Miss Ettr, a  
friend of Mrs Squier's she came back with us to spend the day.  
It is necessarily warm and we are glad to keep as quiet and  
cool as possible. Miss Ettr plays well on the piano. as well  
as Mrs Squier. they played duets together. I cannot tell what  
will be the order of the day, for the present I am inclined to leave  
the ladies chatting French together and sit by Dorie's couch, basking

away the troublesome flies. Reading the Spanish Student of Rome journal in the intervals. I have read it before, but when quite a child.

Saturday Nov 16<sup>th</sup>.

Thursday Capt Dumas came and took me to the Hotel d'Europe. and Mrs Pittman & children. myself and Dorie went to Campelmousses with Mr Fairfield at night & returned to town yesterday morning. Mr Tegan gave me a nice German Dictionary I had asked him to find one for me. and he was kind enough to do so. and made me a present of the book. I spent the greater part of the day at the hotel. and at 5 P.M. went on board the Rattlesnake, a large merchant ship. moored at the wharf. Capt. Barker was very polite and attentive. She had a fine Cabin and State rooms for passengers. Afterward I came back to Mr Squire's found Abner here. The rain descended in torrents last evening. and today it is incessantly raining.

Monday Nov 17<sup>th</sup>.

Saturday afternoon rode out to Campelmousses with Mr Fairfield. Yesterday Sunday. Abner Mr Messiter & Capt Taylor came out and spent the day. We walked in the Botanical Gardens. rested under the cypress trees on the beautiful little islands that dotted the lake. It was too fatiguingly warm to walk much even under the shade of the lovely trees with which the Gardens are adorned. so returning we stopped at Mrs Porter's and took a glass of wine. watched the fish in her little pond swimming lazily around for the crumbs of bread thrown to them. and then took a short path through the wood. which soon brought us to Mr Fairfield's. played and sang hymns on the melodion partook of a delicious supper. and almost before we were aware the sun had left the meridian and was fast sinking below the horizon. The coachman conscious of the hour. began to harness the horses. and bidding our kind friends good bye. we were soon whirling rapidly to town with lightning speed. Mrs Fairfield before parting gave me a beautiful Japanese fan. which had come from the interior of Japan. Mr Messiter & Capt Taylor spent the evening at Mr Squire's. This morning I have been finishing my home letters. and feel exceedingly well. I must pack my trunk and be in readiness for removal on board ship again. We have maintained for the last time.



At Sea. Tuesday Nov. 19<sup>th</sup>

Last night we left Port Louis, and our dear kind friends, perhaps forever. I felt very badly when I bade you Messiter adieu. for I doubted whether I should ever see him again. He accompanied us to the beach and felt very deeply at parting. Then when bade him adieu, they could not speak but when took his hand in both of his gave it one long lingering pressure and jumping into the boat gave the order to pack off, not a word passed between them, but I could see that they understood one another perfectly as they have ever done since they have become acquainted, and their feelings were too deep for utterance. I looked behind after we had left the pair and saw him waving us, he noticed my movement and raised his hat, holding it for some time, as though saying a last final adieu. there was so much love and respect mingled in that single act, such are the farewells of friends who love you, there is a majesty and dignity of feeling in such, far preferable to the noisy harangues of less feeling people. I have met many very many kind friends since leaving home, but <sup>for</sup> none of them can I cherish such a deep feeling of love and respect as for Edward S. Messiter. God bless him. I only wish that he would come to America that we might soon come him in our own home. Once more God bless him for it was the blessing that he invoked upon me at parting.

It has been my custom today the Lake of Geneva has been discernable in the hazy distance, and I have cast many a longing lingering look upon those misty shores, but farewell dear lovely Lake, and farewell to ye land and there, there is another and a better Country where partings are never heard of. W. Fairfield gave me a German Dictionary and a copy of Longfellow's Bound nicely bound. Mr Messiter a massive seal ring, which fits one of Abner's fingers beautifully and if he ever wears it will only be because it was given by his dear friend whom he loved as a brother. Abner intends cruising for whales until Captain Taylor of the Zephyr has returned with the mail, which will be done in five or six days, and then we shall probably touch at Boston.

Tuesday Nov 20<sup>th</sup>

For more than a week I have been quite ill, so weak as to be scarcely able to move about, and curiously deprived of all energy and motion. Today I have felt comparatively strong, for

the first time since leaving port. My diet is soup. Dressing with a little fresh  
bif. carrots, asparagus. Sometimes a little rice, and a small quantity of  
salt and pepper. This forms my daily food, for breakfast, dinner &  
supper, and notwithstanding its simplicity it sometimes distresses me,  
for I have become very weak since taking the medicine. I do not think  
that I shall ever take another one. Sometimes the Steward gives me pump-  
kin, which does not hurt me. Doris has had the dysentery quite badly  
and has not yet recovered. Barton was in sight tonight, but a long  
distance off. I would like much to go there. Saturday we passed very  
near it, passed the City of St. Denis, with its beautiful suburbs &  
surroundings. Everything looked flourishing verdant and lovely. It  
looked like a flowering garden. For cultivation was extended almost  
as far as the eye could reach, almost to the summits of the mountains  
which were dotted here and there with lovely cottages, peeping through  
the thick foliage in their sunny whiteness, and now and then a por-  
tress upon some bold acclivity, surrounded in trees. Sunday we went  
over to the other side of the island and passed little village of St.  
Paul. It was a stormy day, for we had abundant showers on board  
ship, and we could hear the thunder resonating from the mountains  
and see the deep dense clouds lying heavy <sup>and</sup> low over them, and some-  
times dropping even to the valleys. We could tell by the gloomy aspect  
on shore, that a heavy shower was dampening its shores, and we  
could also see heavy streams of water rushing in torrents down the  
precipitous mountain sides to the sea. But occasionally bright gleams  
of sunshine would illumine the mountains and the pretty little  
town, nestled so lovingly in the verdant embrace of a quiet-looking  
rock, and everything looked so fresh and beautiful that I longed to  
land there. I imagined that in the midst of so much beauty &  
freshness, I should grow strong immediately. Alas! would have later  
me on shore if he had seen the *Lycidia* lying there, but only one ship  
was there and that was a stranger. There was a beautiful rain-  
bow tonight - a short time before sunset. Very brilliant - with its res-  
plendent colors, which glowed and glowed still brighter, as the  
golden light of the setting sun illumined them. How beautiful is  
nature, sky, and the grand old ocean! How beautiful! for God made  
them. How could they be otherwise than magnificent - coming from this  
Almighty Hand.



Island of Boston. - Wednesday Dec. 4<sup>th</sup> 1844.

Today we lay off and on the little town of St. Paul. and the beautiful green hills of Boston. Settling some affairs with Captain Taylor of the *Lephyr*. and about 4. P.M. Came on shore. We were obliged to wait at the pier for the Herald's Office. not having a Bill of Lading from *Mauritius*. Capt & Mrs Batecock & Kelly came down to the pier. when they heard of arrival. It was quite chilly and damp sitting in the boat. but after waiting a long time very impatiently the Doctor came. and we started for the house where Mrs Batecock was staying. I was obliged before landing to mount a flight of water steps to the pier which was extended some distance from the shore. I was quite fatigued when we arrived at the house of Monsieur Gouffroy. and when Capt Taylor failing to provide rooms for us at the hotel. he kindly offered us his own Chamber. if we would remain at his house. I found his lady as kind and pleasant as himself. I immensely rich as they are. there is an utter absence of all pretension. or vulgarity in decor. but everything is elegant. and unpretending. Madame Gouffroy recoiled and insisted so strongly to us accepting our husbands proposals. that we were quite charmed. and induced to remain. notwithstanding they had given up their apartment to us. It was a very large chamber over the drawing room. richly furnished with chairs, Couch and bed surrounded with rich lace curtains. Several what-nots. loaded with all kinds of bijouterie. and in one corner hung a small image of Our Saviour nailed to the Cross. and underneath this on a small shelf stood an image of the Virgin in plaster of Paris with a crown upon her head. there were beautiful vases of artificial flowers tastefully arranged around the image. and on her left hand stood two Angels. holding a bowl. and underneath all was an altar. and a low ottoman to stand upon which although very rich and elegant looked as though it had been well worn. a prayer book lay upon the altar. At one end of the room stood a large mirror in a gilt frame. and below images in plaster of Paris. Portraits of the Emperor & Empress. seen through glass. and opposite this a dressing table. and mirror an immense mahogany armchair and dressing case stood in other parts of the room. and in spite of the numerous little tables of lacquered ware and costly stands. there was a great deal of room besides in this

sanctum of a French gentleman lady. I saw no carpets in the house, for indeed they would be only an inconvenience in these warm climates. the floors are very handsome, and are kept nicely polished with terebinth.

Thursday Dec<sup>r</sup> 8<sup>th</sup>.

This morning arose early and partook of a delicious cup of coffee, which only the French make to perfection, and a collation of fruits, peaches, bread butter, cheese &c. and afterwards went to the bazaar. We were rather late for many of the fruits had been sold. It is a small enclosure, with stalls for meat, fish &c. and the fruit-vendors arrange their commodities, as range the my tastefully under the trees. There were the lettuce, mangue, or mangrove, strawberries, peaches, tomatoes, artichokes and figs, but I did not see any of the latter, and several other kinds of fruit besides that I did not taste. There were all kinds of vegetables, and a few flowers. Returning from the bazaar we took a short promenade around the square, and at Mr. Gouffroy's request stopped at a magazine where he purchased some buttons for Doris and little son Constant, who also accompanied us. Nearly all the streets have rows of trees growing on each side, mostly the tamarind which gives them fresh & cool appearance. We passed several handsome private residences. Arrived home I strolled about the hall, made a drawing room for some time, chatted with Mrs. Bataillon & Mademoiselle Ponroy, and then dressed for breakfast. Madame was expecting some relatives from the country "pour d'jeuner." They came at eleven o'clock. They were Monsieur Desjardins & his daughter, with his brother in law, Monsieur Noarau de La Source. The young lady, Mademoiselle Desjardins, was very easy and agreeable in her manners, with fair complexion, blue eyes, & auburn hair, a fine figure tall slender & graceful. She wore a beautiful blue Paris silk which fitted her fine form admirably. I liked her very much. her father Mr. Desjardins, was a fine old gentleman with black hair & eyes, dark complexion, and the father of thirteen children and I do not remember to have seen his jetty hair tinged with a single silver lock. His younger brother in law is unmarried, and a very fine looking young gentleman, his manners are truly Frenchmanlike, always so polite, easy and smiling. He and his brother in law Desjardins own jointly a plantation for which they gave one million dollars. the machinery of the sugar works alone cost five hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Noarau de La Source invited me to visit his plantation tomorrow: he would send his carriage for me. I thanked him of course, but was uncertain whether I could



accept his kind offer, as we intended to sail soon. but at 4 P.M. he sent his Carriage to take us to ride. we rode out of town a short distance to see a sugar house, on a much smaller scale however than his own. which gave us an idea of the process. but it was the old fashioned method of making sugar, and the machinery so much inferior to the British establishment. They have new macadamized roads here, and but very little dust, probably on account of the frequency of showers at this season of the year. The mountains were loaded with produce, and from many a height curled the smoke from the huge chimneys of the sugar houses. After we returned the friends departed for their homes. I forgot to mention that we passed the Church, the Alms House, Banacks Bazaar, with its white pillars in front, the Bakery an immense establishment which supplies St. Paul with bread and my sister for our table had supplied from thence every day, a clear stream of water ran through the yard which suggested the idea of cleanliness, and heavy umbrellas were brand over its tanks and reflected their brilliancy in its waters.

Friday Dec<sup>r</sup> 6<sup>th</sup>.

This morning arose earlier than the preceding and went to the bazaar, with Mr Gregory and Mrs Babcock. The air was cool and delightful and seemed filled with the perfume of fruits and flowers. returning we had coffee and fruits, and then I packed my things for departure. I was very sorry to leave Mrs Babcock and my kind friends. The sun was scorching and we were obliged to run a long distance, before we reached the Minerva Lynch, but now we are once more at sea, and have bade adieu to the green mountains of Boston, and our hospitable friends. Such will linger long in memory, they are like balms to the strongest heart. I never I have met with French people. I have always found them kind and hospitable, and my heart warmed towards them with a kindly feeling, for the warm hearts and cordial welcome they have rendered to the stranger.

Tuesday Dec<sup>r</sup> 17<sup>th</sup>.

For several days I have thought much of home and the kind that-kind me there. I have thought of my dear departed friend George Henry. Howland. How many fond associations that name recalls. What is a name? but at the sound of

that our memory revert to the blessed old circle, when we were all so happy  
together. Frank Walton went first - and now George Henry has left us. We  
loved him best, because we knew him better and he was always interested  
in ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> by everything that Malton could invite. he was the blessed child  
of fortune and of his mother's heart. The cherished and respected friend. How  
desolate must be the hearth where he once sat, the hall where rang his merry  
voice from childhood to manhood. and desolate that mother's heart. I feel  
for the mother, with all the deep affection and sympathy of a friend.  
Thou hast lost a dear and only son, and I have lost a friend.  
May he be in Heaven, if I could feel assured that - he is now safe  
in his Saviour's arms I would say no more, for I would strive to be  
worthy to meet him there, and how beautiful how perfect and pure  
must be the love of friends who meet in Heaven removed apart.  
I have often thought that perhaps I might meet him there.  
O Father help me! for I can do nothing without thee. The silver  
cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken, and he who cheered  
our hearts, and gladdened our homes with his smile, is gone!  
gone! I often repeat the word and think is it possible? Can it be  
so? I can scarcely realize it. How much I wished to see him before  
for we came away from home, and was denied, for he was too  
many from riding and walking and I could not have intruded  
upon the sacred precincts of his chamber to his injury and dan-  
ger his health for all the malice of worlds. I well know that  
it would be several years before I should ever see him again  
if ever, and it was an anguish so bitter that - rent my heart when  
I left his house never to see him there on my return, and no  
wonder he was exhausted, friends were pouring in almost incessantly  
and <sup>the</sup> many body must have rest. My friend "Requiescat in pace". She  
is no idle dreamer nor indifferent - who writes these lines.

The silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken,  
And from his childhood's home and friends, a loved one has been taken  
He was the only son and being just entering manhood's prime,  
Beloved of all, the cherished one, a loved and loving friend.

And is it true, that thou art gone, when God is freely that,  
And can it be, that never more, my eyes on thee, will rest.  
Did they write me true in these sad lines, that thou my friend <sup>not</sup> ~~was~~ dead,



That thou hadst left this wretched world, and to a better sped.

Then I was in a distant-isle, so beautiful and fair,  
That it seemed as <sup>though</sup> the God of Love, presided always there,  
But within there were contentions, and wickedness, and strife;  
And ~~all~~ <sup>through</sup> ~~through~~ <sup>all</sup> that earthly paradise, reigned the ~~corrupt~~ <sup>corrupt</sup> life.

And now I sit atapt the deck, and gaze on the ocean's crest;  
But there's nought but sky and ocean, upon which my eyes can rest.  
Thus secluded from all mortal kin, my wandering thoughts will roam  
To that far off land, that lonely clime, my cherished childhood's <sup>home</sup>.

How well do I remember those happy hours, when thou  
So fresh and fair in youth's young bloom, dreamed only of the Now,  
And quickly sped the present, the future crowned with frowns,  
Updread only on our visions, through Leon's enst fairy bowms.

No little thought that Death had sought a victim from our band,  
But only grieved, that the happy hours sped <sup>rough hand</sup> ~~swift~~ <sup>through</sup> ~~Time's~~ <sup>rough hand</sup> ~~Time's~~  
Oh Mother! in thy lonely home, oft do I think of thee,  
Bereft of him, thy star, thy hope, sole branch of thy parent tree.

I think of thee, when the Storm King roars & thunders through the <sup>gloom</sup>  
In thy princely home, with its decorated bowers of rich perennial bloom.  
In vain for the thornflower now blooming, and make their elfin song,  
For he who loved them once, had flown, from a mother's gaze has gone.

Oh the sighing and the sadness, of the desolate human heart,  
Who knows, but those who have been hurt, & pierced by sorrow's dart.  
But a voice from <sup>out</sup> the ether blue, and from ocean's farthest strand,  
Comes sighing softly on the breeze, "ye'll meet in the Spirit Land".

Our Father holds the thread of life, and bids Death to unsheathe,  
His dreadful sword, and sever thence, the young and tender leaf.  
Let it be resigned, and calmly wait that sad and mournful knell,  
For Time proclaims from age to age, "He doeth all things well".

Thursday Dec<sup>r</sup> 19<sup>th</sup>

We are now near the mouth of the Mozambique Channel, and we have tempests. Sometimes very heavy ones. It thundered and lightened a little tonight, - and it seemed quite a summer wind at home, for we have scarcely had any this voyage. I always love to hear it thunder at home, and from a child, was ever delighted to see the dense dark clouds collecting in the north and mounting the heavens in visible battle array, with the thunder muttering in the distance and vivid flashes of lightning all stirring my youthful heart, with a sublime awful feeling that I could not then comprehend. Nature is grand and sublime in all her changes, but in the tempest she is awfully magnificent. My health once more began to improve, and my strength, although still weak. I am comparatively stronger than when I left Mauritius and Boston, the air is much cooler here, for we are several degrees south of the latter place, and consequently more reviving and I feel once more as though life had an aim, and look forward to the bright future, which may alas, be clouded, but I try to restrain my eager longing and fancy anticipations of home for fear of disappointment.

Friday Dec<sup>r</sup> 27<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Irick & Mr. Reed each caught a black fish and Mr. Irick caught a sun fish besides. Lat 34° 40'. Long 25° 20'. and fine cool weather. Refreshing and invigorating. We are steering for <sup>the</sup> Cape of Good Hope, for several days past we have had very strong winds which took us along as speedily as our rough Copped ship would permit, that is one hundred and eighty five miles in twenty four hours, but the wind has been very light today. Land was in sight, this morning - the Southern Coast of Africa and two ships also. It was quite reviving to hear of ships being in sight - it is so long since we have seen one, but these were only seen from mast head, and were probably merchantmen or Coasters. The two black fish with the sunfish made nearly two barrels of oil. They raised a large school of porpoises early this morning thinking they were sperm whales. I have seen a few albatrosses, and black & speckled gulls. They seem like Desolation friends, and I welcomed them with much cordiality, as well as Abner, he always hailed with delight their appearance, as old friends.



1862.

Sunday, Dec 29<sup>th</sup>.

I was thinking while watching the beautiful sunset tonight how very few more I should witness in the Indian Ocean for we are nearing the Atlantic. And will soon leave these brilliant Indian sunsets behind. I shall miss them much. for in no part of the world where I have had the good fortune to wander have I seen such brilliantly beautiful sunsets as in this ocean. Time has been hoarding fast the years too and three of them have sped swiftly through his fingers since I for the first time passed round the Cape of Good Hope. now perhaps in a few days we will double it. as the sailors say. and then farewell to the Indian world that we are fast leaving behind. and where we have spent the greater part of those long years. I shall hail with delight the first indications of our approach to that dear old Atlantic. which rolls by the shores of my own home. Although turbulent and boisterous as thy name implies. still we love thee. for in thy wildest melodies. thou only recchores the Song of Home. we are still two hundred and fifty miles from the Cape. and with only a few more favorable breezes we shall have passed it. the winds are very changeable here. with rain, thunder and lightning. now very cold and again warm. with quite a variety of temperatures. We have lived on black fish meat. ever since they were caught. a diet which might rather decompose the ruins of some of my friends at home. especially if they could see them. Large black glaucous fish ten feet long. but I wonder at some of these things now. for I have eaten whale. and find it much more digestible than the tough dried beef. that was put in the ship to keep us from starvation. for the Steward has a very nice way of making Sausage balls of the fish meat. and we devour them with a gusto. quite wonderful. Several merchant ships have been in sight today. and land also. It has been very cold. and a thick broken sheet of wind to be very comfortable. on deck.

Monday Jan 6<sup>th</sup>

For several days we have been in the Atlantic waters. and it has been rough and cold. we are now on the western coast of Africa. and Abner intends to cruise along the coast if nothing prevents instead of going on the meridian. I am still

Outgoing French and German, and am reading "Sage and Seal" by the author of the "Red, White and Gold." I like it very much. The scenes are so beautiful, simple and home like. I am very busy to at present making shirts for Abner, and there quantities of other sewing to do besides. Consequently my time is well filled up, and I have not a moment to spare. John is as happy as possible, today or this afternoon he had been running about with his father's vest on, which he snared for the convenience of its pockets to put his knife and other valuables in.

Saturday, Jan. 17<sup>th</sup>.

The monotonous sea-life still continued the same. Reading, studying, and sewing make the days all too short for hasty minds. But the thought of home spurs me on to accomplish that which I should not do so easily under other circumstances. It seems, almost, as if I were home, truly there is no place like this. We are nearing northern latitudes, being 24° 05' South of the Equator today. The weather has been delightful for several days that are past, but today it has more of a stormy aspect, and is quite rough.

Sunday, Jan. 18<sup>th</sup>.

Right before last, Captain Lincoln of the Elisha Dumbleton was on board to tea, and spent the evening. Yesterday afternoon I went on board the Splendid and spent the afternoon. I was delighted to see Mrs Norton, she had been sick, and was very thin and weak. She had not been on deck for two weeks I think. Captain Norton gave me a nice jar of preserved peaches. They look so tempting that I do not think I shall forbear having them opened much longer. I hope to see Suise in Little Fish Bay if we should go in there, for Captain Norton thinks of going there too. I am still very busy sewing, have finished three shirts for Abner, and one for David, but have not finished yet, but evenings are sacred to reading.

Sunday Jan 26<sup>th</sup>.

The Splendid a short distance to mind more all day, and ran down to us tonight, and backed her mainyard. We doing the same. Last evening Captain Norton came on board and spent the evening. Mrs Norton is much better in which I am very thankful. Her Steward is very sick, and we almost despair of his being any better, for his constitution is very weak, and I presume that he has had the consumption for a long time. The cabin boy, appointed as steward, and I am therefore obliged to do my own cabin work. I think of taking one of the Portuguese from the fore-castle to take Harry's place for a time. I had



was very pleasant today, but I got very weary tonight for some cause or other.

Mossamedes. Little Fish Bay. Sunday Feb 2<sup>d</sup> 1852

This afternoon we anchored in the harbor of Little Fish Bay, an American Ship of war was at anchor here, and the ever welcome sight of our incomparable star and stripes, though sadly discolored and unadorned by many who have so long been protected under their graceful folds, was very cheering. The *Spruand* anchored a short time previous, and the *Navigator* lies here too. These with two Portuguese Schooners comprise the whole shipping in the harbor which is very commodious and safe. Before us lies the Portuguese town of Mossamedes, with its white houses of adobe and stone, presenting a very neat appearance. I have seen but little vegetation around it. Mr. Cerant tried only give us a modest welcome on the beach. An improving looking Catholic Church stands on a hillside a short distance from the town. Mr. Ramsay Second Lieutenant of the *Saratoga* has been on board for our report. He is a very fine looking as well as polite young officer. The *Saratoga* is fifteen months from home. has captured one slave, for which purpose she is stationed on the West Coast of Africa. This evening the third Lieutenant - who adds to his duties of officer those of Sailing Master also, and the Purser's clerk have been on board. Mr. Bradslee the 3<sup>d</sup> Lieut. is from Little Falls, New York, and an energetic lively and very entertaining young officer, of twenty five years, as he informed us. Mr. Skellott the Purser's clerk is from Washington City. very agreeable and polite in his manners, but with more reservation of conversation than the former. They remained until past eight o'clock. We spent a delightful evening. Alas in particular was much pleased & entertained by the young gentlemen, and pressed them to stay longer. By the way Lieut. Bradslee has invited me to take a bullock ride with him tomorrow afternoon, if he succeeds in finding me suitable for a lady to ride. The idea seemed so ridiculous at first, but they are ridden almost entirely here.

Monday Feb 3<sup>d</sup>

This morning Mr. Carpenter, Purser of the *Saratoga* and Mr. Skellott his clerk were on board a short time and Mr. Norton took dinner with me. After dinner Mr. Bradslee arrived briefed his neck in searching for bullocks. He had obtained a donkey for me which was much preferable, and after finding that

Captain Norton wished to go to the sea some time delayed in finding an  
other animal for him and a palangine of Maichilla as they are called  
here for Mrs Norton. I had some dried and meat on hand. He spent  
with Mrs Norton and remained while she prepared herself for the journey.  
Senor Maura & Rocha, Portuguese gentlemen who came on board to come us  
to Mossamedes and invite us in shore. About half past three, the pretty little  
banner decorated with the Stars & Stripes, came floating over the placid water, and  
I measured that of the man of war's men's sail, which musically over the water, the  
boat was soon pulled alongside the Splendid, and Mr Bradshe being trans-  
ferred to our boat, we started for the shore. The wind was fresh, and refreshing  
and a short sail soon brought us to the beach, which was very sandy, and the  
surf rushed furiously upon it. We landed with some difficulty, and toiled through  
the winding sand to Mr Rocha's house, where we awaited the arrival of our animals  
all being ready, our animals at the door. Mrs Norton was seated in the machine  
and with her two negroes to bear her, started off upon a trot - though the town  
my donkey came into a sort of saddle or seat into a back to it, upon which I  
sat sideways, and without stirrups, which embarrassed me considerably at  
first. Mr Bradshe found another donkey for himself, his saddle was quite an  
original affair without stirrups. And Capt Norton took the donkey which  
Mr Bradshe had probably intended for himself and which caused so  
much delay, and which was very annoying, as all the odium of the af-  
fair was cast upon Mr Bradshe, who was doing his utmost to find an-  
imals for all of us when he found that his party was to be so much  
increased. Mr Rocha had a fine spirited horse which he rode with much  
grace and tact in management, for the fine handsome animal insisted  
upon performing all sorts of antics, probably surmising that if he was  
he did chance to fall the soft depths of the sand would prevent him  
from being injured. He also had a small boy with a stick to follow  
our donkeys, and propel them onwards when necessary, and altogether  
it was a picturesque Cavalcade that sallied out through the main  
street of Mossamedes, for Lieut B & Self, found it quite impossible to  
prop our donkeys together at first, they seeming predisposed to take to  
the pavement, one carving to one side of the street, and the other  
the opposite. It was very amusing and we enjoyed it highly. For a long  
distance we rode over a sandy plain where scarcely a sign of vegetation  
but afterwards came to a winding river, and then all Africa's glory of green  
and verdure delighted our senses and charmed our eyes. There was  
a large plantation of the most luxuriant vegetation, consisting of <sup>the</sup> banana



pomegranate, orange and fig trees, the coffee plant, kind of the richest grasses  
fields of sugar cane, large plots of sweet and Irish potatoes, &c. I saw  
negro slaves at work in the fields the women as well as the men, and  
one woman had her little child fastened to her back. I had before  
seen such scenes when a child from pictures, but never imagined that  
I should see the reality in Africa. On our return Lieut. Beardslee struck  
sea shore, for our route, which was very fine, for the surf rolled in so grand-  
ly and with such a melodious roar, and the beautiful crimson and blue  
of the sunset clouds was magnificent: and not only was it confined to  
the horizon there into of glory and beauty, but the entire heavens were painted  
with carnation tints, and an occasional deep rich blue almost trans-  
parent in its ethereal light - would sometimes mingle, forming colors that  
might well be termed by ravishing mortals, when the fashion for mingling blue  
and crimson reigned among ladies. The beautiful scenery suggesting like  
thoughts and feelings in fraternalists felt inclined to express them to each  
other, and our faithful negro who doubtless considered himself such, and  
probably in haste for his dinner, seemed disposed to interrupt us as much  
as possible, for when we became interested in some peculiar feature of  
nature, he would make vigorous use of his long stick, which would pro-  
pelt our thoughts in different directions, and of course suspend all roman-  
tic conversation, to our infinite amusement. We arrived at Smar Kisha  
by sunset and found Arthur waiting to lift me from my donkey. After dinner  
Capt and Mrs Norton went in and the Splendid, The Beardslee accompanying  
them, as no boat from the Saratoga would be off that night. In the evening Smar  
Mendonca the Governor's secretary, and his three daughters, came to see us, also  
Smar Almeida, Chief of the Repartition of Taxes, Smar Maria, and several other  
gentlemen were here. Smar Mendonca and Almeida spoke French, conse-  
quently I could converse with them a little but the ladies spoke only Portuguese  
for which I was very sorry as I could only speak French and English.  
We danced and several gentlemen sang at my request when I found that  
they could do so. Smar Mendonca in particular who sang, Portuguese, Spanish,  
French and Brazilian songs, accompanied by the banjo which he played  
decidedly well, as also the flute and violin.

Tuesday, Feb 4<sup>th</sup>

This morning went on board ship in  
the rain, it did not rain however when we started from the beach, but commenced  
to pelt quite miserably but giving me at the same time a feeling of discomfort  
when we were on the open bay. Mr Sylvia our 4<sup>th</sup> officer took off his coat &

But it was my boat arrived on board and took breakfast. then packed up some things  
intending to go on board the *Splendid* to dress and take dinner. as we invited on  
board the *Saratoga* for a short visit this afternoon. Hearing of our plans  
went on deck and found Mr Skewett 1<sup>st</sup> Lieut of the *Saratoga*. who kindly offer-  
ed to take me on board the *Splendid* in his own boat, and I soon found my-  
self seated beneath its awning with the beautiful Stars & Stripes waving above,  
as we were pulled past the *Saratoga*. Lieut Beardslee who was walking on the  
hurricane deck, tipped his cap very politely, and Lieut Skewett seemed like  
delighted to have an opportunity of accommodating a lady in his boat. Arrived  
on board I found Mrs Anton dressed, and waiting for me ever since 10 o'clock,  
quite a mistake of Captain Anton's who did not seem to understand the arrange-  
ment at all, and the poor woman had a sick headache besides. I was very  
sorry for her, for I love her dearly and pity her so much, as she is subject to  
sick headaches so ~~much~~ <sup>often</sup>. Then she was dressed in silk and lace unable to lie  
down for fear of tumbling them, and so sick that she could scarcely sit up  
and had me waiting in that situation for several hours. I was quite angry  
that my thing had been so mismanaged. After dinner I dressed and Mrs  
Anton dressed & dined, for fear I should not have time. Everything satisfactorily  
arranged we went on board the *Saratoga* where we were received very cordially and  
politely by the officers, the Captain being invisible would have continued so during  
our stay, had not others requested Lieut Skewett to speak to him as he had busi-  
ness to transact with him in the way of shipping some men, who had in  
some unknown manner transferred themselves on board of the *Minerva* Ship at  
Mainland, and the names were missing on the rolls. The Captain  
finally appeared, a colonic looking old gentleman from the Old Dominion,  
who had not even politeness to come and speak to an American lady visiting  
his ship. (Mrs Anton had left some time before) I was sitting on the hurricane  
deck, conversing with Lieut Beardslee, and Captain Handy would occasionally  
cast his eyes up to me, but not even so much as he did I receive from him  
then. presently business being transacted, he was sent to stow in the  
invisible regions of his cabin, where the officers say that they surrendered  
him silent in any necessary emergency, and he has nothing to say to  
them. Her husband sent me a Naval Register by his steward, which the  
lieutenants assured me I might consider a great compliment for  
had never honored a lady visiting his ship. (and numbers had done  
with the like token of recognition) It was quite late when we left the ship,  
and Lieut Beardslee accompanied us on board our ship & got some books  
afterwards we came on shore. Mrs Anton remaining on board ship. I was



dark when we commenced to sled over the deep sand to Srur Rich's, and I was quite fatigued when we arrived. Dinner being prepared, we attended to that, and then dined for a small party at Srur Mendonca's. where we passed a delightful evening. varied with music and dancing, singing, tea, toast and tobacco. Srur Moura appeared dressed in a military suit, and his fine commanding figure and handsome face, with movements all gracefulness and ease, would have been a mark for any lady's gr. honors fastidious, in our grand drawing room at home. Srur Mendonca has a melodeon which he plays by ear, exceedingly well. In the midst of the entertainment Ingegn & Dida appeared in his robe de chambre, trotting across the floor some, and looking as surprised as though he had alighted upon some natural sphere. such was the dazzling glare and brilliancy of the apartment. I suppose the numerous little negr children at Mr Rich's had made such a noise that the little gentleman could not sleep, but he looked so cunning and so hard so well and so very one seemed so pleased to see him that I was quite delighted to have him come.

Wednesday Feb 5<sup>th</sup>.

This morning the man of war took her anchor, and Mrs Norton and myself went on board our ship. where we remained until night. I found that Lieut Stewart & B. Cardale had sent me a nice supply of books, and besides he had made a rough sketch of our caravade for me, as it presented itself. to day we set out for a drive over the sands of Africa. This evening went with Mrs Norton and Captain Smith & Norton to Srur Mendonca's. Srur & Moura Rocha accompanying us. Srur Moura was handsome and graceful as ever. Srur Almeida also, and several other gentlemen and ladies were present. one gentleman in particular with his wife and daughter, who rejoiced in the name of Mosquito, tea & toast, music and dancing until two o'clock seem to be indispensable. Srur Almeida invited me to go with him to see his cousin Srur Santos from Lisbon, her husband was not on good terms with Srur Mendonca, consequently I had not yet met her.

Thursday, Feb 6<sup>th</sup>.

Went to see Srur Santos this evening found her very accomplished, and beautiful, plays & splendidly on the piano, and speaks French & English exceedingly well besides her native tongue. She had a little baby four months old. her husband is a fine looking Portuguese gentleman, and agent for the mail steamer, which comes monthly to Nova Amada. Srur Moura & Almeida with

Mr Rocha and Lady accompanied us.

Friday Feb 7<sup>th</sup>

I spent the day very pleasantly at Sr Rocha's. This evening Sr Santos & Lady with the padre or priest and another gentleman were here. Several of the gentlemen played cards. Sr Almeida won four shillings, and the padre lost. I could not help smiling at him as he sat there a priest of God and playing cards for money. It was the first time that I had seen it practiced and the effect was very amusing.

Saturday Feb 8<sup>th</sup>

I spent the day very lazily, feeling very sleepy. I lay down in my room this afternoon to take some rest, and about four o'clock was awakened by the sound of delicious music. For some time I could not imagine what it could be, doubting whether it was the organ from the fort, but putting forth my voice I soon discovered Mrs Norton, who told me that the beautiful melody had been sent down for her to play, and that was the music that I had heard. I hastened to dress to hear her play, as some of her music was on shore. This evening nearly all the Society of Missionaries was here including the Secretary & family & Sr & Srna Santos.

Sunday Feb 9<sup>th</sup>

The day had passed very quietly and pleasantly away. Others remained on board ship. Only Sr & Srna Moura & Almeida, with some of the ship's officers have been here, and this evening Capt & Mrs Norton went on board ship, and I went to bed comparatively early this evening. Quite an embarrassing circumstance however happened at the dinner table. Sr Moura appeared with a magnificent bouquet of flowers, and as he could not speak to me in his native tongue, he spoke to Sr Almeida, who interpreted for me in French, that the flowers were for me. Now I well knew that Mrs Norton expected to receive a part of them, and consequently felt very reluctant to tell her that they were for me alone. So I made Sr Almeida repeat to me several times the words of Moura, and when he said, "don't doubt it," I could not be mistaken but intended to make it appear that they were for her too for I would not have hurt her feelings for all the flowers in the world and I felt as though she deserved them as much as myself but it was very embarrassing for Mrs Norton did not understand French and she too thanked Sr Moura, and he did not seem to comprehend why she thanked him or any one but me that I was heartily glad when the affair was dropped and after admiring the flowers sufficiently placed



them in water.

Departure from Little Fish Bay. Monday, Feb 10<sup>th</sup>

After many long talks, and much packing and running about, we finally went on board our ships. Srur Mura & Rocha accompanied us on board, and Mura expressed much regret at parting with us, and he and Almeida said that they should be very solitary when Madamed Susan & Isabel left Mossamedes. I liked Srur Mura very much, and Almeida also. He seemed to be possessed of much good feeling, and when the time for departure came, he rose up took my hand, held it for some minutes, but did not speak a word and left me, but there was much in the workings of that noble face told us although our acquaintance had been only of one week's duration, yet our departure would leave a space in his heart. That silent parting and that last look spoke more than words, it was so simple & deep, so beautiful. After they left I went up atop the round house, to watch the Splendid leave her moorings and take a last look at Little Fish Bay, for we were underway and sailing briskly out of the harbor, as soon as the little shore boat with its passengers sped me. Srur Mura was the first on his feet with his cap in his hand, and all the gentlemen that accompanied him lifted their hats in silent adieu to Madamed Isabel as they called me.

At Sea. Tuesday, Feb 11<sup>th</sup>

This afternoon went on board the Splendid and took tea for the last time. The ship then went for St Helena, and we will march on our northern course towards home. Hitherto our course has been nearly the extreme of the world, and we have met so often and unlooked for, and been in ports together, but now we must part not to meet again this voyage on the ocean.

Friday Feb 14<sup>th</sup>

Have been sick with fever since Tuesday and feel quite weak today, but the fever has abated, it is very warm here. We are drifting about with light winds. Lat 12° N South, how I long for our dear northern latitudes. Dodie is unwell, and the steward very sick. This is an unhealthy coast, and we need to be very careful of ourselves. Home, home. I long for this.

Sunday Feb. 23<sup>d</sup>

For nearly a week we have had fine  
breezes and have made quite a distance of longitude though not much  
latitude. Today Lat. 7.13 It is very warm in spite of the strong winds, and  
I am obliged to dress as cool as possible to be comfortable. Today, Sabbath  
I have enjoyed very much. This forenoon I read 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>d</sup> chapters of 2<sup>d</sup>  
Samuel, and this afternoon part of the life of Sarah, L. K. Huntington  
Smith, late Missionary to Syria. It is exceedingly interesting, but I felt  
very mean and debased to think how much woman could do in her Saviour's  
cause, and how much this devoted lady did do, and I was doing nothing  
and hoping sometime to reach heaven, and what works could I have  
to bring to the Saviour's feet. Woman if she will exert herself, may do a great  
work for her Saviour who has done so much for her, and yet the shallow  
proud mills of some of them will not bend to the yoke, for fear of ridicule  
for want of a proper love towards God, and their fellow mortals. My  
Pastor has restored my health and that of my little boys, and I have  
much to thank him for. How meanly we at first repay a kind and  
merciful Pastor, for his blessings.

Friday March 1<sup>st</sup>

We have been drifting about for  
several days, a few miles north of the line. The weather is excessively  
warm, and thunder & lightning with rain are frequent. Ten merchant-  
vessels have been in sight today. We aimed like ourselves, we found  
most of them to be English, after deciphering.

Monday, March 10<sup>th</sup>

Still light baffling winds detain  
us from the long desired harbor, but we still go to rest at night with  
the hope that the morrow will bring forth a breeze. Yesterday, Sunday, I  
went on board of an American Merchant, Barque bound to London,  
with lumber, from <sup>Manila, on the East side of Bay of Bingle</sup> ~~some port in the Red Sea~~. Her name was the ~~Forest~~  
C. Stearns, from Portland. The Captain sent me a bottle of East India  
Pineapple wine, and Captain Smith sent him some potatoes, just a number  
of Merchant vessels, mostly English are making the coast of the Equator  
and light breezes. It is very warm, and I am obliged to spread a mat  
on the floor at night by my stateroom door, for the sake of a little air, for  
I can scarcely breathe freely in bed, owing to my catarrh in a great measure I  
presume, for I have slept there with comparative comfort. But I am becoming  
quite accustomed to the excessive heat, and shall find the cold weather of our



Western latitudes very lovely.

Wednesday March 12<sup>th</sup>

We gain but very little distance towards home. This afternoon however, a light breeze sprang up, and we hoped to make or I should have said, meet with an outward bound vessel, and obtain meat from home, but did not succeed. The night is exceedingly beautiful. Moonlight and Starlight, with the richest clouds, and coloring of an evening beam on the Equator. Although the days and nights are very very warm, yet there is so much beauty in all these tranquil scenes of nature, that I enjoy it very much. Yet I become so exhausted by seeing that I can scarcely endure reading. I have my straw mat and chair and portfolio placed on deck every morning and thus I sit all day with my book and work. Sometimes and very quite often watching the Sea, to see if I can sometimes perceive a ripple upon its surface, and whenever I do, and imagine a breeze to be springing up, my spirits increase in buoyancy, and bright visions of "home" fill my heart with joy and gladness.

Thursday March 16<sup>th</sup>

The trade winds have at length reached and delight our spirits with their evening influence, and we are sailing along at a rapid pace. I hoped that we should reach home without any trouble on board ship, and I had tried to bear the Steward's insolence with patience for a long time without complaining, until last night he made me feel so uncomfortable as to cause me to shed tears, and of course Arthur enquired into the matter, and put an end to such insolent behaviour immediately. I finished the *Leige of Sarah Huntington Smith* today, and do not know when I have been so impressed and interested in a person's character as I have been with her. So goodly, so devoted, so Christian. What a pity that there are not more of such self denying pious women like her, or as she was.

Monday, March 24<sup>th</sup>

Lat 18.41, Long 44.52. Last evening Sunday. I saw the North Star for the first time since leaving home. I looked for a long time on that distant pale glittering gem, that now shines on our own home. I also saw the dipper of the Great Bear, which I have so often watched at home. I am reading Napoleon letters to Josephine whenever I find time. I am weary of living. I do not think that I ever accomplished much.

12pm at one time. I think that if I ever reach home, I shall get a sewing machine  
to assist me, for it is my business to do so much. Thermometer stands at 78.00  
Consequently the weather is comfortably cool.

Thursday March 27<sup>th</sup>

I being very calm today they have  
been painting the outside of the ship, which nearly made me sick, and I  
finished Dodie's cloak. It is made like a bonnet in cold weather, and it was  
so warm while I was making it, that I could scarcely realize it would ever  
be cold enough to wear anything so warm. It has been very warm for several  
days, and the cockroaches have been enjoying highly the fine weather, for I  
can scarcely look up without seeing one or several scampering away, always  
apparently minding their own business, and sometimes very busy, but they  
annoy me very much by getting into my drawers, and sorting their  
contents. Our three black pigs are very playful and amusing at times.  
Tonight, one of them stood by the door of my house, as I was going  
out, and gave chase to me, running under my clothes, and then scam-  
pering away across the deck. When he was joined by the other two  
who infected, with his movement, all started for my door, waiting for  
me to go out, but I did not feel inclined to venture, for in their  
present hilarious state, they would probably have thrown me down  
they scampered away finally, chasing each other, and I had barely  
time to reach the gangway before they were upon me, but I was  
then secure from their fun. They are very frolicsome, sometimes  
and it is very amusing to see them play with Dodie. They never  
hurt him intentionally, and one day he was crying in the house  
and one of the pigs came and looked in, watching Dodie with  
his eyes, as though sympathizing in his grief. They are very in-  
portant and saucy. Considering themselves entitled to the quarter  
deck, and making a great uproar, if their title is ever disputed.

Thursday April 3<sup>rd</sup>

We have had quite a heavy gale to-  
night about 28.00 North. It is now subsiding, and the sea is much  
smoother, although still rough. I am obliged to remain below, on account  
of the cold and the strong winds that blow into my house on deck. The  
cook is quite unwell. Eater nervous, has a bad headache, caused  
by imagining himself the object of every one's enmity and hatred.  
Calmer gave him morphine tonight to quiet his nerves, and give him  
rest, for he cannot sleep. It seems as though an evil spirit-haunted



him. at times. and I think that he suffers much in consequence.

Lat. 33° 26'. Long. 88° 55' Saturday April 12<sup>th</sup>

We make but slow progress towards home. head winds and a heavy sea. with strong gales. continually baff-  
le our feeble progress. occasionally we have a few days of fair wind  
which is very refreshing to my crew. I pray God daily for a fair  
wind to hasten our homeward progress. and watch the Compass. daily  
earn hourly to note the course. and I try to be patient. thinking it will  
not always be thus. we will have fair winds by and by. So time  
flies. and hitherto I have been very busy. sewing, studying German and  
reading. and other time does not hang heavily upon my hands.  
It is cold. with squalls of rain daily. and almost continual gales.  
but I do not mind it. for I think we may soon be home. Mr. Drake  
is quite well I think for he has been in deck several days at-  
tending to his usual duties. which relieves me of much anxiety.  
Dodie has had a bad cough. which I think better. he has still  
some cold.

Saturday. April 13<sup>th</sup>

One hundred and sixty five miles  
from Nantucket this afternoon. but the wind begins to die away  
and I cannot tell how long before we shall reach there. we have passed  
the Gulf Stream. and had fine weather all the time and a fine  
strong wind. so that we were not long in accomplishing it. After  
dinner and impatience - as night approaches. and we advance still  
nearer towards that long hoped for and long looked for home. and I  
feel as though I could not bask the delay which the ship's tardy  
progress occasions. but would rather wait and fly to that dear old home.  
This afternoon I have been reading Key to Uncle Sam's Cabin.  
I could not accomplish any kind of work or set about anything  
even my German lesson had not learned and consequently pursued  
and by keeping my mind occupied upon the kind but nevertheless  
too beautiful scenes and occurrences. found in Mrs. Stone's book  
I have been better able to keep myself together in some degree.  
After ascertaining <sup>by</sup> the difference of temperature between the air and water  
our progress through the Stream.

4. A. M. air in cabin 68° water 68°

7. " " " 68° " 72°

8 1/2. " " " 68° " 73°

11. A.M.	Air in Cabin.	71°	Water.	72°
12. "	"	71°	"	58°
12. 20y	"	68°	"	66°
1. P.M.	"	69°	"	64°
2. 40 "	"	68°	"	60°
4. "	air in deck	64°	"	64°
5. 20y	"	64°	"	61°
6. 30y	"	62°	"	48°

The water began to look green and with a slight breeze on night  
 to be soundings in a short time, but it is quite calm. There are  
 anxious moments, to think how near we are to those we love and our  
 swift imaginations find us receiving their kind greetings long before we  
 are able to realize them. But our Father is over all, and will take care of  
 us, and when he sees fit, and his time is always right, we shall  
 if ever, arrive in port.

Sunday, May 29

I awoke awakened and at home. How that goal so long  
 craved for, the hope and haven of my soul, how strange to see the world  
 around me, yet my lonely soul so surrounded by so many kind friends.  
 I had left the dear old ocean so long my home, and I missed its roar.  
 I missed the music of the winds, as heard at sea, something seemed  
 lost, cold and desolate, one thing was changed, my friends, and friends  
 of life, the dearest friends of the soul, the early song of birds.  
 They sounded like the music of other days, and I shrank in my heart  
 the divine Creator, who ever comes to me, and filled my soul with the  
 melody of his matchless harmonies of nature. Yet the sound of the  
 old ocean home faded in the distance, but will never vanish entirely  
 and I may be as I find to me such as olden times, and kind  
 greetings. Yesterday afternoon I took a short walk, the wind moaned through  
 the trees with <sup>the same</sup> measured majesty as it had done years before, the  
 birds sang as at old times, but I could not hear them, for I was  
 so filled with the old ocean, so filled with the olden times, yet there  
 I was alone in the forested world, and the road a deep blue line in nature  
 which I had thought all the world and filled all space with the music  
 of the old ocean, my soul, I was set by my own friends, sitting at a table  
 under the arched open branches of trees in the garden, with the birds  
 and the wind, and occasional drops of rain pattering on the leaves, and  
 the sun and light in the old room and the place, my little home.



grind in the 20, as the 10 clock is making the second drop into the  
10 at 10. Time, and that is "fine".





























































A few private thoughts on the Subject of Marriage.

You will find in many books, rules and good rules for the government of your conduct towards your husband; but you may not (must not) enter them, or if you do, may not subscribe to them so entirely as to peractate them. You will find the sum and substance of your duty in this respect in a volume (which you will always, I trust, have near you - the Bible. If you observe strictly the directions therein contained, you will find your account in it. Your happiness and usefulness depend upon it; it is intimately connected with the manner in which you observe these rules. One principle must, if necessity, be added on, and that is, you must yield to the will of your husband, whenever the point is made. This must be the case, or he must yield to you. I do not mean that it is necessary to yield a forced obedience, but a willing one. God has constituted the man, as the stronger in mind and body, to have the government, and in proportion as you may be disposed to usurp the authority which belongs to him, you destroy the order of Providence, and the harmony of the conjugal state.

Never, therefore, oppose the will of your husband. You may reason with, and persuade, but never attempt to dictate to him. "I will," and "I will not," are words which should never be found in a wife's vocabulary. Never use them to your husband, or you may force him to adopt such as he may lawfully do, but such as he never should have reason for, "you shall," and "you shall not."

"Do not fight at; or quarrel with your husband, on any occasion. He is fallible, and may sometimes err, and may speak unadvisedly, but on such occasions be silent - And affectionate, and you will reform him."

Be always neat and cleanly in your person and dress, and you will increase his love and respect for you. A slovenly appearance in a wife, distresses and may disgust a husband. Little differences may, and will, sometimes occur between man and wife. Should you find this your case, take the earliest opportunity of making the first overture of reconciliation. I will thereby heal the wound, and increase the love of your husband.

When you reach your place of destination, and your husband is necessarily compelled to be often absent from you, do not take it as evidence of his want of affection. If he stays beyond the time expected, meet him on his return with smiles and caresses; and depend on it he will be thereby induced to hasten



home, when thence he might best. Make home the quietest and happiest place, and he will love it. But yet he must give leave to it, and you must consent that he should.

Improve your handwriting. Write all your letters and journals with care as to penmanship, spelling, and diction.

"Do not be impatient - when sick, Take great care of your health. Avoid the sun when hot, and the dew, and all improper food; and do not take medicine too freely, and insist on great caution.

Avoid careless habits in everything.

A place for everything, and everything in its place.

"I know that the muscles of the face are excited by the emotions of the heart; and those emotions which are most frequently received in the brain, bear the evidence of their frequent existence demonstrated on the countenance."

To His Highness Syed Syed Bin Sultan, Sultan of Muscat,  
In praise of the generous action of his Highness towards the officers  
and crew of the United States Ship *Porpoise*, when she was  
near being stranded on the Arabian Coast. by Lieut. W. Taylor  
Chaplain of the U. S. Frigate *Columbia*, Muscat, Oct. 18<sup>th</sup> 1838.

Sultan of Muscat! thy fond story  
Lies where the day-beam late falls,  
And thy name glows in Eastern glory,  
Is heard within the Western halls;  
And far o'er seas to Oman's coast,  
A nation's thanks are hark to thee,  
And long their thousand sons and daughters,  
Will bless the Prince of Araby.

Not pearl-pearls from Bahian's ocean,  
Not diamond gems from eastern mines,  
Not hoarded gold of proudest India  
Could win the hearts from Western climes;  
But courtesies deeds, and princely dealing  
Their stranded sons received from thee,  
Knew met a nation's grateful feeling,

The Land the Prince of Araby

For such as thou, in martial dreams,  
The notes of strain should be swelling,  
And minstrel harps and stringed  
Thy deeds in glorious verse be telling;  
And sword rolls and jadelike pages  
Shall bright thy name and shining,  
And chronicle for deathless ages  
The generous Prince of Araby.

And bright thy name, with glory streaming,  
Shall light the page of future story,  
And fairer than thy fellows gleaming  
Shall fire the gaze of young and hoary;  
And though, like meteor lights declining,  
The sheen of other names may die;  
Thy deeds shall be for ever shining,  
Thou glorious Prince of Araby.

O Araby, of olden story,  
Though fairy spells live in thy name,  
Deserts, groves, shrubs, and all have glory,  
As in our youth we haunched thy fame;  
Set-mountain-groves and myrth, and palms,  
And tales of proud antiquity,  
We love them all, while we proclaim  
The proudest Prince of Araby.

Then peace attend thee in thy glory  
Of Eastern climes and golden treasure,  
And years of life gleam long before thee,  
To fill the chalice of thy pleasure;  
And when the sun goes late to rest,  
Far on the deep and wide blue sea,  
Thou Ayda Bin Sultan shall be best,  
As noble Prince of Araby."



Sagkomet, is the Indian name of Little Compton, residence of Col. Benjamin Church, an actor in King Philip's War.

Pesset, Indian name of <sup>at</sup> Freetown.

Assawomet Pond, Indian name of Middleborough.

Askamuit, Indian name of upper part of Bristol.

Shawomet, Indian name of Warwick.

State of the Apostles. — Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was put to death by the sword at the city of Ethiopia.

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria in Egypt till he expired.

Luke was hanged upon an elm tree in Greece.

John was put in a cauldron of boiling oil, at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

James the Great, was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle, or wing of the temple and then taken to death with a fuller's club.

Philip was hanged up against a gallows at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

Andrew was bound to a cross, where he preached to the people till he expired.

Thomas was run through the body by a lance near Malabar in the East Indies.

Jude was shot to death with arrows.

Simon Zelotes was crucified in Persia.

Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

Peter was crucified with his head downwards.

Paul, the last and chief of the apostles, also died of violence.

But Rosa, a term that has no current is significant — of secrecy. Its origin is this: — Among the Greeks, the rose was consecrated to Hesperos, the genius of silence; and either the rose or its figure was placed upon the sides of their rooms, implying that what was done therein should be kept from the public. It was done but rose.























to

Donn (Blang) (spotted).

Siorlan Siorlan  
Dutor English

Campfire Lessons.





































Consulate of the United States of America,

November 11 1861

I, the undersigned Consul of the United States of America  
for Mauritius and the dependencies thereof, do hereby certify  
that Abner Smith Master of the Minerva Smyth,  
has duly deposited in this Consulate the Register of the said Ship  
together with the crew list and shipping articles.

Given under my hand and the seal of this  
Consulate, the day and year above  
written.

Geo. H. Fairfield

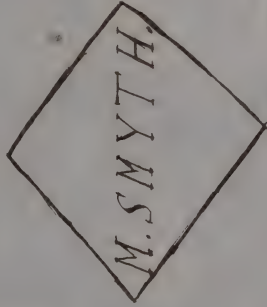
U. S. Consul.







Sold by Chas. Taber & Co., 49 Union St



**SHIPPED** in good order and condition, by

in and upon the

*Barque*, called the *Cherokee*, of New Bedford whereof

*Philander Smith* is Master for this present voyage, now in the harbor of *New Bedford*, and bound for *New Bedford*. To say:

41 Casks, oil, weighing 6917 gals.

18 Bbls. of *Whale* Oil to contain 491 gals.

53 Bbls. of *Whale* Oil, weighing 1581 lbs.

being marked and numbered as in the margin, and are to be delivered in the like good order and condition, at the aforesaid Port of *New Bedford*. (the dangers of the seas only excepted) unto *New Bedford* or to *New*

Assigns, he or they paying Freight for the said Goods: *Seven Cents per gal.*

*for oil, & the Cents per barrel for one,*

with *Primage and Average accustomed*... IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I, the

said Master or Purser have affirmed to *These* Bills of Lading of this tenor and date, one of which being accomplished, the others to stand void.

Dated in *New Bedford* 2<sup>d</sup> 1859.

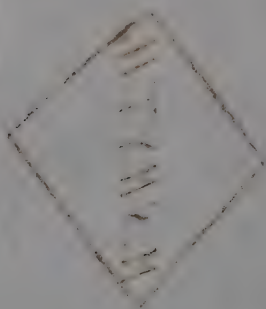
*Philander Smith*



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**To all persons to whom this present Bill of Sale shall come.**

Greeting :

Know ye, THAT *I William Smith of the County of Essex*  
*in the State of Massachusetts*

for and in consideration of the sum of *Five hundred Dollars*

to me in hand well and truly paid at or before the ensealing and delivery of these Presents, by

*Almer Smith of the County of Essex*  
*of said*

The receipt whereof *I* do hereby acknowledge, and am therewith fully and entirely satisfied and contented, have granted, bargained, and sold, and by these presents do grant, bargain and sell unto the said *Almer Smith*

*One eighth (1/8<sup>th</sup>) part of*  
all the hull or body of the good *Schooner "Pearl"*  
together with *One eighth part of* all and singular her spars,  
sails, boat, anchors, cables, and *appurtenances as she now*  
*lies*

now *in the Registry Book of said* and enrolled  
at the Port of *New Bedford* the Certificate of whose  
Enrolment is as follows, viz :



*Permanent*



No. 26 *Twenty six*

Enrollment, in conformity to an Act of the Congress of the United States of America, entitled "An Act for Enrolling and Licensing Ships or Vessels to be employed in the Coasting Trade and Fisheries, and for regulating the same."

*Samuel W. Snow of Dartmouth in the*  
*state of Massachusetts*

having taken or subscribed the oath required by said Act; and having

*sworn that he together with Barnett Brown*  
*Thomas Snow and William Smith of Dartmouth aforesaid,*  
*Ed. and Ezra Ming, of Westport state aforesaid are*

*In Testimony*  
*whereof*

Citizen of the United States, sole owner of the Ship or  
Vessel called the *Pearl*, of *Dartmouth*  
whereof *Samuel W. Snow* is at present Master, and as he hath

*sworn* is a Citizen of the United States, and that the said ship or  
vessel was *built at Dartmouth aforesaid in the year*

*Eighteen hundred and forty six as appears by*  
*the certificate of the master or person under*  
*whose direction she was built*

And *David Webster* appointed for the purpose

having certified that the said ship or vessel has *one* deck and *two* masts, and that

her length is *Twenty five feet*

her breadth *Twenty feet eight inches*

her depth *Six feet*

and that she measures *Sixty eight and 60* tons

: that she is *a Schooner*

has *a square stern no galleries* and  
*a little* head: And the said

*Samuel W. Snow*  
having agreed to the description and admeasurement above specified,  
and sufficient security having been given according to the said Act, the said  
*Schooner* has been duly enrolled at the Port of *New Bedford*

GIVEN under my Hand and Seal at the Port of *New Bedford*  
this *Twenty sixth* day of *August* in the year  
one thousand eight hundred and forty *six*

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the aforegranted and bargained

*One eighth of Schomer Pearl*

and premises, with the appurtenances, unto the said

*Abner Smith*

Heirs, Executors, Administrators or assigns, to

*his or their* only proper use, benefit and behoof forever. And the said

*William Smith*

do avouch

*myself*

to be the true and lawful owner of the

said *One eighth of said Schir* and her appurtenances, and have in *me*

full power, good right and lawful authority to dispose of the said *One eighth*

*of said Schomer* — and her appurtenances, in manner as aforesaid.

And furthermore the said

*William Smith*

do hereby promise, covenant and agree for *myself - my* heirs, executors, and administrators, to and with the said

*Abner Smith*

*his*

heirs, executors and administrators, to warrant and defend the said

*One eighth of the Schomer Pearl*

and appurtenances, against the lawful claims and demands of all persons whatsoever.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF

*I*

the said

*William Smith*

has therunto set

*my*

Hand

and Seal the

*29<sup>th</sup>* day

of

*June*

in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-*nine*

Signed, sealed and delivered,  
in the presence of us,

*Sheelock Dickson*

*William Smith*



TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the above granted and bargain

and premises with the appurtenances unto the said

the said Executors, Administrators or assigns to  
protect us, benefit and behoof forever and

to be the true and lawful owner of the  
and her appurtenances, and therein  
full power, right and lawful authority to dispose of the said

And further to

the hereby promised to execute and agree to  
conditions and obligations to and with the said

and appurtenances to and with the said

and appurtenances to and with the said

in the presence of

REMOVABLE.

CHARLES TABER & CO.,

Have Removed from their Old Stand, No. 45 Union St., to

THE NEW STORE,

No. 49 Union, Corner of Water Street,

Where they offer for sale

CHARTS OF ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD,

Warranted Sextants, Quadrants, Barometers,

SPY-GLASSES, MAST-HEAD GLASSES, COMPASSES

AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF NAUTICAL INSTRUMENTS

Nautical Almanacs; Horsburgh's East India Directory; Bowditch's Navigator, New Edition, (27th); Shipmaster's Assistant; Coast Pilots; Sheet Anchors; Kedge Anchors; Lunar Tables; Log Books; Journals; Account Books; Cutlery, &c., &c.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS

And Cheap Reading, at prices LESS than can be generally bought.

ALSO,

A NEW STGNAL. SIGNAL,

Containing the Flags of all the Whaling Vessels, &c., belonging to this Port.

To the Purchasers of the above Goods, we extend an invitation to examine our Stock, which is very complete and unsurpassed in quality, engaging on our part to SELL GOOD GOODS ONLY, and to give to the Purchaser as good, and in many cases better bargains than he can obtain elsewhere.

RESPECTFULLY,

CHARLES TABER & CO.

GEORGE W. CHOLATE,

Attends to repairs and adjustments of all kinds of

NAUTICAL INSTRUMENTS.

He has with him a complete London Workman, and will attend promptly to all orders.

REMEMBER! NEW STORE!!

No. 49 Union Street, and Nos. 2 and 4 North Water Street.

NEW-BEDFORD, 7 mo. 27th, 1857.



